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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Actors' Delicatessen—A comedy by Murray Mednick and Priscilla Cohen, with Marilyn Sokol and David Garfield. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A... My Name Is Alice—A musical revue, conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. The same show seen recently at the American Place; it reopens downtown on Friday, March 30. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—Half a century ago, the Group Theatre was ready to remake the world and Clifford Odets was the young genius who would lead the way, through his superlatively energetic plays. This melodrama about family life in the Bronx remains alive, but the present production is radically miscast and misdirected. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cinders—This play, by the exiled Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school whose Orwellian atmosphere is enhanced by the arrival of a film director and his crew to make a documentary movie based on "Cinderella." With Lucinda Jenney, Robin Gammell, and George Guidall, among others. (3/5/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 play, with Dustin Hoffman and Kate Reid. Michael Rudman is the director. Previews Wednesday, March 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **up in central park** (music by Sigmund Romberg and book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields) is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fen—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn, among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Festival of One-Act Plays—Colleen Dewhurst, Lois Smith, and others in two programs of plays written and directed by women, plus a solo piece about Louisa May Alcott, "To Heaven in a Swing," written and performed by Katharine Houghton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Performances daily, on a more or less rotating basis; for information about tickets and scheduling, call 247-0393. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Flight of the Earls—A play by Christopher Humble, with Christine Estabrook and Timothy Landfield. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fraternity—A play by Jordan Budde. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

A Hell of a Town—Peter Riegert and Joanna Gleason in a two-character comedy by Monte Merrick. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma... Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through

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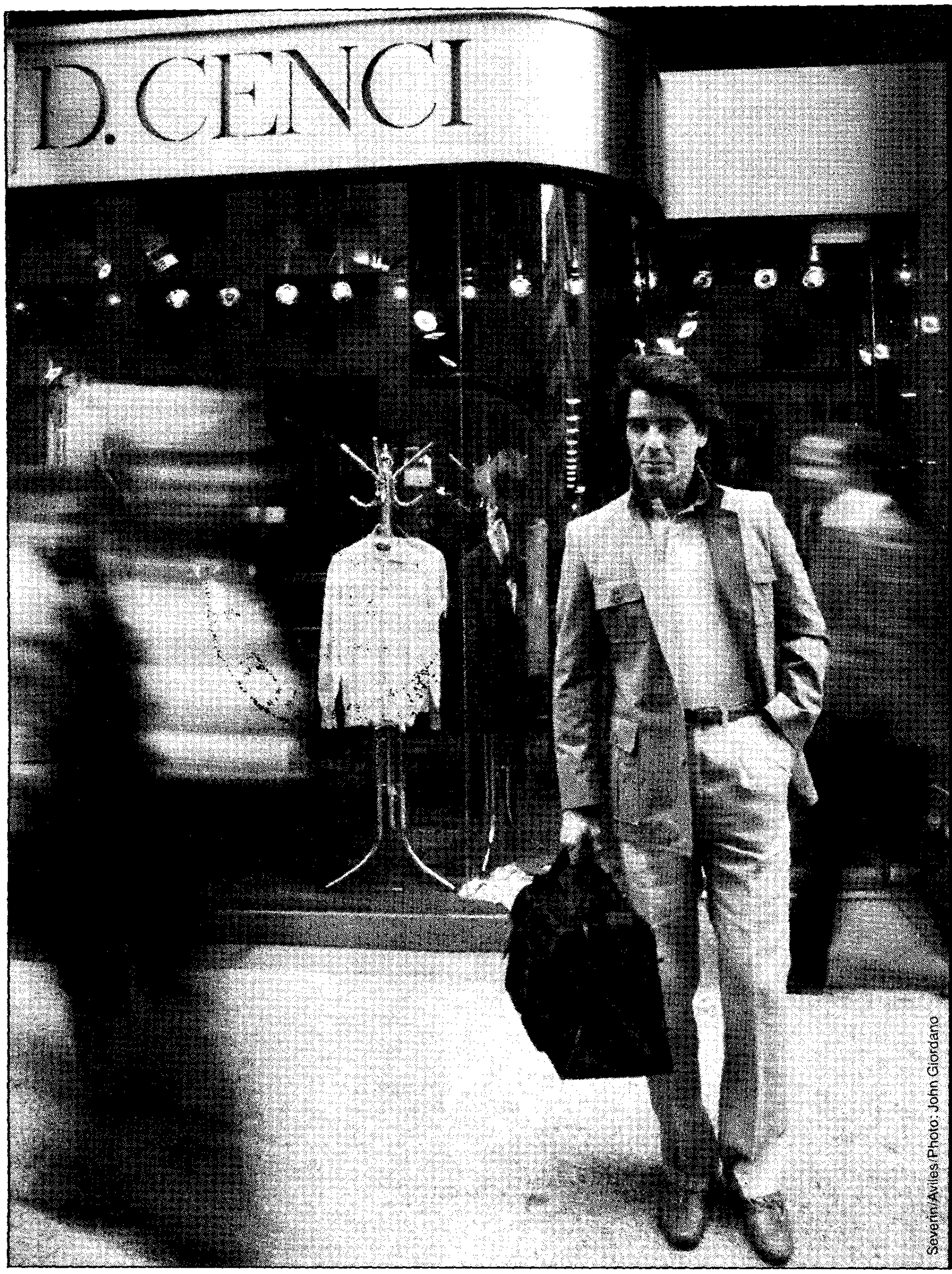

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The Human Comedy—An adaptation of William Saroyan's novel of the same name, with music by Galt MacDermot, libretto by William Dumaresq, and direction by Wilford Leach. A recent offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival, it will preview on Broadway through Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 1: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 4: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Man Who Could See Through Time—A play by Terri Wagener, with Bob Gunton and Leslie Geraci. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 431-6285. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

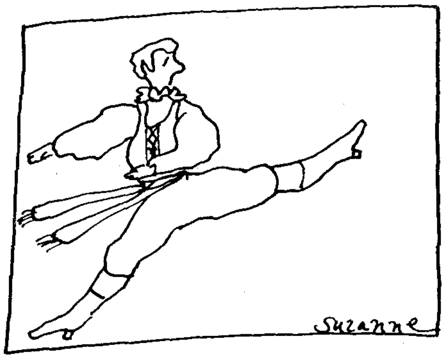
Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME,** by Leslie Lee, is the final production of the season. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Talking Band—Presenting a repertory of two plays by Sidney Goldfarb. A return engagement of **HOT LUNCH APOSTLES,** with music by Sybille Hayn, Ellen Maddow, and Harry Mann: Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. . . . **PEDRO PARAMO,** based on a novel by Juan Rulfo: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St., west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. With Richmond Hoxie, Frances Conroy, David Rasche, and Noelle Parker, among others. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Twenty Year Friends—The heroes—and heroes they are—of J. E. Gaines' wise, humorous, ironic play are three prosperous Harlem businessmen (numbers, hustling, and prostitution) and the heroines are their loving wives. The acting, most of it by alumni of the New Lafayette Theatre of Harlem, is splendid, and Roscoe Orman gives a true star performance. André Mtumi directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Final performances Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, and Monday, April 2, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 1, at 3 and 7:30.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit and witty African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BECKETT PLAYS:** Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Matthew Broderick as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,952 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer) which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and

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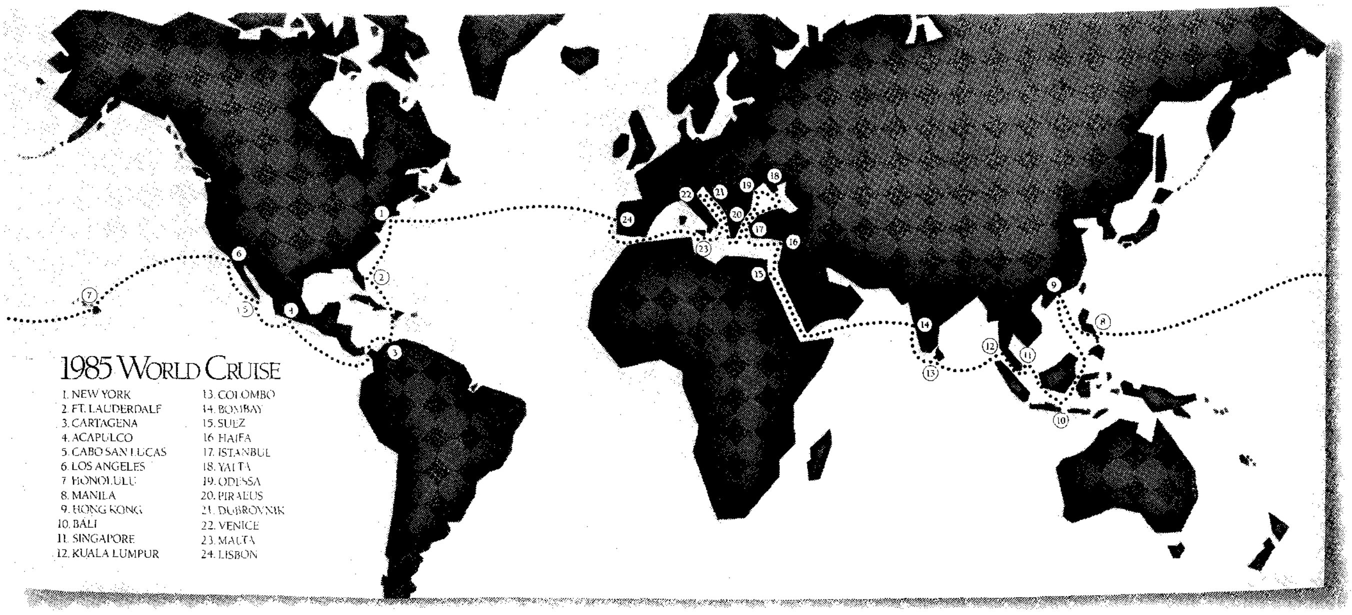
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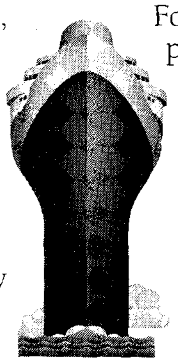

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, is wonderfully undiminished after almost fifty years. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays —humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty— by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Carey Cromelin, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

NOHO THEATRE GROUP OF KYOTO—Performances of traditional satirical plays and a stylized adaptation of Samuel Beckett's play "Act Without Words," by this Japanese company making its first appearance here. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8.)

THE CIRCUS—The first sign of spring on Eighth Avenue. Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey—back in town with their hundred-and-fourteenth edition. Opens Tuesday, April 3, and will run through Sunday, June 3. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 5, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 6, at 1:30; and Saturday, April 7, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first five of ten performances of "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 8; Saturday, April 7, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

DANCE

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A four-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 28: "Equinox" (New York première), "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29, and Friday evening, April 6: "Images," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30, and Saturday evening, April 7: "Airs," "Big Bertha," "Duet from Lento," and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31, and Wednesday evening, April 4: "Diggity," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 1: "Equinox," "Lost, Found, and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 3 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 966-6959): "Equinox," "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "Diggity," ". . . Byzantium," and "Mercuric Tidings." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, April 15.)

KARMON DANCE COMPANY OF ISRAEL—A one-week engagement. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Monday and Tuesday, April 2-3, at 8; Wednesday, April 4, at 2 and 8; Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 7.)

JOYCE THEATRE—Performances by three companies. **ROSALIND NEWMAN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday, March 28, at 7:30; Friday, March 30, at 8; Saturday, March 31, at 2; and Sunday, April 1, at 8. . . . **BUCKET DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, March 29, and Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2. . . . **JOFFREY II DANCERS:** Thursday, April 5, at 7; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 3 and 8. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

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PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 8.)

PACIFIC NORTHWEST BALLET—A one-week engagement—Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2: "The Four Temperaments," "Cascade," and "Ravenna." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Pas de Deux Campagnolo," "Ramifications," and "Chaconne." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DEBORAH GLADSTEIN AND DANCERS—Performing "Burning Through," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8; Sunday, April 1, at 3; and Monday, April 2, at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **SACHIYO ITO AND COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 28, and Friday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2. . . . **URIS/BAHR AND DANCERS:** Thursday, March 29; Saturday, March 31; and Sunday, April 1, all at 8. . . . **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

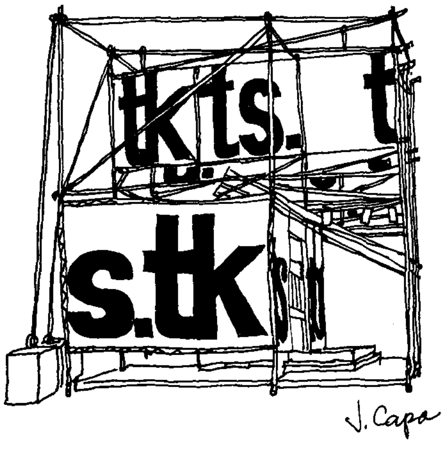
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano and singing, too, until Sunday, April 1. On Wednesday, April 4, **STEVE ROSS** will return to sing a program of Broadway show tunes. Music in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously stride and free pianist and bandleader, will be here with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.



BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Father and son tenor saxophonists **VON** and **CHICO FREEMAN** will wind up their visit on Sunday, April 1. Monday, April 2, will be claimed by Sweet Liss & the Swells and Cleve & the Wheels. And on Tuesday, April 3, **STANLEY TURRENTINE**, the soul-funk tenor saxophonist, will move in. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Thursday, March 29, sixties rock veteran **AL KOOPER**; Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **OREGON**; Sunday, April 1, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and Kenny G; Wednesday, April 4, folksinger **TOM PAXTON** and Claudia Schmidt; Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, Van Dyke Parks; and Saturday, April 7, soul stirrers **SAM & DAVE** and the Nighthawks. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with a bassist through Saturday, March 31; on Monday, April 2, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will take up the cause. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is in the Café Carlyle, singing a tribute to lyricist Johnny Mercer with help from pianist **TONY MONTE**, bassist **STEVE LA SPINA**, and drummer **AKIRA TANA**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. Pianist Ronnell Bright works here through Saturday, March 31; on Monday, April 2, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will assume the keyboard duties. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, March 28, the Maytags, the New Men, Route 66, and Get Lost; Thursday, March 29, O Boy, the Cries, and Invisible House; Friday, March 30, the Del-Lords, the Mood Elevators, John Are, and the Privates; Saturday, March 31, Holly & the Italians '84, Richard X. Heyman, and the Young Fossils; and Tuesday, April 3, Lust, Joseph G., and Task Force. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH**, a satisfyingly strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, can be caught Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, and Sunday and Monday, April 1-2. On Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, and Tuesday through Saturday, April 3-7, folksinger and Caribbeanist **LORD BURGESS** will be present. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Frank Gavin and Martin O'Connor on Wednesday, March 28; Saturday, March 31, the Lazy Aces String Band; Thursday, April 5, at eight and ten, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA,** guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** and company; and Saturday, April 7, the Double Decker String Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 1, trombonist **WAYNE ANDRÉ'S** septet will pay tribute to the late Kai Winding. On Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** sings through Sunday, April 1; guitarist **LES PAUL,** who has had a guitar named after him, will drop in on Monday, April 2; and on Tuesday, April 3, singer, pianist, and movie-music composer **MICHEL LEGRAND** will arrive with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **GRADY TATE.** Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Friday, March 30, Michael Brewer, at eight and eleven; Saturday, March 31, Sammy Walker, at eight and eleven; Sunday, April 1, Jane Brucker, at nine; Monday, April 2, **RICK DANKO,** at eight and eleven; Tuesday, April 3, Susan Schneider, Nancy Shane, and David Cale, at nine; Wednesday, April 4, the **BOYS OF THE LOUGH,** at eight and eleven; Thursday, April 5, Billy Jones, at nine; and Friday, April 6, **MOSE ALLISON,** the rural and urbane jazz and blues singer and pianist, at eight and eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Rod Williams and Lonnie Plaxico through Thursday, March 29; Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, **SYBIL THOMAS,** a moving young R. & B. singer; Sunday and Monday, April 1-2, a singer named Marilyn, with pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND** and bassist **ALEX BLAKE;** Tuesday through Thursday, April 3-5, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER;** and Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, singer Val Eley. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). **ATTILA ZOLLER** and **JIMMY RANEY,** perhaps the best jazz guitarists to come out of Hungary and Kentucky, respectively, work together Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Beizaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. The pianist is Keith MacDonald every night but Monday, when the versatile player **DICK HYMAN** sits in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are pianists and bassists: **DON FRIEDMAN** and **RON MC CLURE** through Saturday, March 31, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** beginning Tuesday, April 3. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: Wednesday, March 28, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT KING** and B. Willie Smith; Thursday, March 29, singer **JOHNNY RODRIQUEZ** and Tommy Joe White; Monday, April 2, **COMMANDER CODY** and Eight to the Bar; Tuesday, April 3, Jesse Colin Young and Julie Farbolin; and Thursday, April 5, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. The partial lineup: Wednesday, March 28, the Mitch Frohman big band, and Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, Cuban percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ** and his band. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **DOLLY DAWN** pays tribute to Depression-era tunes, with trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** helping out, through Saturday, March 31; on Tuesday, April 3, Estelle Reiner will begin singing here. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, a before-hours jam session takes place. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, March 28, Tommy Tedesco; Thursday, March 29, Mirage; Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, Ray Chew; and Monday, April 2, Jump Street. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, March 28, Y Fly to London, How Bout It, and the Stylers; Thursday, March 29, the Lights, Troia/Greer, and Earth Rise; Friday, March 30, the Hard Facts, the Tapes, and Task Force; Saturday, March 31, the Outsets and the Backbones; Sunday, April 1, the Horn Brothers and the Kitty Bruce Band; Monday, April 2, On the Edge, Shadow Theory, and Cutchin & Shelton; Wednesday, April 4, Peter Bliss, 3 Hearts to Kill, and Captured; Thursday, April 5, Street the Beat and Silver; Friday, April 6, Dean Friedman, Bricks Mortar, and Janie Barnett; and Saturday, April 7, jazz saxophonist **C-SHARPE,** the Falgares, and the Bandits. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave., at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

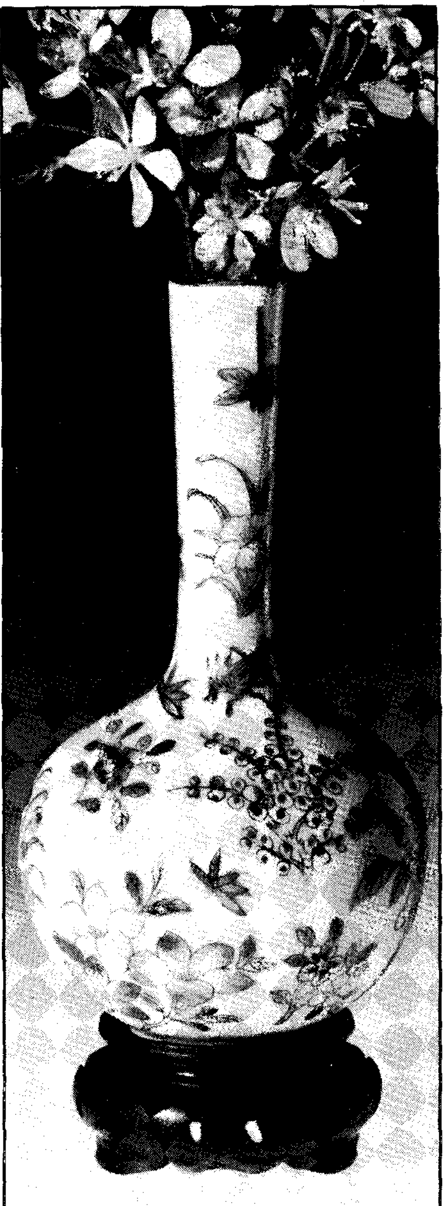
Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, March 30, the **RAYBEATS** and Trigger & the Thrill Kings; Saturday, March 31, the **FLESHTONES** and Floor Kiss; and Saturday, April 7, the Del-Lords. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**BOB HAGGART** and his orchestra are on the bandstand Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, the Eurythmics; Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, Dwight Twilley; and Friday, April 6, Midnight Oil. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday through Saturday, March 28-31, **TITO PUENTE** will be present with his marimba, his timbales, and his Latin-jazz outfit. Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, March 28, Fort Apache, with Jerry Gonzalez; Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, the Flamingoes; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND:** Thursday, April 5, Mikata; Friday, April 6, the African Connection; and Saturday, April 7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** leads a quintet through Saturday, March 31; on Sunday, April 1, pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN** will celebrate the music of Ellington-Strayhorn with two alums from the Ellington Orchestra, trombonist **BRITT WOODMAN** and saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY;** and on Tuesday, April 3, saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** will arrive. Mondays belong to the lilting, rolling South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his group, which features saxophonist **CARLOS WARD.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Sundays are given over to the Delancey Street Hawaiians, Mondays to pocket trumpeter and musical multinationalist **DON CHERRY,** *Wednesdays to rock guitarist* **ELLIOTT MURPHY,** and Saturday, March 31, to Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**). Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Monday, April 2, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND** and **CHICO MENDOZA'S LATIN DREAM BAND** will trade sets and back up guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** work out on the piano and bass, respectively, Tuesdays through Sundays. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter-composer **WOODY SHAW** heads up a quintet through Sunday, April 1; on Tuesday, April 3, **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the alto player with a shimmering, lush, and full-but-not-too-filling tone, will descend the stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Wednesday, March 28, Frank Jolliffe; Monday through Wednesday, April 2-4, Jim McNamara; and Thursdays through Sundays Ted Chavis. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH;** Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, saxophonist Percy France; and beginning Sunday, April 1, saxophonist Don Lanphere. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A piano-bass nook in a town-house restaurant. The piano-bass teams: **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, March 31; beginning Tuesday, April 3, **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER;** and on Sundays **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Jim Roberts is at the piano on Mondays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHN DENVER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Saturday, March 29–31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 3.

VAN HALEN—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8.

SALSA SAMBA ALL STARS ENSEMBLE—With Flora Purim, Airto, Dave Valentin, Jorge Dalto, Jaco Pastorius, Carlos (Patato) Valdez, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 398-0662. Saturday and Sunday, March 31-April 1, at 8.

BURL IVES—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, April 1, at 8.

GIORA FEIDMAN KLEZMER—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.

HELLMAN'S ANGELS—St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

RENAISSANCE—With Dave Mason. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 6, at 8.

IRVING PLAZA—Thursday, March 29: Certain Generals and Band of Outsiders. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30: Fuzztones, Plan 9, and Mad Violets. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31: Washington Squares. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 11:30.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—The Paul Winter trio performing on behalf of the Union Theological Seminary Day Care Center. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-5930.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HARRY BERTOIA (1915-78)—A broad selection of this sculptor's abstract bronzes. Through Saturday, March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Constructions. Through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Representative steel sculptures, some sections of which are painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Paintings in a style that combines surrealism and Abstract Expressionism. Through April 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO / JOHN R. GRABACH (1880-1981)—Semi-abstract still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes. Through Saturday, April 7. / Landscapes, cityscapes, and portraits. Through May 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Early abstract paintings and works on paper. Through April 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Semi-abstract watercolor landscapes that reflect this German artist's recent trip through the American West. Through April 21. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN ADAMS GRIEFEN—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through Saturday, March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RICHARD LINDNER (1901-78)—Paintings in mixed mediums from the sixties, mostly showing the demimondaine freaks he dignified by his attention. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

KENNETH PRICE—Recent small abstract sculptures, each consisting of smooth facets cut into a rough lump of clay, which is then fired and painted. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

THIJS RINSEMA (1877-1947)—Drawings, collages, and collage boxes, all abstractions, by a Dutch artist who also collaborated with van Doesburg and Schwitters. Through April 28. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

HARRY ROSEMAN—Still-life subjects rendered in bronze reliefs, and other sculptures, plus drawings, by an artist who was an assistant to Joseph Cornell. Through Saturday, March 31. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

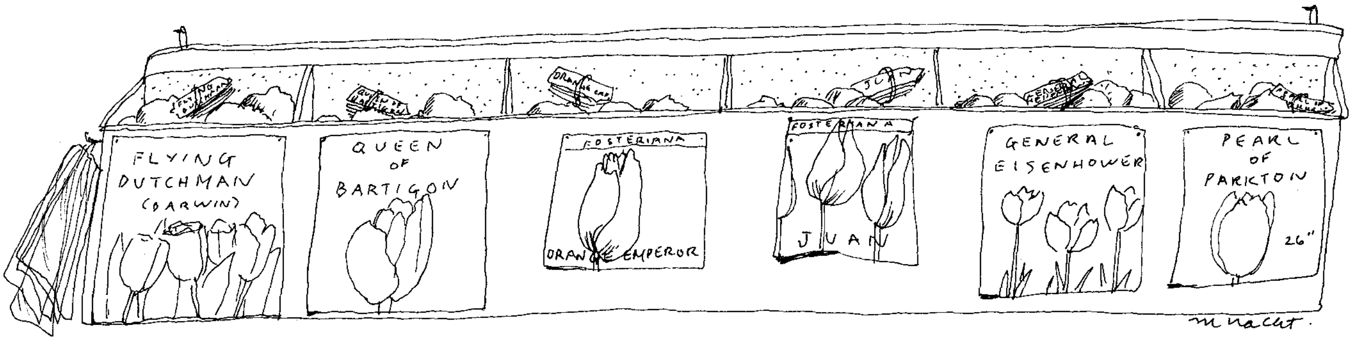
HEDDA STERNE—Paintings of rectangular planes in muted colors and sharp perspective, receding laterally, frontally, up, and down, and sometimes suggesting a hall of mirrors. Through Saturday, March 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

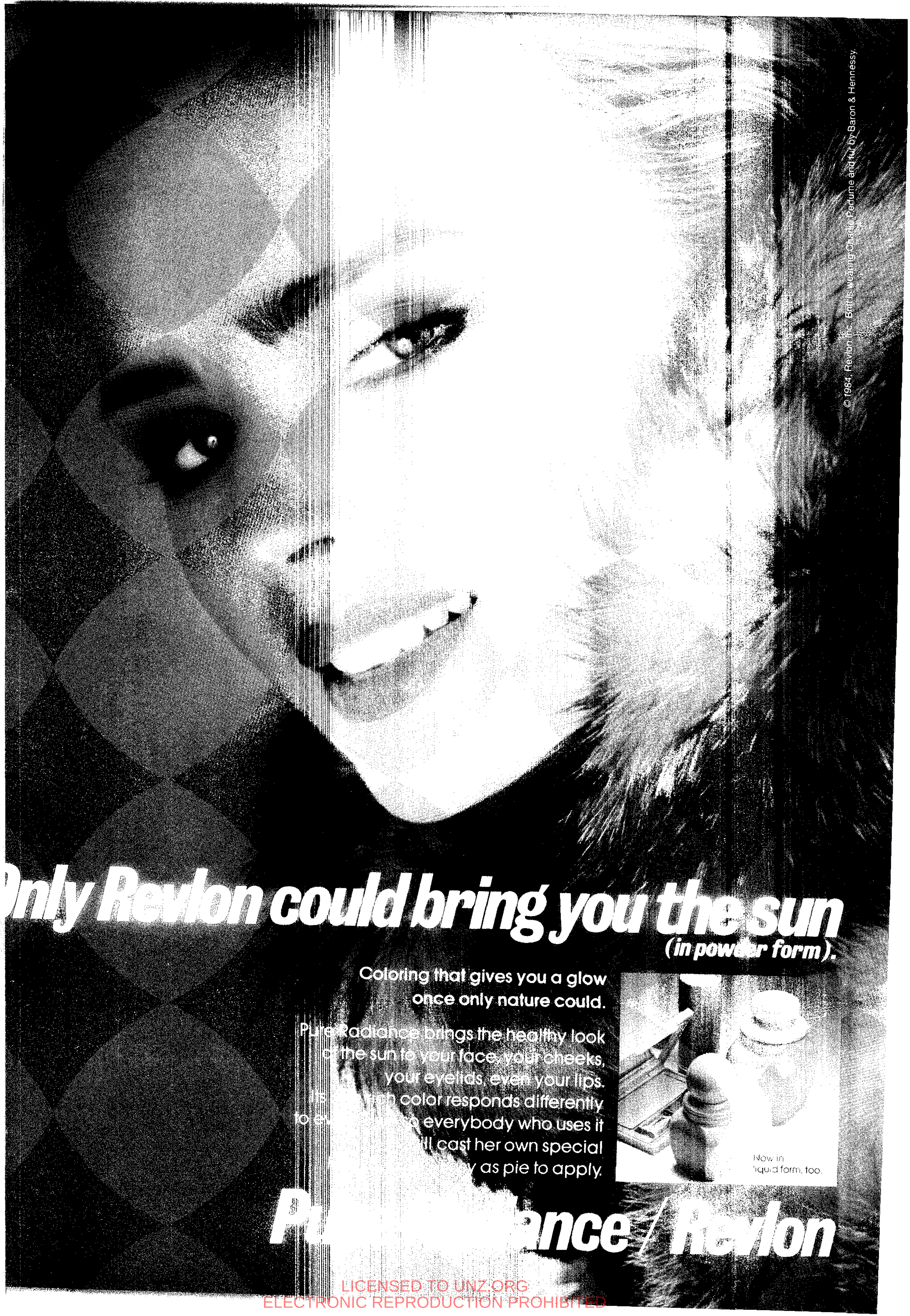
CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH—Sculptures in which simple forms are worked in glass and steel or bronze, primarily; also paintings and works on paper. The pieces fall in the period 1961-84. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and some sculptures representing more than three dozen American artists; chronologically the works range from 1752 (Joseph Blackburn) to 1942 (Arthur Dove). Through April 21. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by artists (Thomas Cole, Mary Cassatt, Walt Kuhn, and others) active in such movements as the Hudson River School, Impressionism, and modernism. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / KENNETH SNELSON—Abstract paintings. / Panoramic photographs, nearly four





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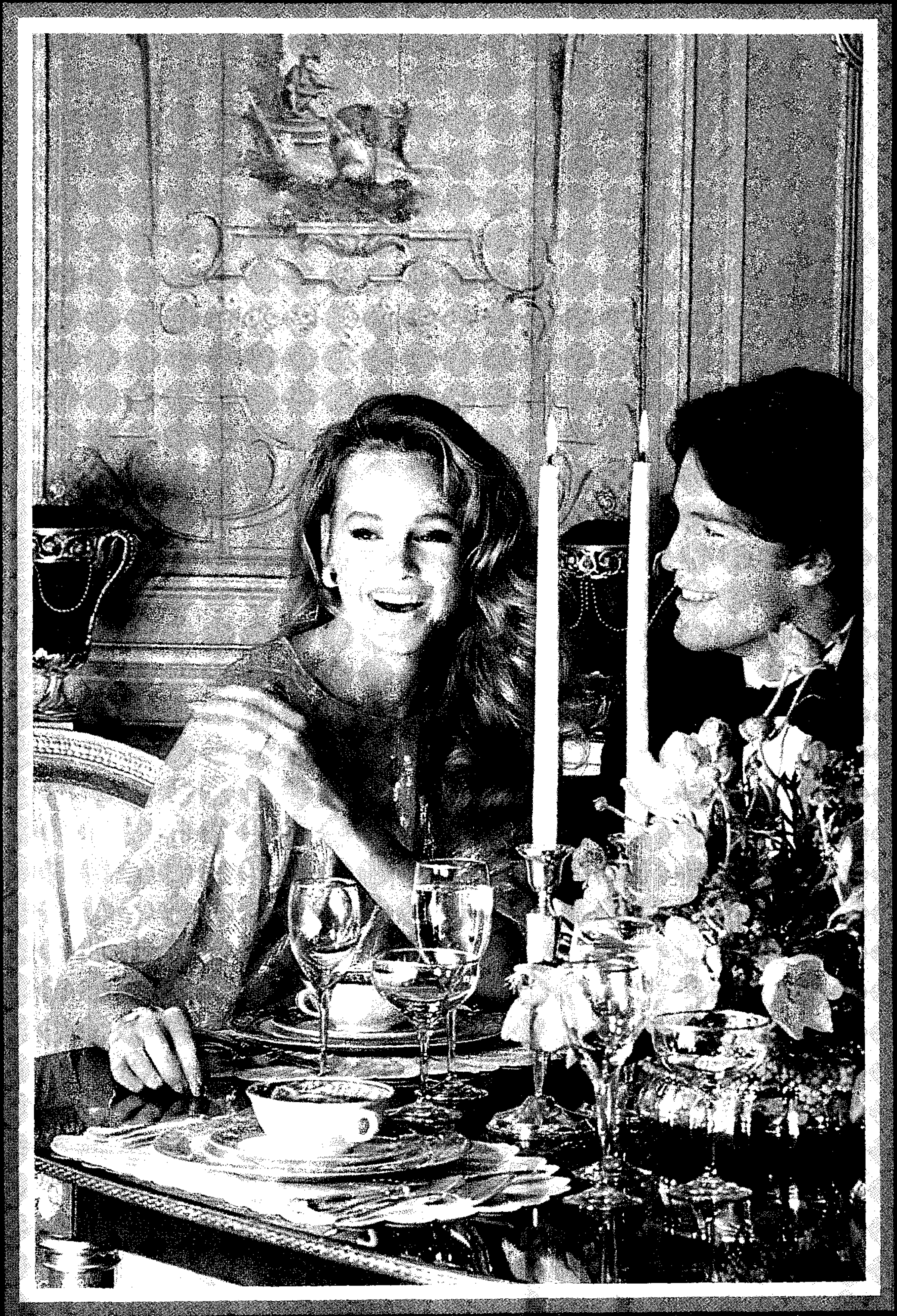
Only Revlon could bring you the sun (in powder form).

Coloring that gives you a glow
once only nature could.

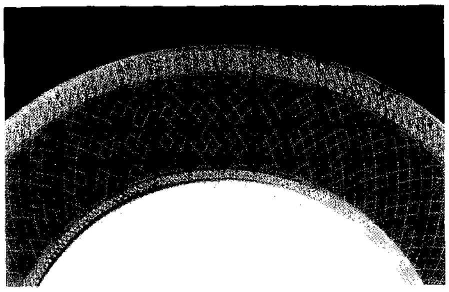
Pure Radiance brings the healthy look
of the sun to your face, your cheeks,
your eyelids, even your lips.
Its [illegible] rich color responds differently
to e[illegible] everybody who uses it
[illegible] ll cast her own special
[illegible] y as pie to apply.

Now in
liquid form, too.

Pu[illegible]ance / Revlon



Washington, 1918. A tradition takes shape.

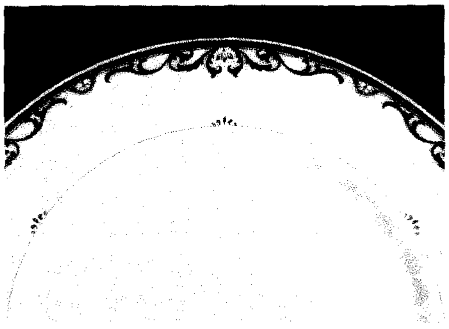


The current White House China. (1982)

Almost a century ago, a man named Walter Scott Lenox began to realize his ideal of making the finest china in America. It was his dedication to perfection and pride in his craft that attracted the attention of Woodrow Wilson in 1918. President Wilson ordered a Lenox China service of 1,700 pieces for the White House, the first such American made service.

The Wilson (1918), Roosevelt (1935), and Truman (1951) China Services.

Since that time, Lenox has provided new Official State Services of china for the White House. During the Thirties, President Roosevelt commissioned Lenox to develop a special service. Years later, President Truman called upon Lenox again. And most recently, in 1982, Lenox completed a new service for the White House.



The "Liberty" pattern
on the Presidential Shape. (1984)

What is most remarkable about these services is not the inherent prestige in gracing the most prominent table in our land, but rather that the very same quality china is available to everyone. Of course, the actual White House patterns are unobtainable. Yet all the care and artistry that go into the Presidential Services go into every single piece of Lenox China.

Just as there are many settings to enhance precious gems, so are there many shapes of Lenox China. The particular form chosen by so many administrations is called the Presidential Shape. It is created from the exclusive china formula that Lenox has been making for almost a century. This shape provides the backdrop for the White House designs as well as our famous Autumn pattern, introduced in 1919. (Shown on opposite page.)

Today, Lenox introduces three beautiful new patterns on the Presidential Shape. They are "Patriot," "Monroe," and shown here, "Liberty."

Lenox is proud to be part of our national heritage and continues to offer fine china and handblown lead crystal of uncompromising quality.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

feet long, of Venice. Through April 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin / John Sloan (1871-1951)—New watercolors. Through Saturday, March 31. / Etchings. Through April 14. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

William Baziotes (1912-63)—Paintings from the fifties by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—City-crowd paintings, among others, by a realist. Through April 14. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Oscar Bronner—Representational landscapes by an artist who applies the paint with his hand rather than with a brush. Through Thursday, April 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Muted colors and elegant draftsmanship mark these new paintings of Paris, Venice, and Cape Cod. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase—New paintings by an Expressionist. Through April 21. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Architectural forms, landscapes, and figures composed from all manner of found objects, by a British sculptor. Through April 14. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carolus Enckell / Peter Bellamy—Paintings. / Photographs of contemporary New York artists—Eric Fischl, Donald Sultan, Bill Jensen, Louisa Chase, Judy Rifka, and so on. Through Saturday, March 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Öyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—Seven painted works, with the movable magnetic cutouts for which he was known. Through April 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alice Forman—Unusually large still-life paintings of vases of flowers—amaryllis, freesias, petunias, zinnias, begonias, primroses. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Three large double-panel watercolors of waterside vegetation and the forest floor, painted in inexhaustible detail. Through Saturday, March 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Semi-abstract landscapes of the Appalachian Mountains. Through Saturday, March 31. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Geometric drawings in colored pencil, all executed eight years ago. Through April 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Paintings, constructions in wood, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through Saturday, March 31. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Recent welded-steel and welded-bronze sculptures. Through Thursday, April 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Two related exhibits: paintings at the Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and drawings at the Washburn at 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, March 31.

Pat Lasch—Sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Loren Madsen—Ink drawings, maquettes for large sculptures, and a sculptural installation. Through Saturday, March 31. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ann McCoy—Visionary drawings in colored pencil, and related bronzes. Through April 21. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Drawings and paintings ranging from political illustrations to quixotic watercolors, many of which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through Saturday, April 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Paintings, chiefly of Monhegan Island, Maine: in the daylight, under a night sky, and even during a lunar eclipse. Through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Limited-edition steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—A group of the subdued abstractions for which the artist was famous; works dating from 1950 to a year or so before his death. Through April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Irving Petlin / Theodore Manolides—Bright paintings and pastels, including a portrait in oil of Meyer Schapiro. / Drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Oi Sawa / Tazuko Fujii—Geometric paintings in oil on tin, plus drawings. / Abstract works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 31. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Freely handled bright-colored acrylics on canvas board and on stretched canvas. Through April 14. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Manoucher Yektai—Fresh-looking still-lifes, figures, and landscapes, blocked in with a palette knife and touched up with brushes. Through Saturday, March 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie maeght lelong**, 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings (some new, some not) by Guston, Mangold, Marden, Morley, and Twombly. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: Expressionist paintings by contemporary American, Italian, and German artists, Louisa Chase, Eric Fischl, Anselm Kiefer, and Sandro Chia among them. Through Saturday, April 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jack Barth—Charcoal studies of Central Park. Through Saturday, March 31. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Lynda Benglis / Joel Shapiro—Sculptures. / Gouaches. Through April 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Arnold Bittleman—Figurative drawings in various mediums. Through April 11. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Peter Bömmels—Collage paintings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Bramson / Frederic Amat—Paintings. / Representational compositions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Martin, 213 E. 49th St., is showing paintings on a smaller scale by Amat. Through Friday, April 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judy Cuttler—Portraits and landscapes. Through April 11. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Lucien Day—Four cityscapes and one view of a spruce in the snow captured in watercolors on paper: first in two dimensions and hung on the wall; and then a second version, in three dimensions, pasted on freestanding, curved, seven-foot bases. Through April 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
BOWLING
50 LANES

Porfirio Di Donna / R. L. Kaplan—A ten-year survey of paintings. / Eight new large-scale oils depicting dogs and other four-footed friends (a park bench, horses) in an urban setting. Through Saturday, March 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Peter Grass—New paintings, once again on themes emblematic of outer space. Through Saturday, March 31. (Serra di Felice, 295 Lafayette St., corner of Houston St.)

Harmony Hammond—Five representative sculptures. Through Saturday, March 31. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Duncan Hannah—Representational paintings—of a woman playing cards, people outdoors, and so forth. Through Saturday, March 31. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Luis Jimenez—A two-gallery exhibit of sculptures and works on paper. Through April 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St. . . . ¶ Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Barbara Kruger—Conceptual photographic works, combining found photographs and text. Through April 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gerald Marcus—Landscape views of Columbia County which take in the artist's house and barn. The mediums are oil and charcoal. Through April 11. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Clayton Pond—Posterlike paintings and prints, among them a set of serigraphs that grew out of a commission from NASA to do a painting, now at the Smithsonian, of the space shuttle. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Arsen Roje / Tino Zago—Large acrylic paintings lifted straight out of movies from the fifties and sixties, and heavy on sex and violence. / Paintings of brooks and backwaters, seen close up. Through Saturday, March 31. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Edward Ruscha—New paintings; in addition, one by Nancy Reese of a square-rigger under full sail over which Mr. Ruscha has printed the words "Brave Men Run in My Family." Through Saturday, March 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, April 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka / Domenick Capobianco—Three-dimensional painted-paper works. / Abstract acrylics on paper. Through Saturday, April 7. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

David Storey—Paintings, mostly vertical canvases with a single upright linear form. Through Saturday, March 31. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Jim Sullivan—Figures in romantic poses and settings, plus a series of paintings in which urns built up with molding paste are seen against seascapes. Through April 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Anna Goth Werner—Paintings of building interiors—Tod Williams' office (a work entitled "Homage to Malevich") and a portrait of the living room and furniture collection of Barbara Jakobson—by an artist who specializes in architectural subjects. Through April 11. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

William Fares—New abstract canvases distinguished by chevron-shaped figures. Through April 19. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Grégoire Müller—Big figurative paintings executed in the past couple of years. Through April 21. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Randal Rupert—Drawings inspired by a Flaubert story. Through April 19. (Braathen, 76

Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

James Surls—The Delahunty gallery is showing large, fanciful sculptures in wood by this artist, in two locations: 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St., and 112 Greene St. Both shows through April 14.

The Figurative Mode—Paintings by six Bay Area artists—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, Richard Diebenkorn, Nathan Oliveira, David Park, and Paul Wonner—in a show that covers their work between 1956 and 1966. Through April 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Images of childhood is the constant in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through May 11. (Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott and Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Fifty prints by each, documenting urban life. Through Saturday, April 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and Bowery, is showing fifteen prints by Abbott (and also fifteen by Harry Wilks). Through May 5.

David Bailey—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Blythe Bohnen / Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Self-portraits done using three- and four-second exposures. / Selections from his series of animal locomotion studies. Through April 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

James Casebere—Photographs of constructions the artist made, the constructions themselves, and photo light boxes. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Eiichi Sakurai / George A. Tice—Soft-focus landscapes. / Photographs of Lincoln icons, including two in Newark—a courthouse statue and a neon sign that reads "Lincoln Motel/Abe's Disco." Through Saturday, April 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Charles H. Traub—Nude figure studies of women who responded to an ad for models the photographer placed in the *Village Voice*. Through April 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Arthur Tress—A two-gallery exhibit. Abstract photographs of geometric plastic models, which are also being shown. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Surreal photographs. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Lafayette St. and Bowery.) Both shows through April 14.

John Weitz—Photographic portraits of forty-two New York men—Louis Auchincloss, David Brown, Geoffrey Holder, Andy Warhol, and Mayor Koch among them—by a fashion designer. Through Sunday, April 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Joel-Peter Witkin—Symbolic, hand-altered photographs and related drawings by an artist who uses grotesques as models. Through April 21. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—One-of-a-kind prints using photographic processes and materials, early and late: from daguerreotypes and photogenic drawings right up to works by experimenters Man Ray, Duane Michals, Naomi Savage, and others. Through April 28. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations until May.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano—who embarked on their careers at roughly the same time, the late sixties and early seventies. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Malcolm Morley retrospective contains fifty paintings. Through April 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states and employ diverse styles (not much lonesome-cowboy stuff). Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Raymond Saunders, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The history of China's trading with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Robert Arneson, Wendy Sussman, Neil Welliver, others. Through Sunday, April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are pieces from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—This year's juried show offers more than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics, by both member artists (Gregorio Prestopino, Richard McDermott Miller) and nonmember artists (Carolyn Harris, Cornelis Ruthenberg). Through Thursday, April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—The story of the Broadway theatre district told through capsule visual biographies of individual theatres—primarily their architecture (blueprints, renderings, photographs) but also their productions (cast pictures, playbills, set models). Through May 19. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Louise Udaykee (dance-theatre performance), Thursday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Joe Lowery (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation of sculptural books (with text) by Gülşen Çalik. Through April 14.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Kinematic (dance), Thursday, March 29, through Sunday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Women of the Calabash / Edwina Lee Tyler and A Piece of the World (music), Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vanalyne Green (performance), Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A three-channel video installation by Tony Oursler. Through Saturday, March 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin

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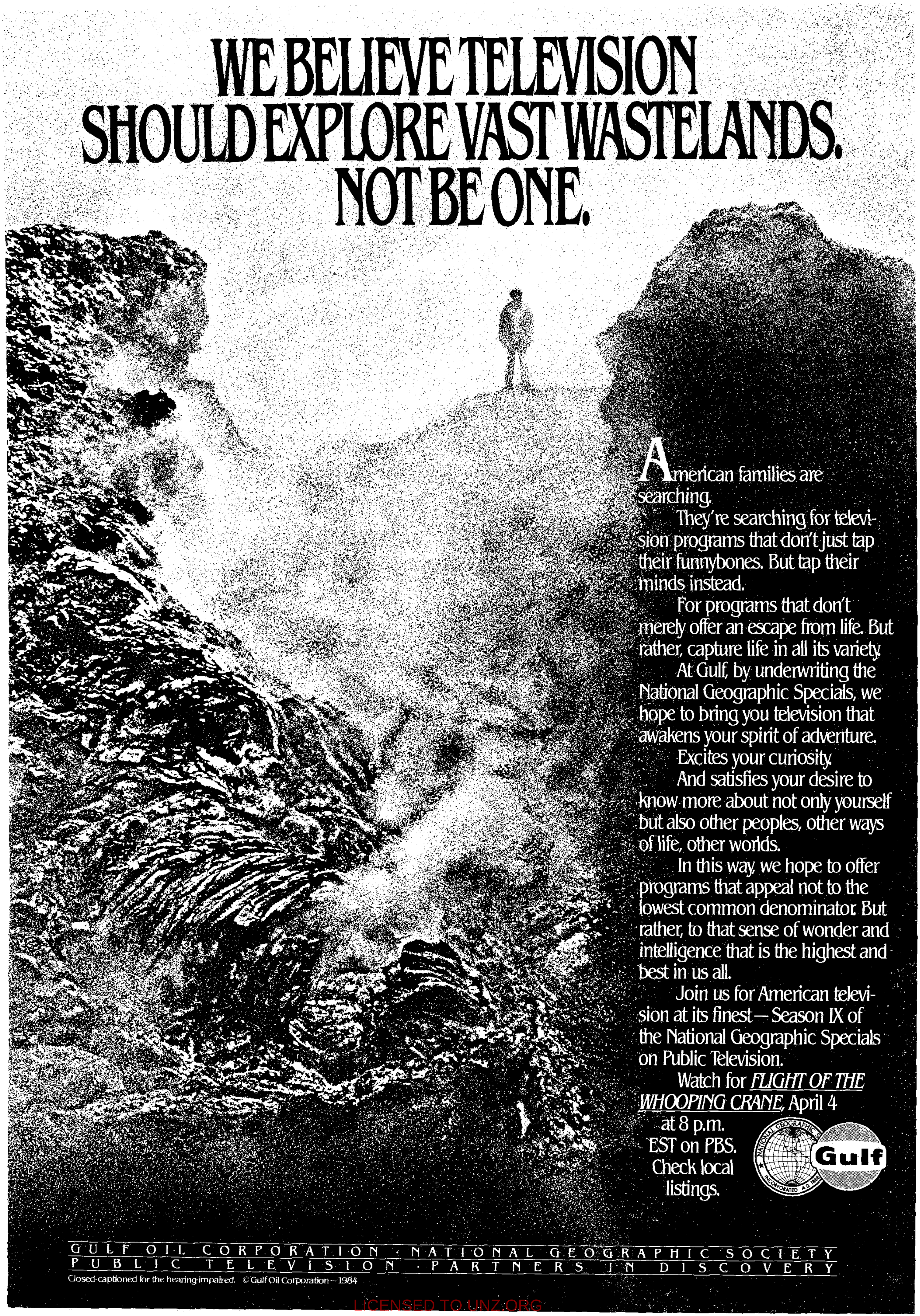

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 28, at 8: “Manon Lescaut,” with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: “Francesca da Rimini,” with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 7: “Don Carlo,” with Montserrat Caballé, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: “Die Entführung aus dem Serail,” with Catherine Malfitano, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: “Manon Lescaut,” with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, April 2, at *7: “Don Carlo,” with Montserrat Caballé,* Tatiana Troyanos, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 3, at 8: “Francesca da Rimini,” with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 8: “Die Entführung aus dem Serail,” with Françoise Garner, Judith Blegen, Francisco Araiza, and Philip Creech; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 7: “Don Carlo,” with Montserrat Caballé, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 8: “Manon Lescaut,” with Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: “Francesca da Rimini,” with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Richard Fredricks; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: “Billy Budd,” with Dale Duesing, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; David Atherton.

Amato Opera Company—Verdi’s “La Traviata.” (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Benjamin Britten’s “Curlew River,” with Andrea Velis, tenor. Staged by Thaddeus Motyka and conducted by John Evans. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, at 8. For tickets, call 570-1888.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Two one-act operas: Menotti’s “Amelia Goes to the Ball” and Puccini’s “Gianni Schicchi,” conducted by David Gilbert and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 29, and Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 504.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin *Mehta conducting*—Thursday, March 29, at 8; Friday, March 30, at 2; and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30: A Bernstein-Beethoven-Dvořák program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8; Friday, April 6, at 2; Saturday, April 7, at 8; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30: A Haydn-Boulez-Tchaikovsky program, with Brigitte Engerer, piano.

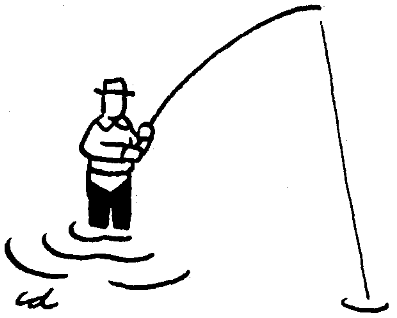
St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin directing—Friday, March 30, at 8: A Brahms–Elgar–John Adams program, with the St. Louis Symphony Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: A Christopher Rouse–Beethoven–Berlioz program, with Bella Davidovich, piano.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Haydn Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra and acting as violin soloist in a program commemorating the anniversary of the composer’s birth in 1732. With Sally Sanford, soprano; Mary Alderdice, harpsichord; and Marya Martin and Michael Parloff, flute. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 1, at 2. For information about *tickets, call 741-5689.*)



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Ukrainian Symphonic Concert—Woldoymyr Kolesnyk directing the American Symphony Orchestra and the Canadian Ukrainian Opera Chorus, with Lydia Artymiw, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 2:30.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—Jean Lamon conducting, with Frans Brueggen, flute and recorder. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the American première of Dvořák’s opera “Dimitri” in concert form, with Martina Arroyo, Maralin Niska, and Pamela Coburn, all sopranos; Cornelius Sullivan, tenor; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Tudor Singers—Wayne Riddell directing, with Paul Helmer, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach’s Mass in B Minor, with Mary Burgess, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Jay Willoughby, bass; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Charlotte Bergen Memorial Concert—Dino Anagnost directing the Orpheon Chorale and an orchestra in a performance of Beethoven’s “Missa Solemnis.” With Susan Dunn, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and Joyce Flissler, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. Free tickets, limited to two per person, are available at the box office.)

RECITALS

Rosalyn Tureck—Two keyboard lecture-concerts on Bach. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8, with Bruce Berg, violin; Hyun-Joo Choi, alto; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; and the Tureck Bach Players. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8, with composers George Perle, Jacob Druckman, and others.)

Angela Hewitt—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Dante Rosati—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, March 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Tashi—A Brahms-Hindemith program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—An all-Brahms program, with Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A program featuring electronic music, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Bruce Anderson, piano; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Susan Palma, flute; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, March 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers String Quartet—An all-Brahms program, with Anand Devendra, clarinet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Uto Ughi and Samuel Sanders—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Lynn Chang and Daniel Phillips, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Carter Brey and James Kreger, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Robert Routch, horn; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 5.) . . . ¶ Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Stephen Burns, trumpet; *and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155* Wooster St. Saturday, April 7, at 6. No seats, just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Bach Winterfest—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph’s Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, March 30, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael’s Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A Mozart-Brahms program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 3.) . . . ¶ A Mendelssohn–Hugo Wolf–Mozart program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Seta Karakashian—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Lucy Shelton, Carol Wincenc, and Eliot Fisk—Soprano, flute, and classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 1, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

David Buechner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

National Association of Composers, USA—A program of music by Patrick Hardish, Paul Betjeman, and others, performed by Sally Etcheto, mezzo-soprano; Max Lifchitz, piano; Jennifer Hoult, harp; Marshall Bialosky, composer-conductor; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen’s Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 1, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Juan Amilcar Sepúlveda—Tenor. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, April 1, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Carmen Rodriguez-Peralta—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 5:30.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe and piano, in the second of two concerts, this one with Andras Schiff, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Audubon Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Octet—Chamber music by this group from England. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8.)

Smithson String Quartet—A Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven program, performed on original instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 2, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, with Dorothy Dorow, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Dennis Karmazyn—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Jeremy Menuhin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Katherine Hoover—Flute, with the New York Saxophone Quartet and instrumental soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS—Presenting "Focus," a work Miss Myers composed for piano, voice, and bass violin; with slides. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

AURORA—The final program in a series of concerts, this one with John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Tuesday, April 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

NELSON FREIRE—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

HEIDI NITZE—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

KEVIN LANGAN—Bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

MANNES TRIO—A Beethoven-Brahms-Martinu program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BACH CHAMBER SOLOISTS—An all-Bach program. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Wednesday, April 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program called "Lully and His Legacy." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

NEWBAND—A contemporary music ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

MANUEL BARRUECO—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

FITZWILLIAM QUARTET—An Ives-Shostakovich-Franck program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

SYLVAN WIND QUINTET—With Joseph Anderer, horn; Edmund Battersby, piano; and Guillermo Figueroa, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

LEONARD ROSE AND YO-YO MA—Cellos, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

JOHN BROWNING—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

ANDRAS SCHIFF AND THE PANOCHA QUARTET—Piano and string quartet, in a Smetana-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

ENDELLION STRING QUARTET—With Stephen Kates, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL FINALS—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1984 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 1, at 2:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Monday, April 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Thursday, March 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, March 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, April 4, at 7:35.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, March 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Sunday, April 1, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, March 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, April 1, at 1:35. . . . **STANLEY CUP PRELIMINARY PLAYOFFS:** Start Wednesday, April 4.

KARATE—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 31, at 3.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 7. The Gotham, Saturday, March 31, and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, April 7.

RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometre Race will start at eleven, on Saturday, March 31, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 2, through Saturday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

DRAMA READINGS—Edward Albee reading from his own plays. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

LECTURE—Doris Lessing talking about "The Golden Age of the Novel" on Sunday, April 1, and about "Different Ways of Reading Books" on Monday, April 2. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Both evenings at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St.—Saturday, March 31, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, from 9:30 to 5; Friday, March 30, from 9:30 to 3.) . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St.—Saturday, March 31, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, from 10 to 5; Friday, March 30, from 10 to 2.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—First league games here—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, April 10 (day) and April 12 (night). Chicago, April 13 (n), April 14 (at 3:20), and April 15 (d). Texas, April 20 (n) and April 21-22 (d). Kansas City, April 23 (n) and April 24 (d). Milwaukee, April 27-28 (n) and April 29 (d). Cleveland, May 7-10 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, April 17-19 (day). Philadelphia, April 27 (night) and April 28-29 (d). Chicago, May 1-2 (n). Houston, May 4-5 (n) and May 6 (d). Cincinnati, May 7-8 (n). Atlanta, May 9 (n) and May 10 (d).

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** April 9 (Cleveland) and April 14 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** April 8 (Cleveland), April 10 (Philadelphia), and April 13 (Atlanta). . . . ¶ The National Basketball Association preliminary playoffs start April 17 or 18.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 14.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 21.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. April 21.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby. April 21.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. April 28.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. April 28.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 12-15.)

RACING—At **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: April 27-Sept. 1. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 5. . . . **BELMONT:** May 9-July 30.

RUNNING—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 16.)

TENNIS—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 5-13.)

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 26-28.)

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: May 3-Nov. 17.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 21. . . . **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE** (870-5570): Vienna Volksoper, April 10-22. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, April 15. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 18. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 27. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, April 29. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, May 2. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Olegna Fuschi, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ French Opéra Comique, April 8. . . . ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, and Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, April 9. . . . ¶ Randall Hodgkinson, piano, April 10. . . . ¶ New York Pops, April 11. . . . ¶ Ivo Pogorelich, piano, April 12. . . . ¶ National Arts Centre Orchestra, April 13. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, April 14. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, April 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 19. . . . ¶ Orpheus, April 21. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 22 and May 6. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 25-26. . . . ¶ Montreal Symphony Orchestra, April 28. . . . ¶ Cho-Liang Lin, violin, April 29. . . . ¶ Peter Schreier, tenor, April 30. . . . ¶ Misha Dichter, piano, May 1. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 2, 4, and 5. . . . ¶ I Musici, May 3. . . . ¶ Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, May 9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 8-10, April 20, April 22, and April 29-May 1. . . . ¶ Daniel Abrams, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 11-12. . . . ¶ Manticore Orchestra, April 13. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 14. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, April 15. . . . ¶ André-Michel Schub, piano, April 19. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, April 21. . . . ¶ Ransom Wilson, flute, and Jean Phillipe Collard, piano, April 25. . . . ¶ Gary Hoffman, cello, April 29. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 7. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 10. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Y Chamber Symphony, April 14, 28, and 29. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, and Kim Kashkashian, viola, April 26. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, May 1-2. . . . ¶ Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano, May 6. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano, April 12. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 13. . . . ¶ Robert Mann, violin, and Yefim Bronfman, piano, April 21. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, April 27. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 3.

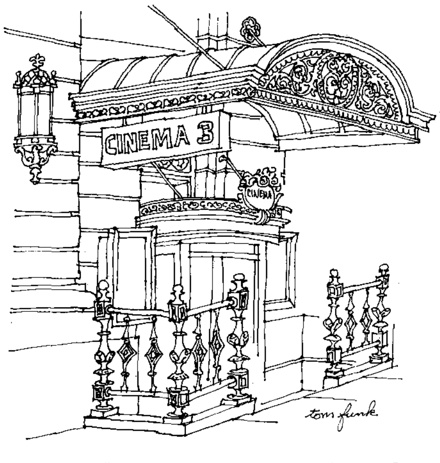
DANCE—Feld Ballet, at the Joyce Theatre, April 10-May 13. . . . ¶ Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, at the City Center, April 17-22. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 24-June 24. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 24-June 16.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Irene Worth, Stockard Channing, and Jeff Daniels in a new comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., "The Golden Age." . . . ¶ A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten," with Kate Nelligan, Ian Bannen, and Jerome Kilty. . . . ¶ Peter Ustinov will star in his new comedy, "Beethoven's Tenth," which was seen in London last summer. . . . ¶ Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters will appear in "Sunday in the Park with George," a musical for which Stephen Sondheim wrote the music and lyrics and James Lapine the book. . . . ¶ A drama by Joanna M. Glass, "Play Memory," with Donald Moffat, Jo Henderson, and Valerie Mahaffey. . . . ¶ A revival of Lionel Bart's musical "Oliver!" will co-star Ron Moody and Patti LuPone. . . . ¶ "End of the World with Symposium to Follow," a play by Arthur Kopit; John Shea, Barnard Hughes, and Linda Hunt head the cast.

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1983 and estimates for 1984 are due Monday, April 16. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 22. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 29.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"A Woman Without Love" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Rosario Granados and Julio Villareal.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"El Norte" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 29: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Local Hero" (†).
From March 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Splash" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 29: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From March 30: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Against All Odds" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.
March 30-April 5: "Blame It on Rio"(†).
From April 6: "Squizzy Taylor" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with Jacki Weaver.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 29: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From March 30: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†).
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 5: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
From April 6: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Educating Rita" (†). From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From March 30: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 29: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Footloose"(†). No performances on Tuesday, April 3.
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 5: "Silkwood" (†).
From April 6: "Blame It on Rio" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Splash" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 29: "Alley Cat."
March 30-April 5: "House by the Cemetery."
From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby. From March 30: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Good Fight" (directed by Noel Buckner).
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell; and "Side Street" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, and Jean Hagen. March 30-31: "Black Crows" (1983; Lasse Glomm; in Norwegian), with Bibi Andersson; and "When the Raven Flies" (1984; Hrain Gunnlaugsson; in Icelandic). April 1-2: "Throne of Blood" (†) and "The Lower Depths" (†). April 3: "Viva Las Vegas" (1964; George Sidney), with Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret; and "Jailhouse Rock" (†). April 4-5: "The Lineup" (1958; Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson; and "Narrow Margin" (1952; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor. April 6-7: "Land of Plenty" (1982; Morten Amfred; in Danish); and "Nature's Revenge" (1983; Stefan Jarl; in Swedish).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 29: "The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.
March 30: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (†).
March 31: "Time Bandits" (†) and "Life of Brian" (†).
April 1: "Time Bandits" (†) and "Jabberwocky" (†).
April 2: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life;" and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits by the Python troupe and other comedians and rock musicians.
April 3: "Life of Brian" (†); and "Pleasure at Her Majesty's" (1979; Roger Graef).
April 4: "Jabberwocky" (†); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
April 5: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl" (1982), a concert film; and "Time Bandits" (†).
April 6: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life;" and "Life of Brian" (†).
April 7: "Time Bandits" (†); and "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil. From March 30: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1 "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "Basileus Quartet" (†). From April 6: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Footloose" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 29: "A Star Is Born" (1954 †).
From March 30: "Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through March 29: "Musical Passage" (Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.
From March 30: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 29: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
From March 30: "New Directors/New Films," a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 3: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
From April 4: "The Stone Boy" (Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 2: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
Theatre 3: "Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955;

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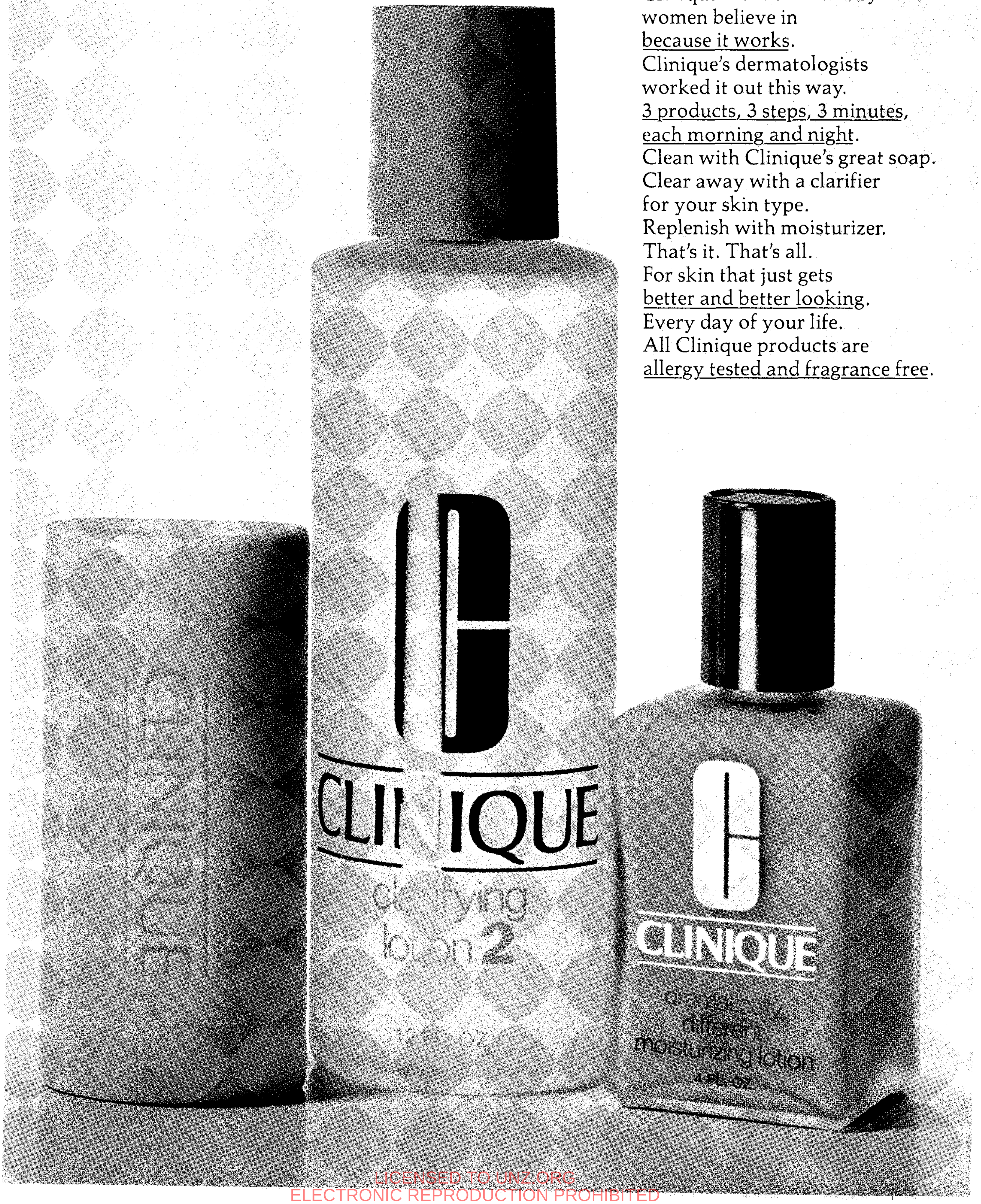
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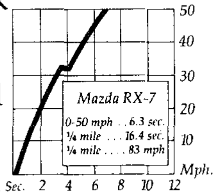

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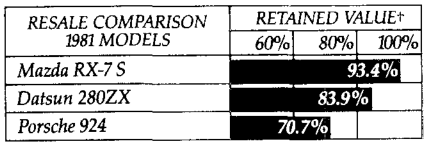

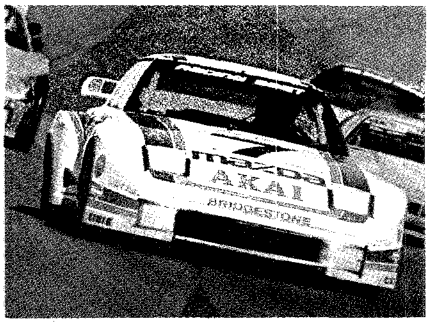

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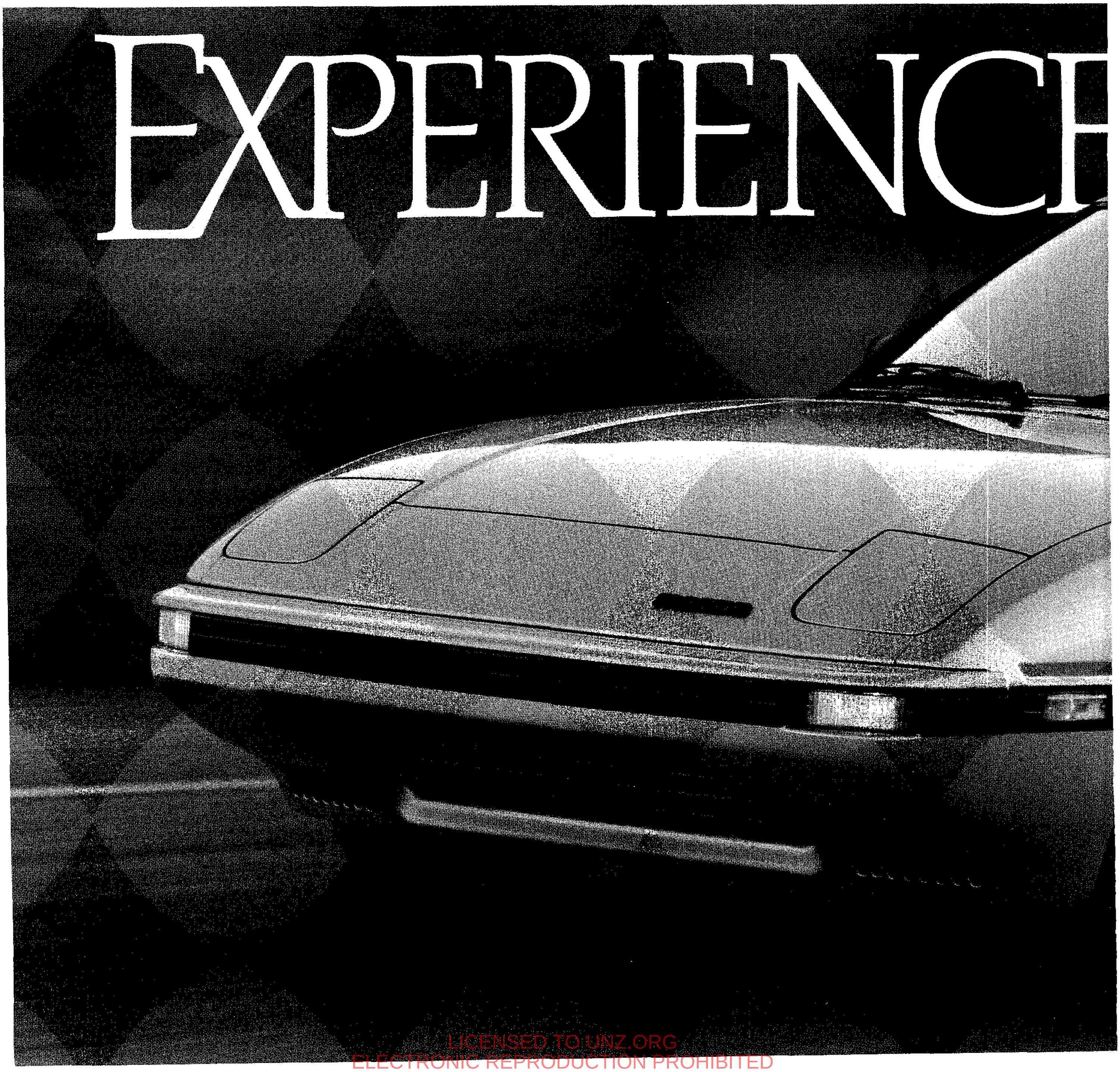

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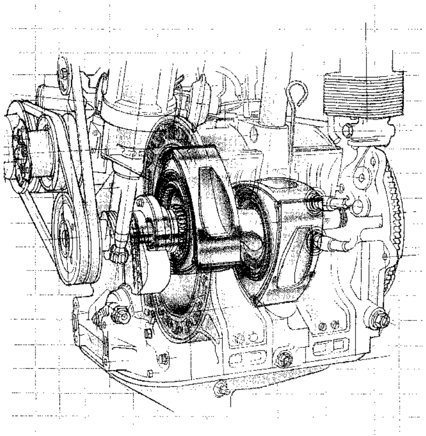

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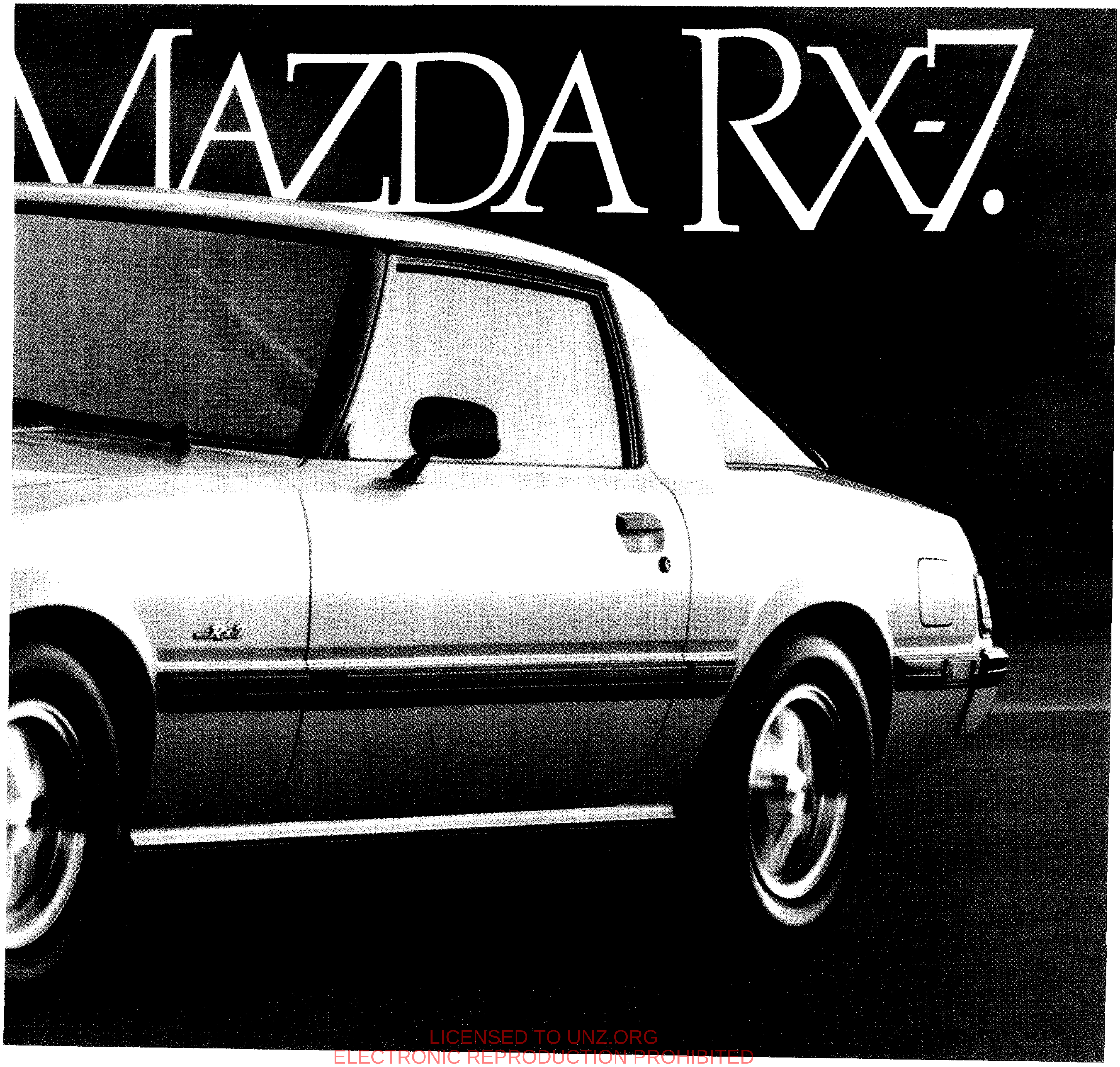

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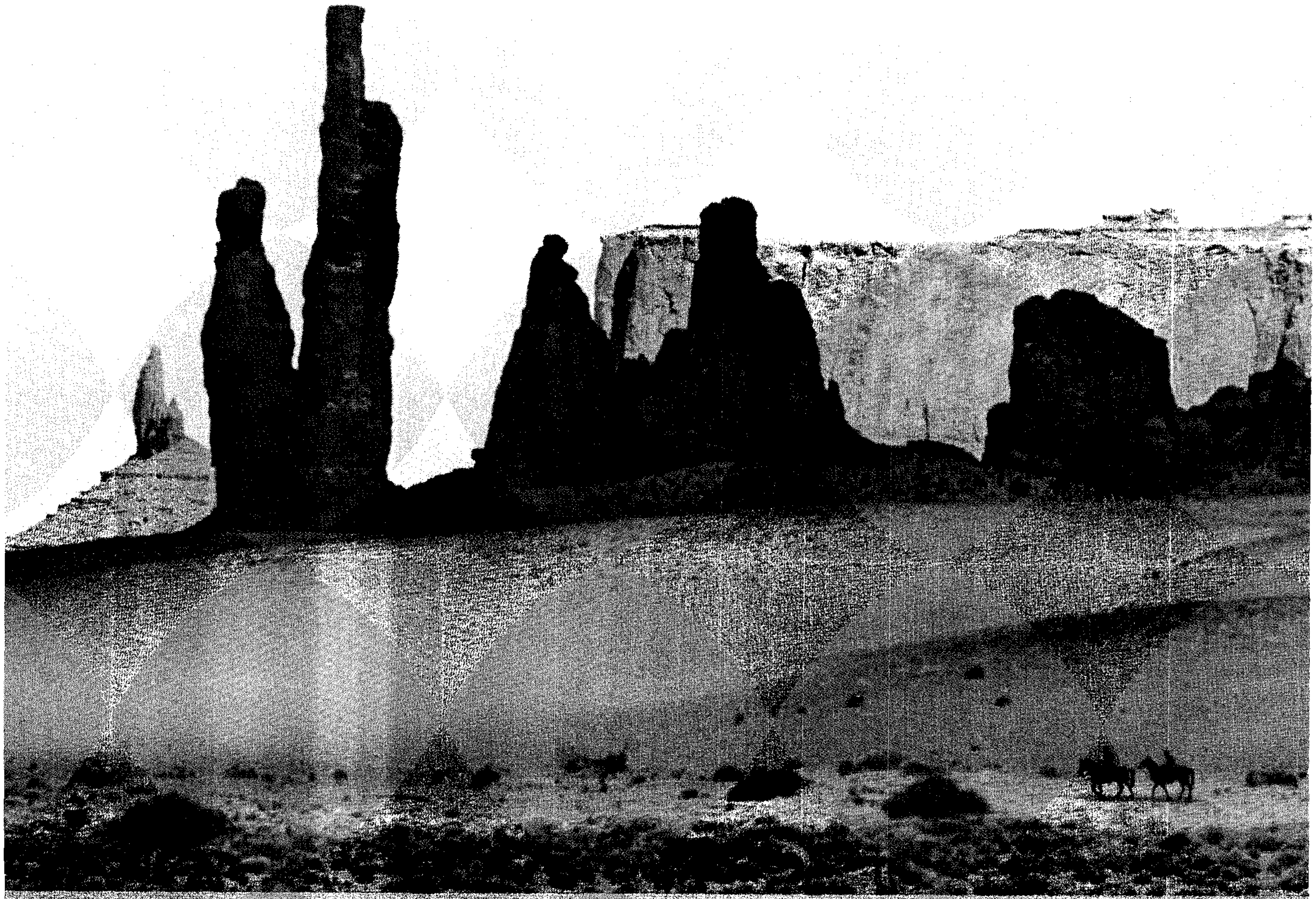

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner. From March 30: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).
Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton. From March 30: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 3: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "El Norte" (†). From April 6: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Mike's Murder" (directed by James Bridges), with Debra Winger. From March 30: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 29: "Sudden Impact" (†). From March 30: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 29: "Killpoint" (Frank Harris), with Leo Fong and Richard Roundtree. From March 30: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 5: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 6: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Ten Commandments" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 3: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Tank" (Marvin J. Chomsky), with James Garner. From March 30: "New York Nights."
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Alley Cat." From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Silkwood" (†). From March 30: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby. From March 30: "House by the Cemetery."
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Burroughs" (1984; directed by Howard Brookner), a documentary.

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Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"And the Ship Sails On" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 29: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).
March 30-31: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
April 1-3: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
April 4-5: "Ikiru" (†) and "Throne of Blood" (†).
From April 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

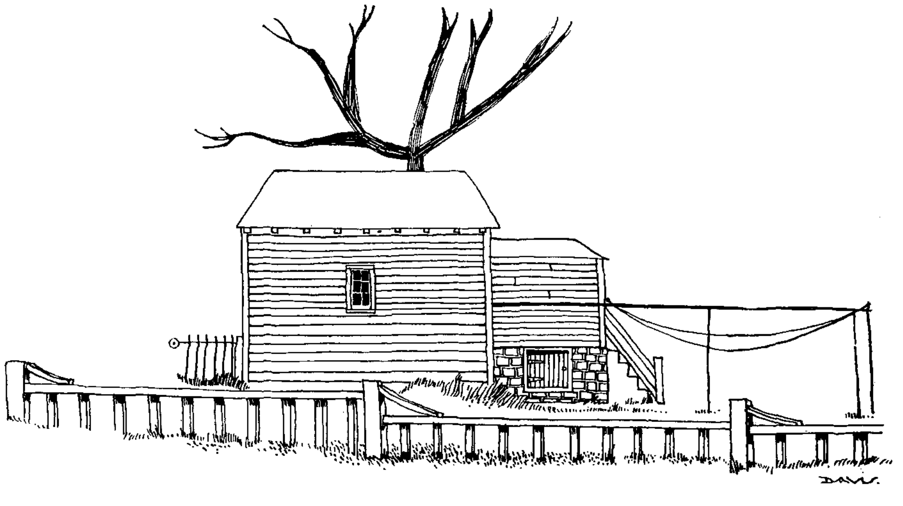
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 29: "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
From March 30: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
March 28: "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev; and "Nijinsky" (1980; Herbert Ross), with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña.
March 29-31: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.
April 1-2: "Throne of Blood" (†); and "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 3-4: "Drums" (1938; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Raymond Massey, and Valerie Hobson; and "Zulu" (1964; Cy Endfield), with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.
April 5-7: "Diamonds Are Forever" (†) and "Live and Let Die" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 29: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea.
March 30-31: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
April 1: "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (1964; Anthony Mann), with Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, James Mason, and Christopher Plummer.
April 2-3: "Cruising" (†); and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.
April 4-5: "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
April 6-7: "Saturday Night Fever" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 28: "The Three Coins of the Sailor" (1984; Raoul Ruiz; in French); and "Hideout" (1984; Jean-Pierre Denis; in French). Mr. Denis will be present at 8.
March 29: "Clementine Tango" (1984; Caroline Roboh; in French); and "Liberty Belle" (1984; Pascal Kané; in French). Miss Roboh will be present at 6, and Mr. Kané will be present at 8:05.
March 30: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.
March 31: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.
April 1: "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson) and "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), both films with Malcolm McDowell.
April 2: "Angelo My Love" (1983; Robert Duvall); and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).
April 3: "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea; and "Man Hunt" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, and George Sanders.
April 4: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).
April 5: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (†); and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal.
April 6: "City of Women" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.
April 7: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 28: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso



Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

March 29-31: "Travels with My Aunt" (1972; George Cukor), with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

April 1-2: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950; Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

April 3-4: "Death on the Nile" (†) and "Murder on the Orient Express" (†).

April 5-7: "Brigadoon" (†) and "Silk Stockings" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 28: "The Black Lizard" (1968; Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese); and "The Mansion of the Black Rose" (1969; in Japanese).

March 29: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable, Rudy Vallée, and Cesar Romero.

March 30-31: "Too Shy to Try" (1980; Jean-Jacques Annaud; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

April 1: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (†).

April 2: "Nibelungen Saga" (†).

April 3: "Waiting for Godot" (1971; Alan Schneider), with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and "Rockaby" (1982; D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary.

April 4: "Zatoichi and a Chest of Gold" (1964; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Five Men of Edo" (1951; Daisuke Ito; in Japanese), with Tsumasaburo Bando.

April 5: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall.

April 6: "Stolen Kisses" (†) and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977 †).

April 7: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 28: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

March 29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Marlowe" (1969; Paul Bogart), with James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Carroll O'Connor.

March 30: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

March 31: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

April 1: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937; H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Charlie Chan at the Circus" (1936; Harry Lachman), both films with Warner Oland as the detective.

April 2: "Le Corbeau" (†); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand.

April 3: "Secret Six" (†) and "Saratoga" (†).

April 4: "Easy Living" (†); and "History Is Made at Night" (1937; Frank Borzage), with Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer, Colin Clive, and Leo Carrillo.

April 5: "Twentieth Century" (1934; George Cukor), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

April 6-7: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

New Directors/New Films—The first program in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—March 30 at 6: "Ah Ying" (Hong Kong; Allen Fong). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 1: "My Brother's Wedding" (United States; Charles Burnett). . . . ¶ March 31 at 3:30: "Ah Ying." . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "The Princess" (Hungary; Pal Erdöss). . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30 and April 1 at 1: "The Family Game" (Japan; Yoshimitsu Morita). . . . ¶ April 1 at 3:30: "The Princess." . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "Kukurantumi" (Ghana/Federal Republic of Germany; King Ampaw). . . . ¶ April 1 at 8:30: "Straight Through the Heart" (Federal Republic of Germany; Doris Dörrie). . . . ¶ April 2 at 6: "Skyline" (Spain; Fernando Colomo). . . . ¶ April 2 at 8:30: "Kukurantumi." . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Kaddish" (United States; Steven Brand). . . . ¶ April 3 at 8:30: "Zappa" (Denmark; Bille August). . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "Straight Through the Heart." . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30: "Skyline." . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Zappa." . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 6: "Biquefarre" (France; Georges Rouquier). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30 and April 7 at 1: "Sugar Cane Alley" (France/Martinique; Euzhan Palcy). . . . ¶ April 7 at 3:30: "The Fiancée" (German Democratic Republic; Günter Reisch and Günther Rücker). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Tukana" (Papua New Guinea; Chris Owen). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "Kaddish." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Progress (Memory)" (1983-84), a video installation by Margia Kramer. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

All About Eve (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), onstage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The ersatz has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the you're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-we-belong-to-each-other-darling style of writing. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Supporting Actor (Sanders), Best Costume Design (Edith Head, Charles Le Maire), Best Sound Recording. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6-7.)

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Basileus Quartet—This movie about a string quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. The life in him is too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema; through April 5.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Embassy.)

BLAME IT ON RIO—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Gotham Cinema; through March 29. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; March 30-April 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 6.)

BRIGADOON (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but this way it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. Lerner wrote the script; Kelly choreographed. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Regency; April 5-7.)

BROADWAY DANNY ROSE—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Beekman; through March 29. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting March 30.)

LE CORBEAU (1943; "The Raven")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller

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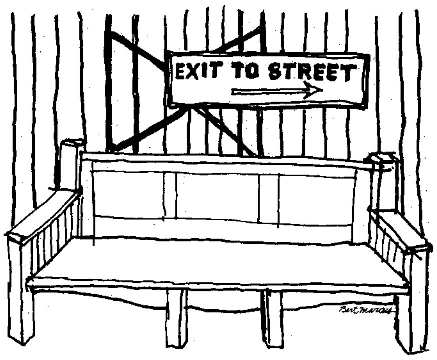
about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and because it was released during the Occupation it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

Cruising (1980)—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent if powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 2-3.)

Death on the Nile (1978)—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging, and are often knobby and funny. The steamer, full of victims and suspects, has a passenger list that includes Maggie Smith, in a triumphantly mannered performance, as a nippy, spinsterish nurse-companion, and Angela Lansbury, in a superlative caricature, as a wreck of a vamp. (She's all curves, satin turbans, amber beads that hang to her crotch, and drizzling clouds of chiffon and fringe; she's whooping it up one moment and sagging from booze the next.) Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Mia Farrow, whose pale-pink eerie sprite face takes the light as delicately as any face in movies, and I. S. Johar as the Indian manager of the cruise ship, Bette Davis, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, Jane Birkin, and, regrettably, the inexpressive Lois Chiles (who sounds dubbed or vaguely ventriloquial, like a transsexual) and George Kennedy (who gives his usual blustering, overscaled performance). (Regency; April 3-4.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Unimaginative Bond picture (it was the seventh) that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it has got Sean Connery (he didn't appear in the otherwise topnotch sixth, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service"). Connery's Bond is less lecherous than before and less foppish—and he's better this way. In this one, Bond is attacked by two Amazons named Bambi and Thumper. With Charles Gray as Blofeld, Jill St. John as Tiffany Case, Jimmy Dean as a Howard Hughes-like character, and Bruce Cabot as Saxby. Directed by Guy Hamilton. Produced by Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 5-7.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)



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Easy Living (1937)—One of the most agreeable of the romantic slapstick comedies of the thirties, and full of surprises. Jean Arthur is the working girl whose life is completely changed when a sable coat, thrown out a millionaire's window, lands on her head. The movie is a wonderful fluke: the script by Preston Sturges is in his manic, everybody-with-something-to-say style; the director, Mitchell Leisen (once De Mille's art director), tempered it with smooth takes and elegant clothes and sets, including a lily-shaped bathtub. The film has impish, sweet moments (such as the half-asleep heroine's delayed reaction after a kiss from the hero—Ray Milland) and at least one classic slapstick sequence (the little glass doors in an Automat fly open and people lunge for the free food). With Edward Arnold (a little louder than necessary—that was always his vice), and Mary Nash, William Demarest, Luis Alberni, Franklin Pangborn, and Esther Dale. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gemini; through April 5.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Fanny and Alexander—Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini; through March 29.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin. No performances on Tuesday, April 3.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—With Christopher Lambert, directed by Hugh Hudson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres; starting March 30.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. It's extremely uneven—there are slick and sentimental passages and some that are impenetrable. But there are also emotional revelations and there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man, who has accomplished what he hoped to, sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; April 4-5.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1953)—One of the most glittering of the great Luis Buñuel's often neglected Mexican films, made on a shoestring. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, consigned to junk, on a last jaunt. The growing difficulty lies in getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Red plot; by butchers who hang sides of beef on the hand straps; and by a woman combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Christ, arousing the very Buñuel remark that "it's always us poor who have to buy miracles." A bitter, wistful fable of the longings of the poor for the unlikely to happen. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; April 5.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike in a cobwebby way below, but has a fishy face. (Vandam; April 1 and April 4.)

Jailhouse Rock (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he's stripped to the waist and guards flog him, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions, though Presley never begins to suggest the vitality that he showed in documentary footage. With Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy. Script by Guy Trosper, from a story by Ned Young. (Film Forum; April 3.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Vandam; March 30-31, April 3, and April 6.)

Live and Let Die (1973)—The late Ian Fleming's James Bond is played rather dully by Roger Moore, but the stunts and the harmlessly inhuman jokes are stunning. The film is really just a rope of clever tricks strung together, helped by the presence of very few characters who are less than wooden, such as a funnily peevish Louisiana sheriff. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 5-7.)

Local Hero (1983)—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him, happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 29.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown about by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before shooting started, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved of this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Film Forum; April 1-2.)

The Man Who Loved Women (1977)—The dedicated skirt-chaser of François Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; music by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; April 6.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity promises to be a sumptuous spread, and so it is, but not as tasty as one had hoped. When the train stops—it's snowbound throughout the murder investigation—the picture loses its impetus. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Richard Widmark, Tony Perkins, Michael York, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Martin Balsam, George Coulouris, Colin Blakely, Denis Quilley, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed, from Paul Dehn's script. The percussively edited pre-title montage is by that wizard of film shorthand, Richard Williams; the film proper, shot by Geoffrey Unsworth, reaches its visual peak in the railway station, at the opening. Production design by Tony Walton. (Regency; April 3-4.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Embassy.)

Nibelungen Saga (1924)—Utterly extraordinary gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental German silent film, conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length parts—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"—and the second, made a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tends to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sitcom. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. The influence of the painter Arnold Böcklin is evident; this film, in turn, was a strong influence on Eisenstein and Leni Riefenstahl. There's a fine analysis of it in Lotte Eisner's book "The Haunted Screen." (Thalia; April 2.)

FRAMING
DLG

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 5.)

Racing with the Moon—With Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern, directed by Richard Benjamin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Saratoga (1937)—In Jean Harlow's last picture (unfinished at the time of her death and patched together), she plays a woman disturbed by problems of conscience; she has no chance to show her special talent for making the rowdy silly and enjoyable. Still, even in this incongruous and stilted role she's lively, and whenever she's off the screen the film is dispirited. The story is about race-track life; Clark Gable, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, and Lionel Barrymore go through their routine paces. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," and "Easy Rider;" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. The music is by Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 6-7.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Secret Six (1931)—When M-G-M got hold of a

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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good thing, it was put to use; they threw Clark Gable into eleven films in 1931. This one is an elaborate melodrama with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown, and Lewis Stone. George Hill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Regency; April 5-7.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through March 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 5.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has long blond tresses, wide blue eyes, smiling curvy lips, and the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature; she moves like the glistening vision of mermaids that we all carry from childhood. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. There is a whole cartoonish side of the film, involving a nuthead scientist and a lot of dumb chasing around that has the familiarity of TV humor, but Eugene Levy, who plays the nut case, is inspired; he exults in the comic-book eccentricity of his role, and everything he does is insanely deliberate. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. The heroine's having a tail gives romantic love the edge it needs, and the movie is entrancing enough to suggest how blissful it might have been. The day after you've seen it, you may find yourself running the images over in your mind, and grinning. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Gramercy, Manhattan, U.A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Ziegfeld; through March 29.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever" (see above), with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. The whole movie seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 6-7.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Thalia; April 6.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres; through March 29.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets and a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy 1.)

THE ED SULLIVAN THEATER
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Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Toshiro Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The soundtrack pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Film Forum, and Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 1-2. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; April 4-5.)

Time Bandits (1981)—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on D & D (Dungeons & Dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mistiming; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Vandam; March 31, April 1, April 5, and April 7.)

Unfaithfully Yours—With Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski, directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; April 1.)

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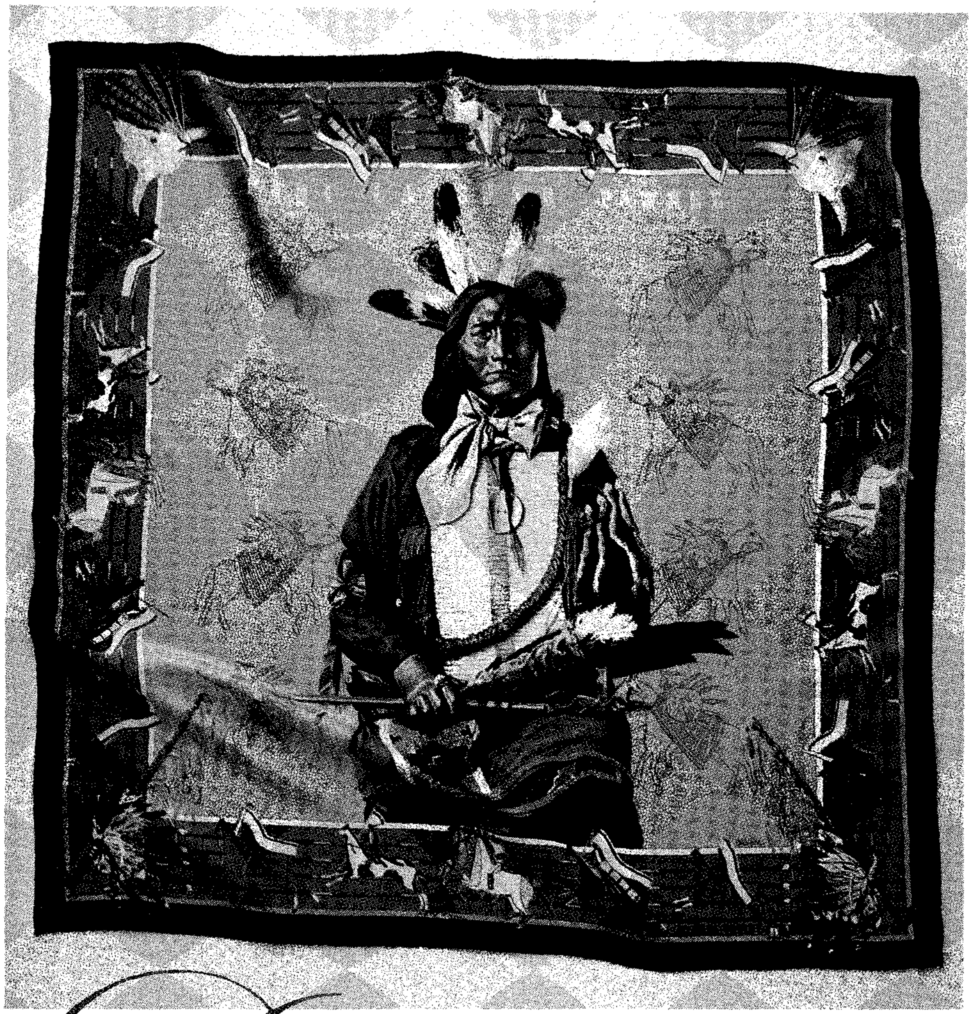

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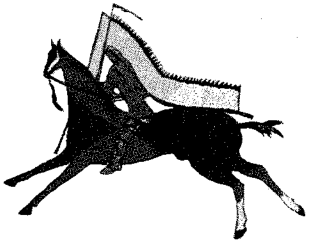

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"IN the Name of Democracy," a just released documentary about El Salvador, features all the usual shots: a girl with half her face blown away, a soldier kicking a suspect in the head, the bodies of journalists rotting in the morgue, Archbishop Oscar Romero lying in his casket. All the scenes are familiar, but none more so than the footage taken during the nationwide election in March of 1982—the kind of film that played night after night on the news: lines of people standing in the hot sun waiting to vote, and then, as the afternoon wore on, the lines turning into mobs, and the people no longer just waiting but pushing and shoving, they were so eager to vote, desperate to vote. That election came as a shock to many of us who had been paying some attention to El Salvador in the preceding few years. Here was a country where perhaps thirty thousand persons had already been slaughtered by government security forces. Here was a country where the Catholic Church had no use for the military rulers—where the Archbishop had urged soldiers to disobey their officers. Here was a country where a few families owned almost all the land, where most people had far less to eat than they needed to feel full, where even in their want and misery they were not left alone, for always there was the Army, and the National Guard, and the Treasury Police, and the death squads. And yet they lined up to vote, in an election that offered a choice of the sort of men who had done all this to them.

For Dan Rather, over at CBS News, this was "a triumph." What could one say? One could, if one was President Reagan, say, "The suffering people of El Salvador were offered a chance to vote—to choose the kind of government they wanted. And suddenly the so-called freedom fighters in the hills were exposed for what they really are—a small minority who want power for themselves and their backers. . . . An unprecedented eighty per cent of the electorate braved ambush and gunfire and trudged for miles, many of them, to vote for freedom. And that's truly fighting for freedom. We can never turn our backs on that." Perhaps, thought many of us who had opposed the President's policies in Central America, we had been naïve—perhaps the people there really did fear a guerrilla victory more than they feared the Army. Perhaps our bleeding-heart, knee-jerk assumptions had been proved wrong. Certainly the election had a great effect in this country: covered by our press more extensively than any other foreign election in history, it shut people up. Public outcry has never been so loud since.

But when the facts demolish assumptions it is not always the assumptions that are wrong. Sometimes it is the facts, which turn out to be not facts at all but lies, or half-truths, or nonsense. In the two years since the last Salvadoran election, some genuine facts about the balloting have slowly trickled out—not so much in the major media as in places you have to look for. From "In the Name of Democracy," and from a superbly documented new book by Frank Brodhead and Edward S. Herman titled "Demonstration Elections," and from a report by Jack Spence in the magazine of the North American Congress on Latin America, we've managed to learn a few things about the 1982 election:

In El Salvador, it is illegal not to vote. The law states, "Voting is a right and duty of all citizens, and its exercise is non-transferrable and compulsory."

Every Salvadoran carries a *cédula*—a packet of identification papers. They're needed for most transactions, and, more important, they're needed when the police or the soldiers stop you—and that can be several times a day. Pages 10 and 11 of the wallet-size packet contain blank spaces that are stamped when voters cast their ballots.

In some jurisdictions during the 1982 election, voters were given receipts instead of having their papers stamped. For ten days following the election, any police officer or other authority—or, for that matter, any thug in a pickup with a gun—could demand to see page 10 or page 11 or the receipt.

Citizens, as they voted, were marked on one finger with ink visible under ultraviolet light.

Now, in the Illinois primary, for instance, none of those conditions existed. But even if they had it would not have been so bad. Gary Hart may or may not have new ideas, but he definitely lacks bands of hired killers able to terrorize the recalcitrant. In El Salvador, however, by March, 1982, there had been as many as thirty thousand civilian deaths. (According to the film, death by government forces has supplanted malnutrition as the chief killer.) Two weeks before the election, the country's Defense Minister told reporters that those who stayed away from the polls were guilty of "an act of treason." In El Salvador, where people get shot between the eyes, or between the shoulder blades, for crimes like treason, the list of those who had voted was clearly the list to be on. Those people eager to vote? Standing all day in the dusty sun? Desperate to vote—pushing and shoving? *Pushing and shoving*? Yet even those long lines were perhaps less real than they appeared. Though San Salvador is a city of half a million people of voting age, there were only thirteen polling places for the 1982 election—half the normal number. The Salvadoran government may not specialize in subtlety, but television it understands. A few days before the vote, by the way, it was reported that there were one million three hundred thousand potential voters in the country; when all the ballots were counted, 1,551,687 had been cast—a turnout that Mayor Daley would have appreciated.

Even if they had to vote, though, why did so many people back Roberto D'Aubuisson, or others of the extreme right wing? Undoubtedly, a number of people supported his views. But—a few additional genuine facts:

Each ballot in the election was numbered, and the name of the voter was recorded on a separate sheet next to that number. Some officials said afterward that voters could have erased the numbers on the ballot if they wished, thus depriving officials of the chance to see whom they had voted for, but on Election Day a wing of D'Aubuisson's party placed a full-page ad in the papers claiming that such defacement was illegal.

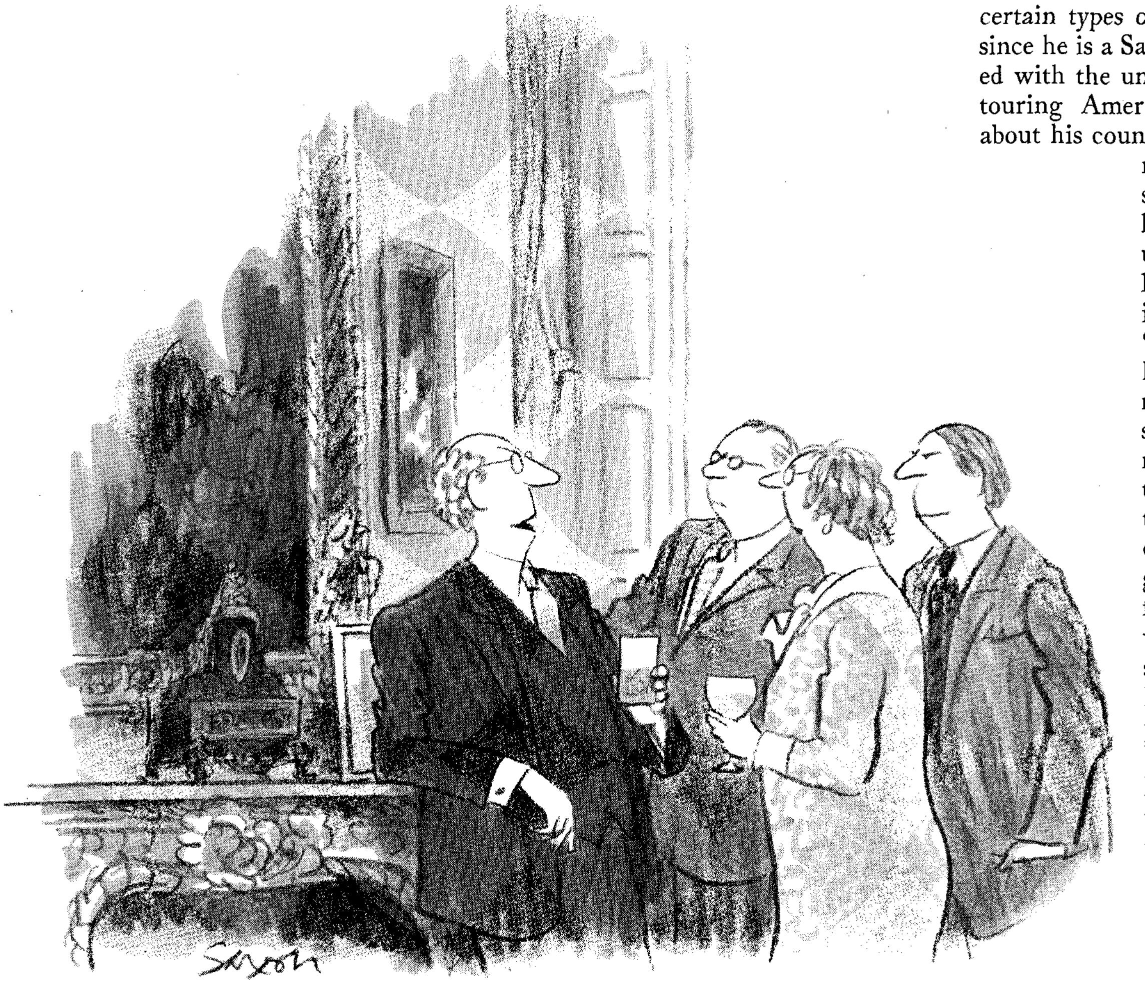
Ballots in El Salvador are made of thin, flimsy paper. The symbol of each party appears on the sheet. In the 1982 contest, a voter had to put a cross through one of the symbols, fold the ballot in half, and place it in a *transparent Lucite* ballot box. By law, the box must be in plain view of the precinct workers, and they could see whom the voter had supported.

Not that there was much choice anyway, since the left did not run candidates. To run candidates for office requires precinct workers and sign-pasters and fund-raisers, and those sorts of people—to be repetitive—get shot in El Salvador. In November, 1980, six top leaders of the political left held a meeting in a Jesuit high school. The "security forces" kidnapped them, killed them, mutilated their remains, and dumped their bodies.

Democracy is a wondrous thing; there is something truly stirring about, say, the Maine caucuses, about people gathered in a high-school gym to publicly support the candidate they place their confidence in—or, at least, the candidate that their neighbor who drove them to the high-school gym places his confidence in. "You Americans really believe in elections—for you they are important and real, and I understand that," Ernesto Vela told us one day last week. Vela used to work as dean of the faculty of arts and sciences of the University of El Salvador. He is a neuropsychologist, and if he had been born in a normal place—Maine, say—he would be doing research in his specialty, which is how certain areas of the brain affect certain types of human behavior. But since he is a Salvadoran, and is affiliated with the university, he is currently touring America speaking to people about his country, to which he cannot return, because death squads have promised to kill him if he does. "The university has historically been a very political institution," he told us. "As thinking people, we have had to elaborate reality, to try and give some answers to that reality." For the last two or three years, since the military wrecked the campus, the process has gone on from rented facilities, and gone on without the more than sixty professors who have been killed, disappeared, or put in jail. Vela said he had little hope for real change until the left won some power.

In that case, we asked him, if you were in San Salvador this week, back at your university office, would you even bother to vote?

"Sure I would," he



"All the experts say the market is going to turn around, but I say maybe."

said. "I'd need to get my I.D. stamped."

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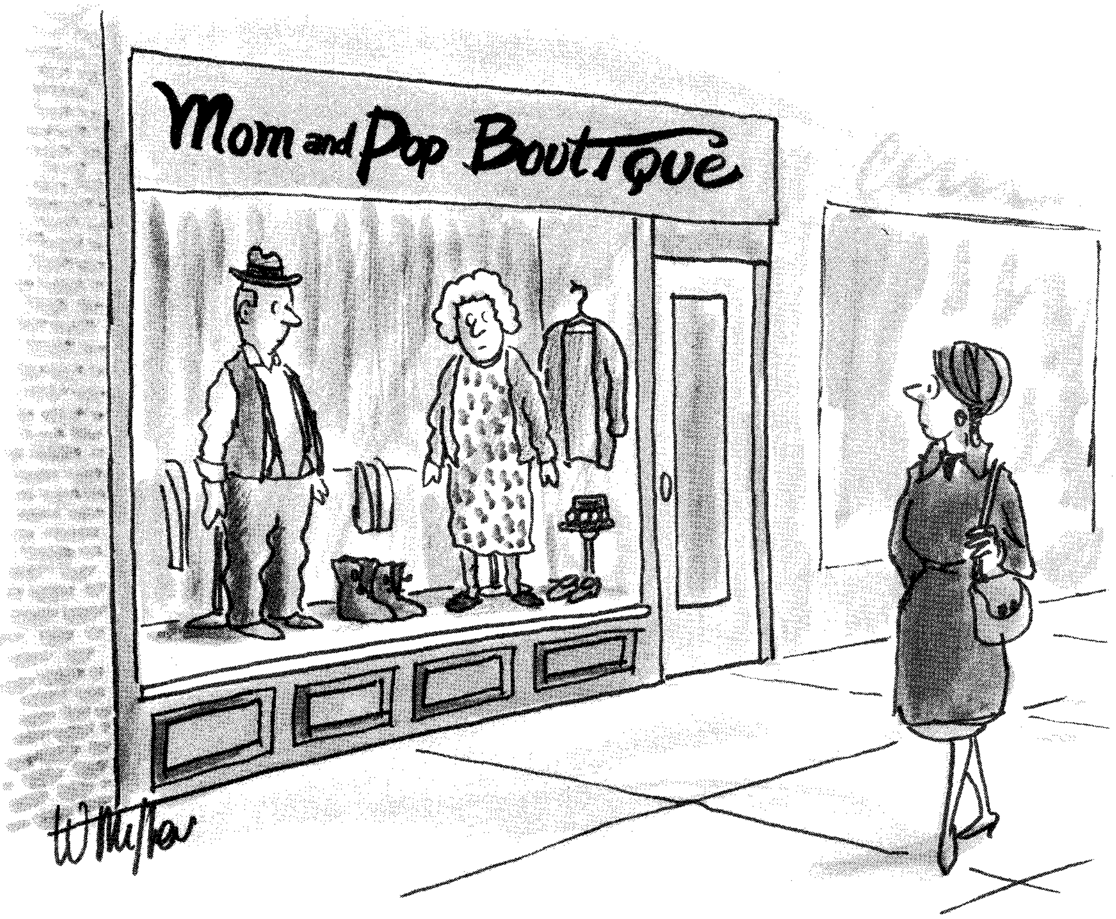

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Cuddly and Not

YOU know Lionel Richie's tax accountant? Your friend met Alfonse D'Amato's dentist in a bar? Well, we—just last month—shook the hand of the man who trained the dog of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. "It was a Kuvasz, an Eastern European breed, and it used to chase cars that drove into the Solzhenitsyn compound in Vermont," Job Michael Evans, the trainer in question, said. At the time of the lessons, he was Brother Job, in a monastery in upstate New York which specializes in training people's dogs. "Everyone in the Solzhenitsyn household speaks Russian, so I had to train it in Russian. 'Heel' in Russian is '*Riadom*,'" said Evans, who now works in the city. "Mr. Solzhenitsyn and his wife followed all the directions, but—well, he may have won the Nobel Prize in literature but he didn't win the Nobel Prize in dog training."

Evans, who also trained the dog of Senator Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, was one of five judges at a Pets Are Wonderful contest we attended recently at the clinic and adoption center of the Humane Society of New York. It was a Pets Are Wonderful playoff; the finals are set for April 12th, at the Radio City Music Hall, and will also feature pets who competed at the A.S.P.C.A. shelter and at the Bide-A-Wee home. The most wonderful pet, and his or her owner, will win the title, fifteen hundred dollars, and a limo tour of famous pet sites, including the Waldo the Wonder Dog statue in Central Park. For several hours at the Humane Society, proud owners paraded their pets in front of the judges, whose written instructions warned them not to vote for the pets of owners "poking fun or making negative remarks about their pet" or telling stories about "how the pet chases after the mailman." The contestants, none of whom were negative in any way, included:

Horus, a Great Dane, who lives at Forty-sixth and Fifth Avenue, takes at least three walks a day, and was named for the Egyptian falcon god. Horus's companion, Rick Carrier, has recently finished a book on ultralight planes, and reports that Horus loves flight, and also that he has licked the face of John Travolta.

Lazer, a six-year-old Shetland sheepdog, who arrived wearing a tuxedo, a ruffled shirt, and a top hat, and carrying a cane in his teeth. Lazer, who recently had root-canal work, can balance a dog biscuit on his nose and, at a signal from his master, knock it into a corner of the room while attempting to snatch it in his mouth.

A Pomeranian named Jolly Ginger, recovering from January surgery, who performed the good old tricks we like to see: roll over, play dead, and pray.

A Maine-coon-type cat named Slugger, who was born without a right foot, was saved from drowning by his present owner, and has grown to the weight of twenty-five pounds. Slugger is a Supreme Grand Master of the International Cat Association.

Cindy, known politely as a "randombred," who auditioned for "Oh! Calcutta!," got the part, and then had to give it up, because of what her owner described as sexual harassment. "There was a male dog in the cast who followed her around," the owner said. Also, Cindy appeared on the David Letterman TV show, in a segment called "Stupid Pet Tricks."

An eight-year-old mutt named Puppy.

A canine duo, Echo and Larry, one of whom (Echo) can be worn around the neck like a fur collar and can, and did, eat jelly beans.

An otherwise unremarkable cat named Brandy who looks uncannily like her owner, which is to say redheaded.

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"IT'S the same every year," said a young usher, looking helplessly at a line of people that stretched all the way across the lobby of Avery Fisher Hall, around a corner, and out of sight. They were of all ages and seemed remarkably patient and good-natured, though off in the distance one baby wailed. It was the afternoon session of the New York Zoological Society's eighty-eighth annual meeting, and these were society members.

"We expect more than five thousand, counting this and tonight's meeting," said the usher. The line moved forward by fits and starts. Somewhere on the plaza, we had been told, was a young camel named Zachary, but we hadn't seen him. There were also two llamas, Willie and Waylon, but we hadn't seen them, either. Too many people milling around.

What we did eventually see, after we got off the escalator on the promenade, was a young woman in blue standing on a platform and solemnly holding a boa constrictor, which hung around her shoulders like a stole. Another blue-clad young woman, on a similar platform, held up a barred owl, which occasionally fluttered its wings. If one pushed hard enough, one could also view an African gray parrot, a monitor lizard, and, off in a corner, a cereopsis goose.

"Anything might happen at this meeting," Dr. William Conway, the society's general director, who looked happy and relaxed among the platforms, said to us. "One never knows. It's always good fun."

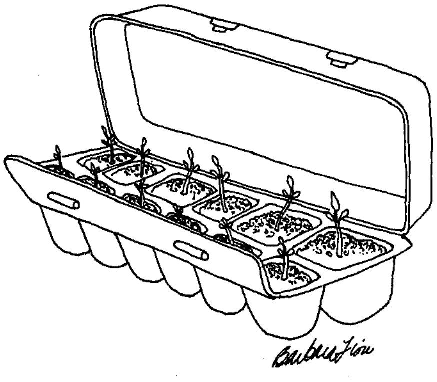
"All these animals except the camel and the llamas, outside, come from the Children's Zoo and the Education Department facilities," Mr. Richard L. Lattis, the director of the city zoos project and the chairman of education at the Bronx Zoo, told us when we encountered him on our way into the hall. "They're used for outreach programs to homes for the shut-ins and sick and aged who can't get to the zoo. Hospitals, too. But not schools—we don't do an outreach program for people who can get to the Zoo. We also use these animals in demonstrations in Wild Asia. When school groups come to the Zoo, they get a talk by an educator, who shows them the animals to demonstrate how birds fly, or to illustrate the types of feathers they have, or the kinds of beaks, et cetera. The Children's Zoo and the educational facilities have between them about three hundred animals, of which seventy-five are handleable." He waved toward the boa constrictor, still quiet on the young woman's shoulders. "We've got a screech owl out here, a kestrel, a ferret, and Lucy Goose, the cereopsis, who has been coming to these affairs for the last twelve years. We don't use any animals that can't stand the handling or the crowds. These people who are handling them are Zoo-trained volunteers; you can tell them by their blue shirts. They are very helpful to us."

The hall was filling up, so we squeezed into a seat. In dim light, we watched dim slides of various animals in appropriate habitats, which kept everybody quiet until the formal proceedings began. At a stand on one side of the stage, Howard Phipps, Jr., the president of the society, gave his report for the year. He talked about New York's zoos, and he also spoke of St. Catherines Island, Georgia, where the society runs a breeding program for endangered species. During a recent visit there, he said, his attention was caught by a lot of hissing and pushing on the part of a bale of giant tortoises—"bale," he explained, being an old English term for a colony of tortoises, "as a 'pride' denotes a company of lions." The tortoises in this bale were huge animals from the Aldabra Atoll, in the Indian Ocean. "Those of you who found E.T. charming would have appreciated the leathery good looks of these animals," he said. The excitement in the bale, he added, was due to courtship activity, which, besides being fascinating in itself, is always gratifying in a breeding colony.

Dr. Conway, in his turn, talked of social groups, and an accompanying film showed giraffes, gorillas, Mongolian wild horses, flamingos, hornbills, and, especially, baby animals of many sorts.

"I used to teach school," said the woman sitting next to us, "and what I miss most of all since retirement is taking the class to the Zoo. I did it every term."

Soon came the climax of the meeting, billed as "The Great Snake Debate." "Man's fertile imagination," Dr. Conway told the audience, "has stretched the length and weight of huge serpents to unbelievable numbers." Even today, he went on, there are news accounts of monster snakes, longer than fifty feet, attacking villagers or loggers in southern Asia (those snakes would be pythons) and tropical America (anacondas). In reality, accurate records of snakes exceeding thirty feet are scarce. The record lengths for the largest snakes are thirty-seven and a half feet for the anaconda and thirty-three feet for the python, but no museum specimens approach these dimensions. For more than seventy years, the society has offered a generous reward—it is now over fifty thousand dollars—for a live, healthy thirty-foot specimen, but nobody has claimed it.



Some years ago, Dr. Conway told the meeting, they had a snake-measuring at one of the annual gatherings, during which a gigantic python was actually brought out and measured in front of the members. As he spoke, there was a slight disturbance on the stage, and two wooden boxes on wheels, surrounded by a dozen staff members, were trundled in. Ignoring this activity, Dr. Conway went on to say that the contest had raised such an outcry that they vowed never to repeat it. For one thing, he said—as first one box, then the other was opened and sections of snake appeared—these animals were hard to hold. As he spoke, curators, assistants, and keepers struggled to produce the snakes and spread them out on the floor. The snakes were placed not next to each other but lengthwise, head to head, and they were of an impressive length. Tape measures were produced.

Considerate people weighing less than a hundred pounds and seated in the front row, Dr. Conway continued, deadpan, would in such a circumstance as a great-snake-measuring refrain from wearing, or carrying in their pockets, sharp-pointed objects.

The tape measures were flourished, the staff members stooped to their task, and then they stood up again and began repacking the boxes with yards of living giant snake. Dr. Conway concluded, "Now, should we measure such snakes we would discover that the reticulated python is twenty-one feet two inches long and the anaconda is eighteen feet seven inches long. But, of course, we wouldn't do a thing like that."

The wooden boxes were wheeled offstage.

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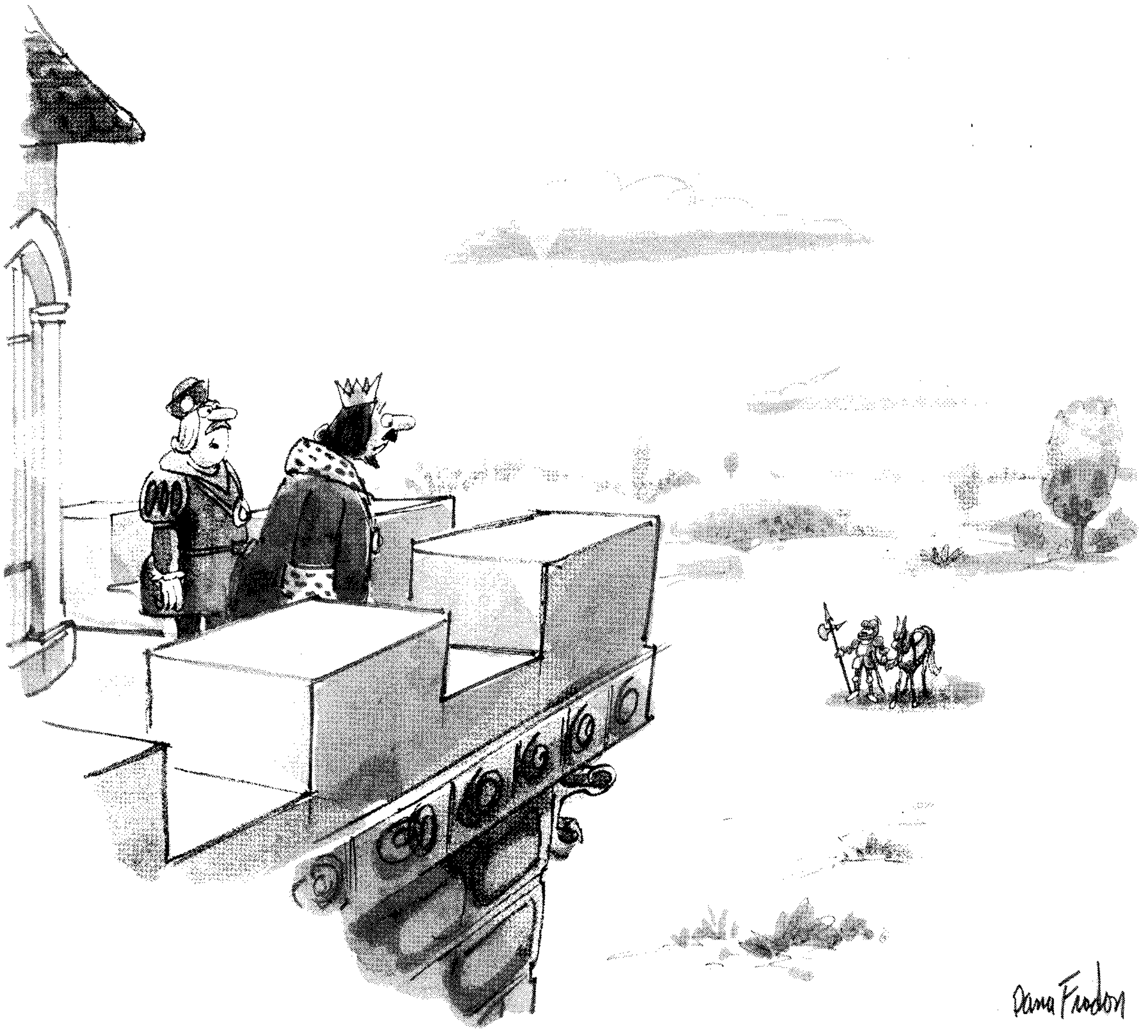
"THAT'S '*reticulated* giraffe,'" Stefanie Powers was saying. "Not '*articulate* giraffe.' They're not articulate at all. They're reticulated—



"We are not under siege, Your Majesty. You just have a siege mentality."

they have white lines around their markings." A wildlife devotee, Miss Powers (formerly the Girl from U.N.C.L.E. and now the star of "Hart to Hart," a prime-time detective series that has not endorsed a Presidential candidate and has no plans to) was at a midtown hotel last week to tell reporters how she had helped capture some increasingly endangered reticulated giraffes on the Laikipia Plateau, in Kenya, this winter—twenty-five giraffes, which are still in Kenya at the moment but will be sent early this summer to Busch Gardens, an amusement park and game preserve in Tampa, Florida. To capture the twenty-five, a team of veteran game trappers in jeeps chased after herds at speeds of up to thirty-five miles per hour, gradually circled in on a likely candidate, and then slipped a noose around its neck. When the animal had been brought to a standstill, Miss Powers used a big hypodermic to give it an injection of anti-stress megavitamins, "like those you'd buy in the health-food store," and then it was carted away in a crate to special pens at a nearby capture camp, where all twenty-five giraffes are now being taught to eat hay instead of their normal fare—the tops of acacia trees. Tampa could never provide enough acacia trees.

Jerry Lentz, the zoo manager at Busch Gardens, spoke next. "They had to be in the nine-to-eleven-foot range," he said. "If they were any taller, they wouldn't fit into the 747." Once in America, Lentz said, the giraffes will serve as a tourist attraction and also as a breeding colony. "The purpose of our project was to capture a large group of animals. You need large numbers to propagate them long-term—forever, if you will. It should be no problem. The giraffe is a very calm animal by nature. When we got our giraffes into the crates after capture, they just looked around, saw what was going on, and accepted it," he said. He added that technically giraffes are not considered grazers. "They're browsers," he said.

To learn more about the giraffes' new home, we talked to Brian Smith, who is a vice-president of the Busch Entertainment Corporation. "Busch Gardens started out as a place where people sat to drink their complimentary beer after a tour of the Tampa brewery," he said. (Busch Gardens and Anheuser-Busch, Inc., are blood relatives.) "At first, there were a few exotic birds, and eventually a collection of African animals. Then, when the whole theme-park thing came along, in the nineteen-seventies, they decided to do it up right." Mr. Smith also has responsibility for another Busch theme park, in Williamsburg, Virginia—a park he wishes that people wouldn't confuse with Colonial Williamsburg. "*Our* theme there is Europe," he said. "There's a France, a Germany, an Italy, and so on. And the rides are tied in to particular countries. Our roller coaster, which happens to be in Scotland, isn't just called the Big Dipper, or something. It's called the Loch Ness Monster. The same ride would look a whole lot different if it were in Germany or in Italy. The theme is eighteenth-century Europe, basically. It's not absolutely authentic, but it's certainly not directly competitive with Colonial Williamsburg—we're not trying to do the same sort of theming at all."

Anyway, about the giraffes. The 747 will land them in New York, and they'll travel by truck, with their heads in the open air, all the way to Tampa. Since giraffes don't much like wind in their faces, they'll probably turn around and look out the back. "We're thinking of hiring a bus to carry the press along behind the caravan," Mr. Smith said. "We anticipate some tremendous photo opportunities. Animals travel to and from zoos all the time, but they rarely take the interstate."

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This led to the compilation of the first Delphiclopedia—an encyclopedia that was a collection of entries consisting of PREDICTIONS OF THE FUTURE. But the Delphiclopedia was compiled on the basis of the so-called Delphic Method; in simple terms, through a vote of Qualified Experts. Since expert opinions by no means COINCIDE, the earliest Delphiclopedias contained entries on the same subject presented in two versions, corresponding to the Majority and Minority Opinion of the specialists, or else they contained two sets, a Maxiclopedia and a Miniclopedia. Customers accepted these innovations reluctantly, though, and a well-known physicist, the Nobel Prize winner Professor Kutzenger, expressed this reluctance when he said that the public needs information about the Conclusions, not the Quarrels, of Specialists. Thanks to the initiative of VESTRAND BOOKS, the situation has undergone a Revolutionary Improvement.

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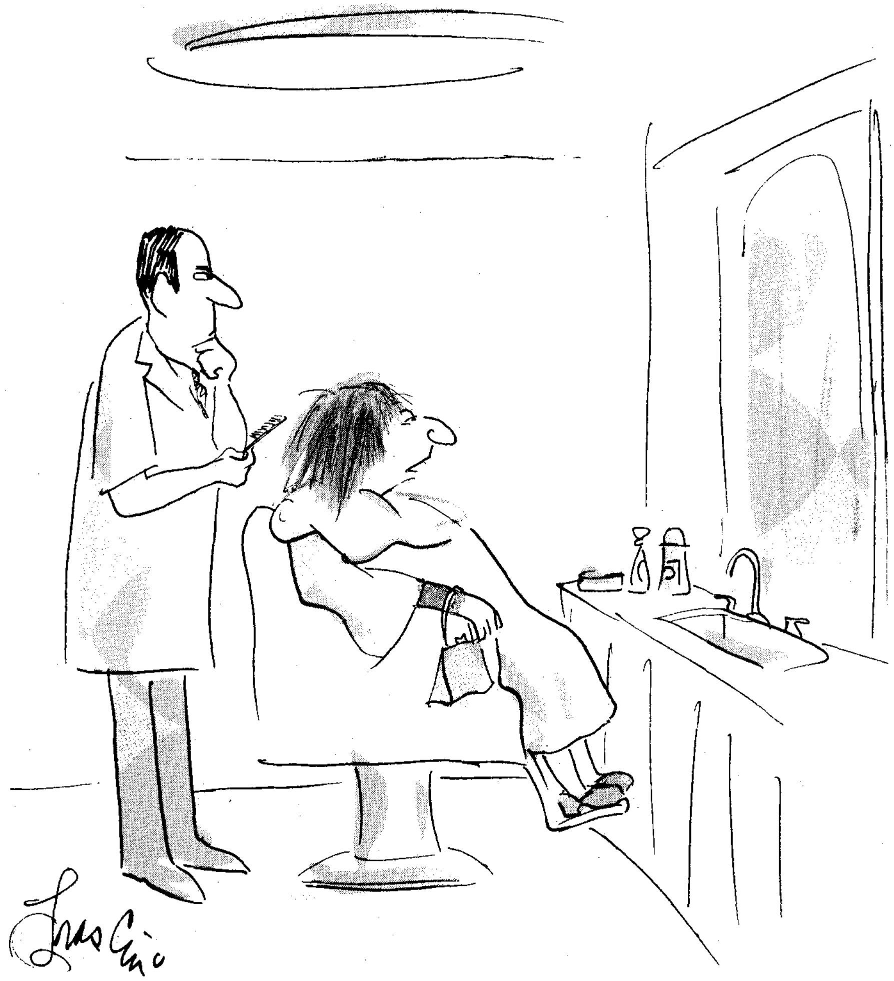
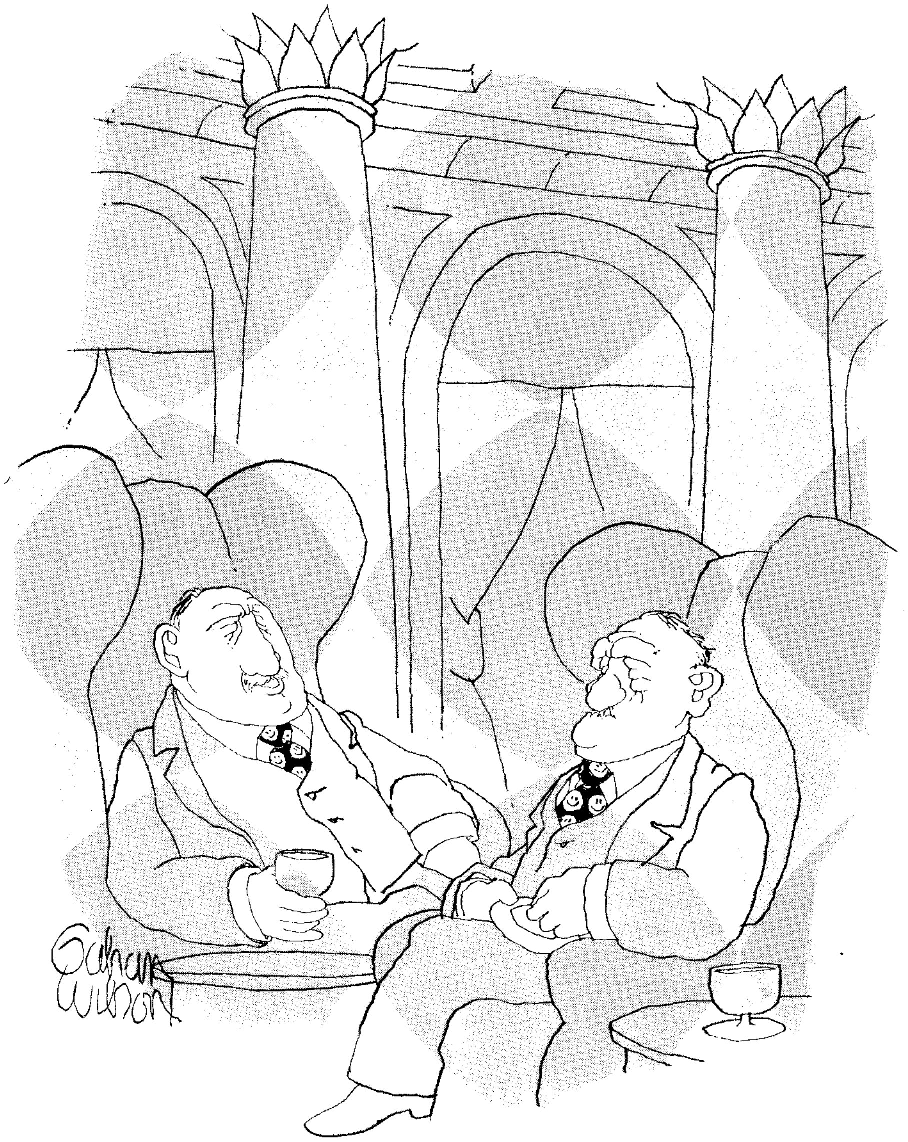
What is our Extelopedia?

"EXTELOPEDIA" is an acronym for "Extrapolational Teleonomic Encyclopedia." It is the fairest child of protofuturology—that honorable, albeit primitive, Discipline conceived at the end of the Twentieth Century. The EXTELOPEDIA contains information about History as it is going to happen—in other words, UNIVERSAL FUTURE HISTORY; affairs Cosmonomic, Cosmolithic, and Cosmatic; EVERYTHING that is going to be ATTEMPTED, together with the data, the WHEREFORES, and the WHENCES; the Great New Achievements of Science and



"I don't care what you do as long as it says 'spring.'"



"The only thing I regret, really, is the club tie."

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Technology, specifying which of them are going to be the most threatening to you personally; the Evolution of Faiths and Creeds, inter alia, under the entry "FUTURELIGIONS;" as well as 65,760 other Questions and Problems. Sports Lovers annoyed by the Uncertainty of the Results in any competition will, thanks to the EXTELOPEDIA, save themselves much unnecessary irritation and emotion in the fields of Athletics and Erothletics alike. All you have to do is sign the

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Is the information contained in VESTRAND'S EXTELOPEDIA Accurate and Reliable? Research at M.I.T., M.A.T., and M.U.T., which together form the USIB (United States Intellectronical Board), shows that both previous editions of our Extelopedia deviated from the Facts within a range of 8.05-9.008% per letter. But our present, MOST FUTURE, edition will get to the Very Heart of the Future with a probability of 99.0879%.

Why is it so accurate?

Why can you rely so completely on the present edition? Because this edition owes its origins to the world's very first application of two entirely New Methods of Sounding the Future—the SUPLEX and CRETILANG METHODS.

The SUPLEX, or Supercomplex, METHOD is derived from a process which in 1983 enabled the Mac Flac Hac Computer Program to beat

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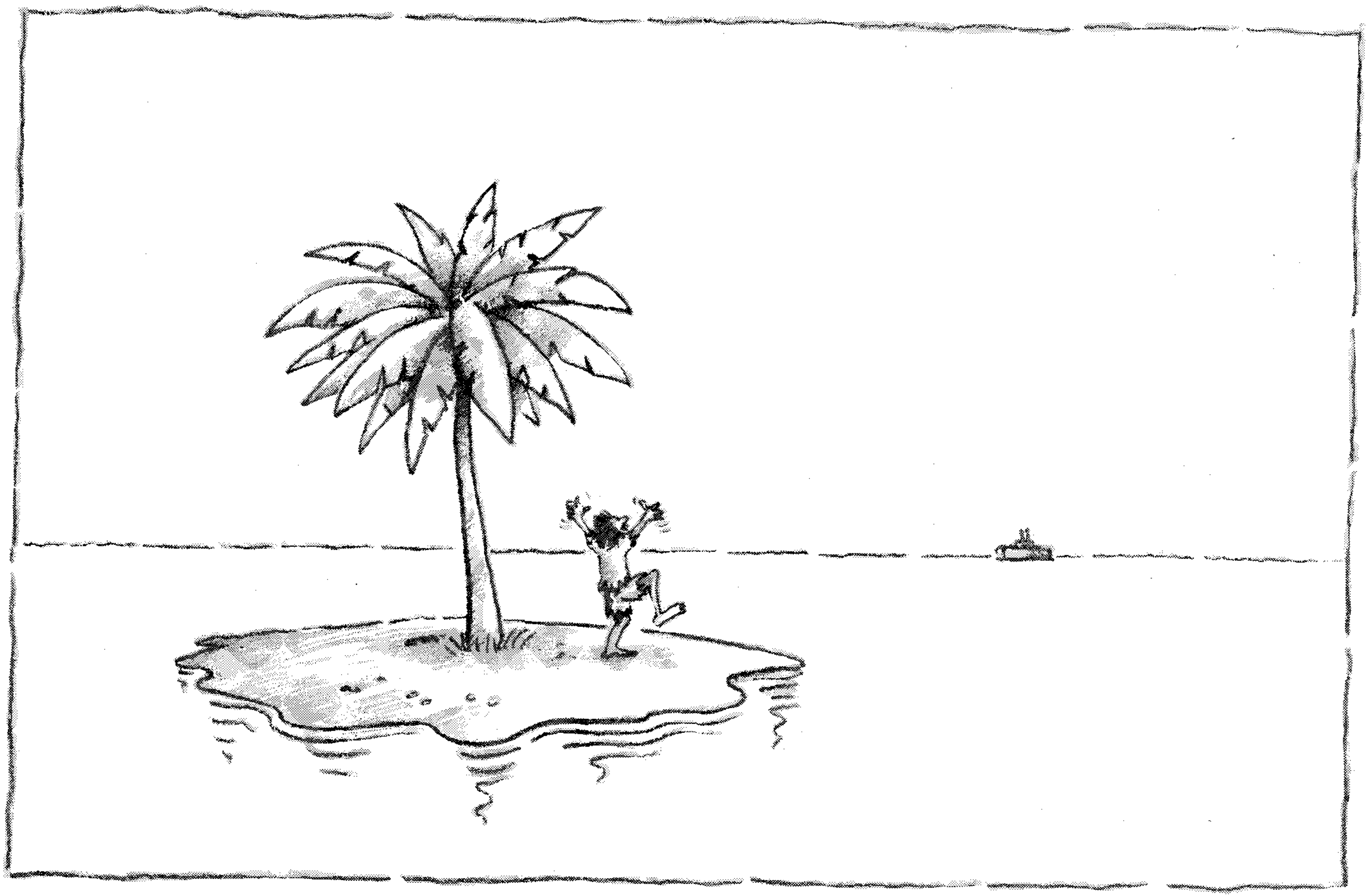
Until now, Predictors have worked solely on POSIPOTS (Positive Potences—i.e., the Possibility of Anything Materializing). Our New SUPLEX Program also works on NEGAPOTS (Negative Potences). It allows for Anything that, according to the current opinions of All the Experts, UNDOUBTEDLY CANNOT OCCUR. And, as we know, the *real flavor* of the Future is often precisely that which the Experts think WILL NOT OCCUR. Nevertheless, in order to submit the results obtained by the SUPLEX METHOD to a certain controlled madness (CONMAD), and regardless of the Great Expense, we have applied another Completely New Method—FUTULINGUISTIC EXTRAPOLATION. Based on an analysis of developmental tendencies—trends with an indeterministic gradient (TRENDINDERENTS)—twenty-six of our LINGCOMPS (Linguistic Computers, interdependently linked—i.e., interlinked) created TWO THOUSAND dialects, idioms, onomastics, slangs, nomenclatures, and grammars of the future. What was the Significance of this Achievement? It signified the creation of a LINGUISTIC BASIS OF THE WORLD AFTER THE YEAR 2020. In short, our Comurbia—that is, our Computer City, numbering 1,720 Intelligence Units per cubic millimetre of PSYSYM (Psychical-Synthetic Mass)—constructed the words, sentences, syntax, and grammar (as well as the meanings) of the Languages that mankind will be using in the FUTURE.

Naturally, knowing MERELY THE LANGUAGE in which people will be communicating with one another and with machines ten, twenty, or thirty years hence does not mean knowing what they will then MOST READILY AND MOST OFTEN BE SAYING. And it is precisely THAT which we shall know, because as a rule people SPEAK FIRST and think and ACT LATER. The fundamental defects in all previ-



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ous attempts at constructing a LINGUISTIC FUTUROLOGY, or PROGNOLINGUA, resulted from a False Rationality of Procedure. Many scholars have tacitly assumed that people will say ONLY REASONABLE THINGS in the Future and thus will have progressed. Meanwhile, the most recent studies have shown that people LARGELY SAY SILLY THINGS. Therefore, in order to simulate

a typically human mode of expression

in an Extrapolation of more than a quarter of a century, we have constructed IDIOMATS and COMDEBILIS (COMBUNGLES)—that is, Idiomatic Antomats and Bungling Computers Débiles—and, in turn, they have just created the PARAGENAGRAM, the Paralogical Generative Grammar of the Language of the Future.

Thanks to this, Controlled Profuters, Langlings, and Premnestoschizoplegiators have composed 118 Sub-Languages (dialects, idioms, slangs), such as GOSSIPTEX, NONSTEX, GAB, GIBBER, BUGHUM, BLABLEX, AGRAM, and CRETINAX. These ultimately served as a basis for CRETILANGUISTICS, which made the CONFAB program possible. In particular, it made it possible to carry out Intimate Prognoses relating to Futerotics, including details of Human Intercourse with artogs and cimogs, as well as sensuals and devials in the field of Gravitationless Orbital, Venereal, and Martian sexonautics. This was successful thanks to such programming languages as EROTIGLOM, PANTUSEX, and BYWAY.

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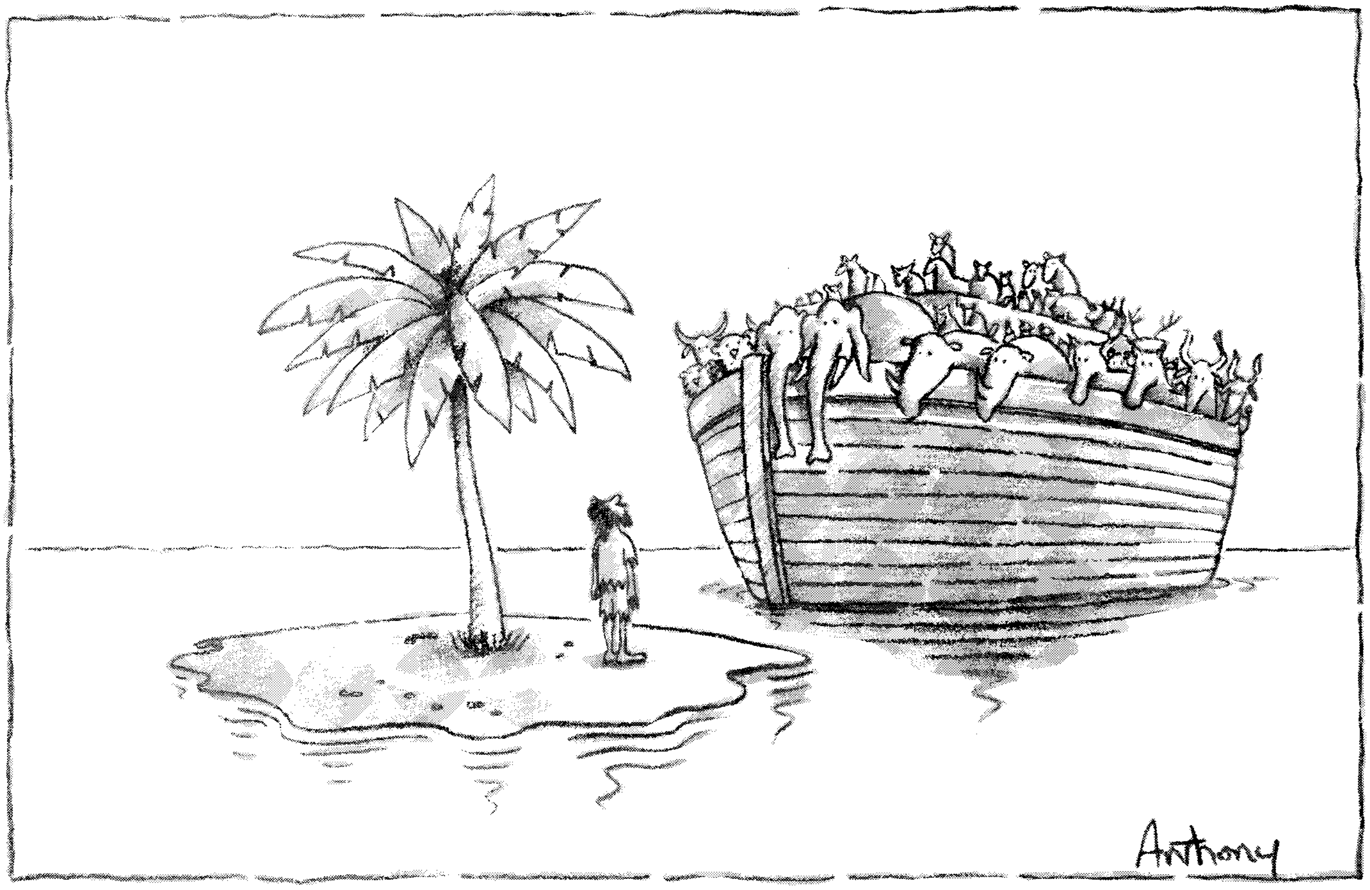
It fits on a Handy Rack, which we can supply at a small additional cost. Positioning yourself no more than two paces from the shelves, you should state the required entry in a matter-of-fact tone, not too loudly. Then, after the EXTELOPEDIA flicks through its own index, the appropriate Magnetome will jump spontaneously into your outstretched right hand. Left-handed persons are kindly requested to train themselves in advance ALWAYS to extend the right hand, lest the Magnetome suffer a deviation in its trajectory and hit the Speaker, or even a Bystander, however PAINLESSLY.

The entries are printed in TWO COLORS. The BLACK ENTRIES signify that the PROPERVIRT (Probability Percentage of Virtualization) exceeds 99.9%—in popular parlance, a sure thing. The RED ENTRIES signify that their PROPERVIRT is less than 86.5%, and because of this undesirable state of affairs the ENTIRE TEXT of each such entry remains in UNCEASING REMOTE-



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CONTROLLED (holognetic) CONTACT with the Editorial Board of VESTRAND'S EXTELOPEDIA. As soon as our PROFUTERS, PANTERS, and CREDACTERS obtain Correct New Results in their unceasing work of Observing the Future, the text of the ENTRY printed in RED undergoes the appropriate correlation (readaptation) AUTOMATICALLY. For improvements arising by this IMPERCEPTIBLE, REMOTE-CONTROLLED, OPTIMUM method, VESTRAND BOOKS

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If, however, the only thing that begins to Alter (quiver or blur) is the PRICE (see below) of VESTRAND'S EXTELOPEDIA, you do not have to read the Complete Prospectus from the beginning, for the Alteration will concern solely the

subscription terms,

which—as you will appreciate, considering the state of the World Economy—cannot be prognosticated more than twenty-four minutes in advance.

The above also applies to the full set of pictorial and ancillary material that comes with VESTRAND'S EXTELOPEDIA. This comprises Guided, Mobile, Tactile, and Tasty Illustrations. Here, too, belong the FUTUDELS and AUTO-CONSTRUCTS (self-constructing aggregates), which we supply with a rack and a complete set of Magnetomes in a separate, aesthetically pleasing case. At your request, we can program the whole containerized EXTELOPEDIA so that it responds Exclusively to Your (the Owner's) Voice.

In the event of aphasia, hoarseness, etc., please apply to the nearest VESTRAND BOOKS Agency, which will come to your aid immediately. At the moment, our publishing house is working on new luxury Variants of the EXTELOPEDIA—viz., a Self-Reading Version in three voices and two tones (male, female, indeterminate; caressing, dry); an Ultra De-Luxe Model, Guaranteed Against Disturbances in Reception Caused by Outsiders (e.g., the Competition) and furnished with a Private Bar and Rocking Chair; and, lastly, our UNIVERSIGN Model, which is designed for foreigners and transmits the content of each entry by signs. The price of these Special Models will probably be 40% to 190% higher than the price of the Standard Edition. —STANISLAW LEM

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Marc E. Heine.*)

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Public Administration Times*]

H.R. 4280, introduced by Rep. William Clay, D-Mo., protects plans from charges of discrimination if they offer a timetable in which participants are 40 percent vested after four years of service. In addition, the bill lowers the minimum age for vesting purposes from 22 to 18 and makes it easier for a souse to collect survivor's benefits.

ENCHANTMENT

I AM reading aloud to my mother from Shakespeare's sonnets, trying to find one that would be appropriate to recite at her funeral.

My mother is not dying. She is a relatively robust woman, and looks younger than her sixty-three years, but she speaks of her death often and with a macabre glee. "When I am gone," she says, "I would like you to say of me that she never made mountains out of molehills." I am not sure why my mother considers this epitaph to be the highest form of tribute, and I cannot imagine that any of the mourners at her grave will understand it any better. But I know it is important to her, a link with the hearty, hiking-shoes atmosphere of her youth. "Fine," I say. Her implication, I suppose, is that all her children, finespun creatures, do just the opposite.

My mother and I are sitting on the bed in what I still think of as my room. I first shared it with two sisters, and it finally became my own during college. The room is adjacent to my mother's, and partly because of this I have had the greatest trouble leaving home. Whenever I had one of the fierce fights with her that have been a constant of our relationship ever since I can remember, I used to stand in front of her locked door and imagine my mother deep inside her bathroom, swallowing pills or reacting to my rancor by taking flight out of a window. "My mother is dead," I would think, composing the sentence formally in my head as though I were a character in a play. I saw myself freed and bereft at the same time, a figure of surpassing interest: *Who is that girl in black? I hear her mother died. So young? What a tragedy! I wonder how the children feel. They say it hit that one the hardest.* I would be watching myself being watched by others, wondering along with them what I was thinking. My imagination has always run to the vivid, although my mother is not the sort of woman to embrace personal drama. Sooner or later she always emerged from her bedroom, dry-eyed and stony.

The bed is narrow, penitential—as are all the beds my mother favors for her household. The wall I lean my back against is faintly, pleasantly cold. I note the undertow of gray that sweeps through my mother's vigilantly colored hair, and the loosened skin on her neck, beneath her strong jaw. Nothing—not these or other signs—convinces me of her mortality. The bed is tightly made up, with crisp white sheets and a slightly worn wool blanket. I was reminded of my bed in an instant when I read the description of Clarissa Dalloway's: It is the unyielding bed of someone who was meant to remain a virgin.

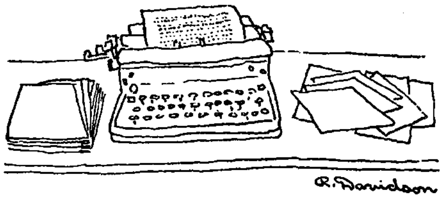
Now, in my own apartment, I have a double bed covered with delicately flowered sheets. Taking a great wanton leap forward, I originally ordered an even larger, queen-size bed, but when it arrived and was shoved against the wall by two surly deliverymen I immediately knew I was not up to it. I slept on top of the unwrapped mattress and box spring for a night; then I called up Bloomingdale's and told them I had made a terrible mistake, my bedroom was too small, would they please exchange the order? Both the size of my bed and the style of linen were deliberate moves away from my mother's taste, and she sniffs at them with the same disapproval she shows toward the knickknacks that clutter my window shelves and coffee table. These knickknacks—a random assortment of pottery, small painted boxes, and the sort of oversize candles that are most often found in college-dorm rooms—are always dusty; one ceramic bowl is filled with honey drops that are so ancient and sticky they cannot be separated from one another. I apologize for these candies, making a joke of them whenever a visitor tries to dislodge one, but I have not removed them.

Over the years I have lost most of the things that have been important to me. I have a recurring dream in which all of these objects turn up again in a neat little pile: a leather-bound notebook, several watches, a stubby fountain pen with which I wrote a script full of flourishes, slips of paper on which I have scribbled crucial thoughts, a brown-and-white cashmere scarf that made me think of myself, briefly, as the mistress of an English country house. Because of, or in spite of, my tendency to lose things, I am the most intractable of hoarders. Every apartment I have lived in has become filled with magazines and slightly faulty appliances. It is a real effort of will for me to throw even used-up items out. I check the bottoms of cereal boxes for malingering flakes and dribble out the reluctant drops in milk cartons. I watch myself at these routines and recognize that they are important to me, a way of stopping up gaps. There is one tube of toothpaste that has been lying in my various medicine cabinets, untouched, for several years. The tube is cracked with age, and recently, when a friend volunteered to test it, the toothpaste squeezed out in a dried gob. "Throw it out," she said, not unreasonably.

"I might need it," I explained. "It could come in handy as a spare."

"Throw it out," she said.

I did not want her to think of me as visibly eccentric, so I threw it out. Later, after she left, I retrieved the tube from the wastebasket, and it now rests safely again on a shelf.



IN the living room a clock chimes. "Hannah, have you done something to your hair?" my mother asks. "You look younger." My mother watches me for signs of bloom and decay, like a plant.

"Do I?" I say, and for a moment I feel as if our roles have been reversed—that I am old and in need of reassurance about my faded allure. "Let me see," I say, flipping through the pages of my fat college anthology, and begin reading a sonnet about cruelty. My mother stares out over my head, her eyes fixed. Her eyes are a deep-set gray-green, quite beautiful, and I sometimes pass along compliments other people have made about them. She receives such praise with a touching display of shyness.

" 'Be wise as thou art cruel,' " I declaim; " 'Do not press/ My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain.' " I listen to my own voice as I read, trying to infuse it with the ripeness that I think Shakespeare would have liked.

My mother's affection has always been unreliable, subject to whim. One day, she sees fit to tell me that I shouldn't waste so much money on movies. "If you do everything now," she says, "what pleasures will be left to you when you are fifty?" The force of her illogicality holds me, even though I know there aren't a limited number of movies—of pleasures—in the world to use up and after that you are left twiddling your thumbs. Then, several days afterward, I call her late at night, in a sudden panic about my life. "I can't anymore," I say rather desperately, although there has been nothing terrible—no acute disappointment, no rift—to bring on this despair. "I can't go on," I repeat. "I don't see the point. I just want to do nothing. I want to lie on my bed for days. I can't always be trying to accomplish something. I *could* lie on my bed, couldn't I?"

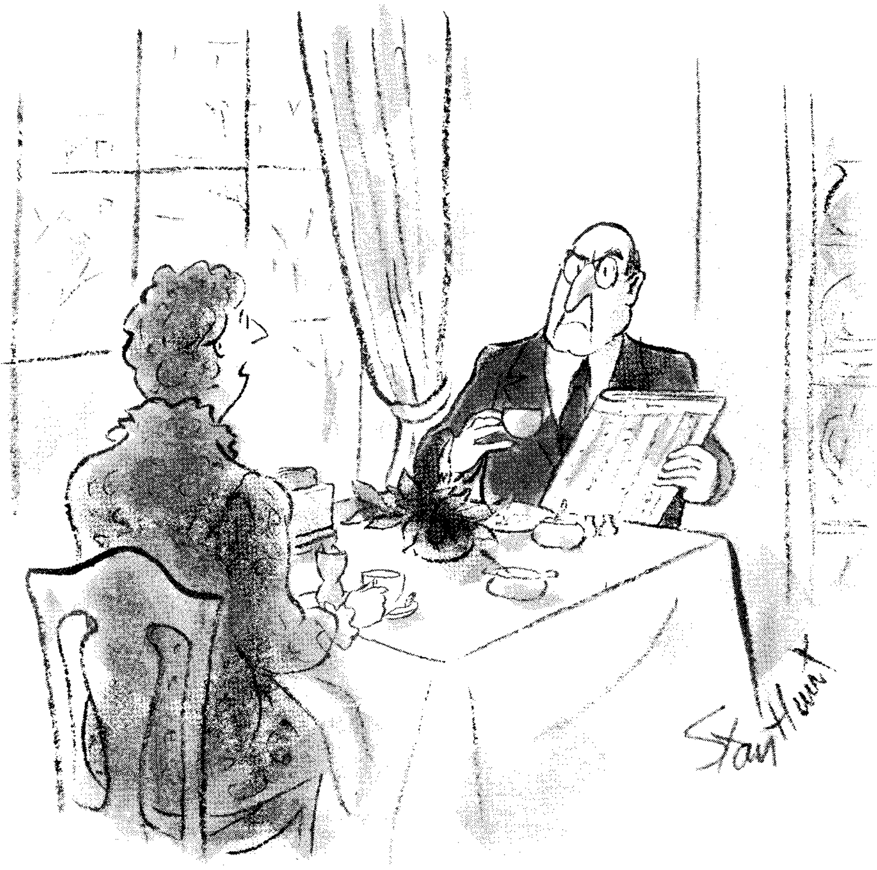
My mother listens, or at least appears to, and this alone begins to soothe me: I want—have always wanted—her to listen to me forever. "It'll all be all right, Hannah," she says. "You'll see."

"And," I add out of the blue, as if this were the real sorrow, "I never have any clothes! I'm sick of having nothing to wear!"

"Don't worry," my mother says. "I will buy you everything."

Her answer imprints itself on my mind in capital letters: "I WILL BUY YOU EVERYTHING." The grandeur of it—the complete maternalness—silences me. I want this moment to last. Never mind that it is entirely false, that this is being said to me by the same woman who is capable of reminding me that I owe her the five dollars she lent me for a taxi weeks ago. Does she know what she's saying? And how can she say such a protective thing and a day or two later, sure enough, announce, "The trouble with you is that you're spoiled. You think too much about yourself. If you had to sell in Woolworth's all day, you'd be better off." As a child, I interpreted such vacillations as cruelty (anything else would have required an insupportable detachment), and to this day I tend to care most deeply about people who can take or leave me. Such people, I've convinced myself, can be counted on in some way that precludes trust: they will never love you or stop loving you for yourself alone.

"*That's* it," my mother says, amused by my last selection. I go on reading, but pretty soon the poem meanders into universalisms and no longer applies to the specific darkness in her. I skim through a few others, trying to find one that will capture her fickle attention. "Here's one on the tyrant Time," I announce with pedantic fervor, and my mother is willing to listen, herself a great believer in the power of passing hours. When I am done she says, "He was a genius, wasn't he." Jealous of Shakespeare's momentary glory, I explain that the phrase "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame" refers to sexual intercourse. "I *knew* that," she says proudly, not one to be outwitted.



"I had this terrible dream last night, Forbisher, that you were a left-wing guerrilla."

• •

IN one of my bookcases is a Lucite-framed photograph of my maternal grandfather, an Orthodox Jew, who was reading Thomas Mann's latest novel shortly before he died, in Jerusalem. His is the only photograph I have set out, and it is not entirely clear to me why I have chosen him from among my many relatives. People mistake his likeness for that of Sigmund Freud, who was a different sort altogether. But there is a definite resemblance, in the details, if not in the whole: the same neatly trimmed beard, narrow face, intelligent eyes behind round wire spectacles. The fact of my grandfather's reading a secular book rather than a religious one had to be kept a secret from some of his less broadminded friends in the circle he belonged to. He was reputed to be a man to whom religious belief did not come easily. I suppose he is to be admired for having adhered to the laws in spite of this, and sometimes I wonder if the force of my grandfather's will lingers in me, and if I stray from it unnaturally.

My mother says that people of the same generation tend to look like each other, but I think she is pleased by her father's resemblance to Freud. She used to quote sardonic remarks she remembers her father making, but she has stopped of late, as though she suddenly wondered at the implications.

MY friends, especially the ones I retain from years back, always ask about my mother if we haven't been in touch for a while. I could be an astronaut now, a wielder of influence, and still they ask, several minutes into long-distance conversations, "How are things with you and your mother?"

When I was much younger I would leave my mother in undrastic ways—for weekend stays at the homes of friends and cousins. In my family I was considered a great socialite because of these visits; my siblings rarely ventured out. I would invariably fall in love with the homes and mothers I was visiting, whatever form they took. What was important was that they weren't *mine:* I could start all over again in a living room in Queens with a mother who served fish croquettes on glazed blue plates.

CHOPPING WOOD

Strange how the mind will stand outside
the body's snapping torque and sweat
to observe bone and sinew that finds
almost never the perfect throw it wants

to split each round limb where the true
grain must expose itself, empurpled,
satiny as meat inside a beauty's thigh
stroked once in the permanent world

of love the mind summons only as smoke
or the wisps of breath in an iron air.
My body heat fogs my glasses, stroke
after stroke. The blade falls unaware

it might do anything else. Wood splits.
Most of it's knotted, and a worm hole,
hidden, is ubiquitous as tall innocence
the mind wants to bend to like a girl

impossibly gorgeous in a doctor's office.
And those hacking, impotent after-chops
at the hanging-on slivers—they exhaust
caveats in the head. The fury of chips

flying up like prayers? Only the mind's
sad attempt to love what it must fear:
loose ground, bad aim, faithless hands.
So the mind heats itself with an hour

making fuel for heat—as if all consists
in the nerves hurling the mind out.
The blunt blade dives through flesh
long dead, soon stacked, used up, mute.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

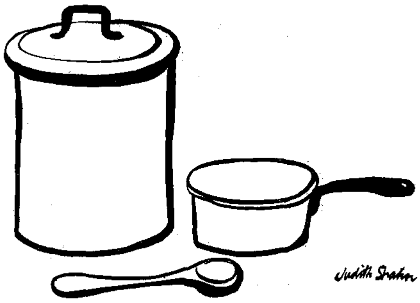
One weekend stood out in my mind for a long time as being especially charmed. I was staying at the small and rather crowded apartment of some cousins. The girl, who was my age, didn't like her own mother very much, and there was, in fact, something irascible about this woman's attitude toward her children which wasn't that different from my mother's toward hers. Later on, I would learn that "moodiness," as it was called, ran in my mother's family. But then I saw only my cousin's advantages: her brothers were far gentler than mine, and there were no sisters to contend with. On Saturday night, after the father made the blessing over the plaited *havdalah* candle, signifying that Shabbas was over (all the families I visited were Orthodox ones, like mine), he drove us to an Alexander's in a shopping center not far from their house. This was the sort of bland excursion my family never made, and it filled me with delight. I wandered through aisles filled with racks of clothing, staring at ordinary skirts and blouses as though I were seeing such things for the first time. I watched other families shopping on the brightly lit floor around me. "How do you like that, Daddy?" said one plump blond mother, holding up a brown suit. Something about her tone—or it may have been her windswept look—drew me, and I stood, staring, as her three children gathered around to study the effect of the suit propped against their father, the most nice-seeming of men. I tried to picture my mother calling my father "Daddy" or our family going out as a unit to shop at a department store. Soon after this episode—I imagine my aunt must have called up my mother and triumphantly informed her of my desire to come and live with them (my family was richer than most of our relatives, and we were seen in grudgingly glamorized terms)—my mother started referring to my "Orphan Annie act" whenever I went away for the weekend.

"Wish them good Shabbas," she said one Friday afternoon, standing in the front door in the usual way while I waited for the elevator, suitcase in hand. The clamor rising from behind her—Louisa, the maid, banging an oven shut in the kitchen, my brothers yelping at each other upstairs—was already beginning to seem like tender, lost music to me.

"Should I stay home?" I asked my mother tentatively.

"Don't be silly," my mother said, but I could tell she rather liked my doubts. "You'll be back tomorrow night, Sunday morning latest."

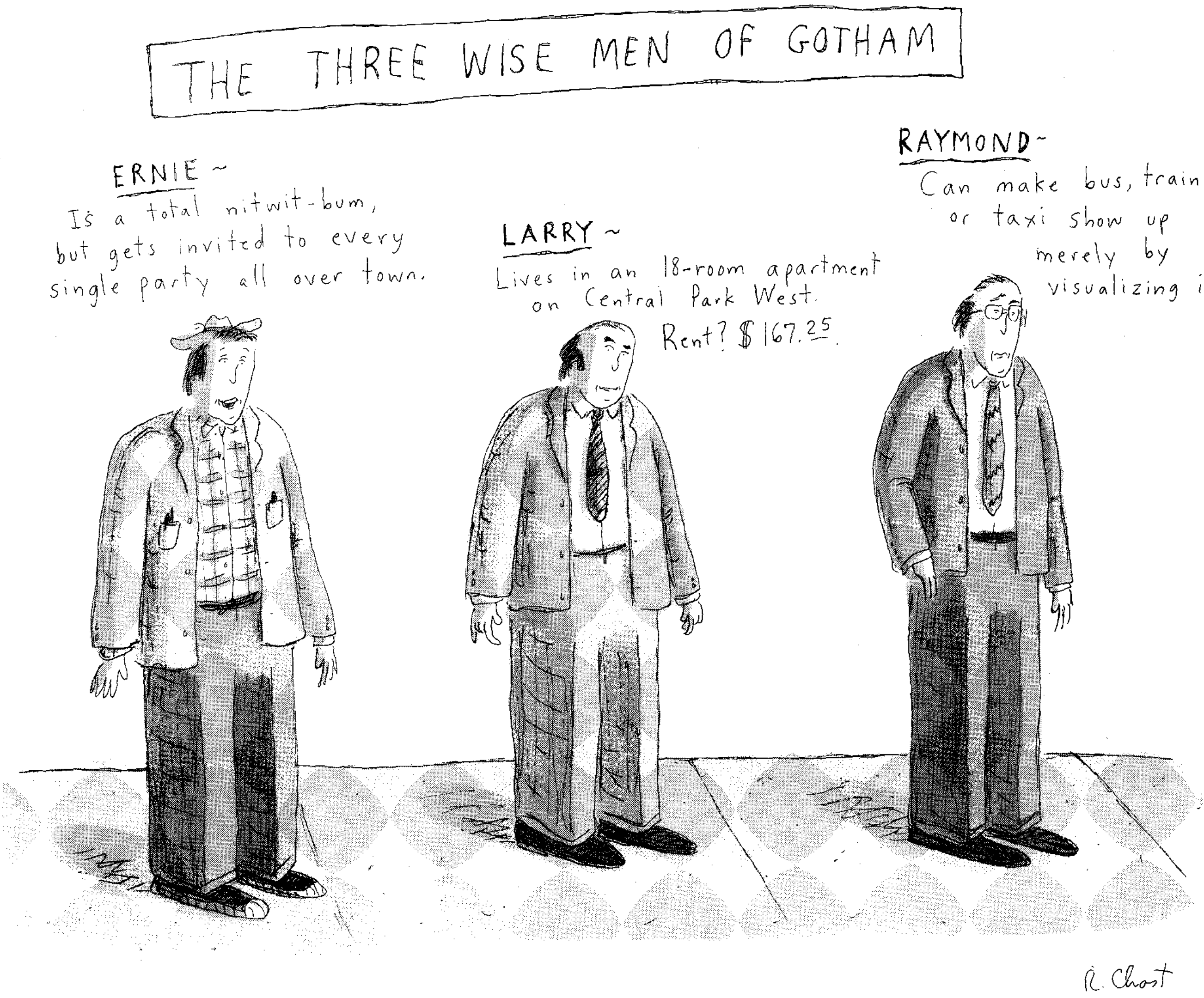
"Maybe I should just stay home," I said, offering my mother a chance to declare her affection, claim me, pull me inside with operatic attachment. Some of my friends had mothers who acted that way, clinging to their offspring like vines. But my mother wasn't cut from such stuff. She was German, not Eastern European, and I had deduced from remarks made by the Polish and Hungarian parents of my friends that *yekkes*, as people like my mother were called, were a fatally cold bunch—aberrant, more German than Jewish.



"Don't be silly," my mother repeated. "You're all packed." She leaned over to give me a kiss. Her muted-plaid robe smelled of perfume; I could never remember what it was called, because it was so unlikely—the name of an animal. "But do yourself a favor and don't play Orphan Annie there, O.K.? I know I'm a terrible mother, but no one else is interested."

I smiled, but I feared she was right. My longings would have to remain with me. It wasn't so much that they weren't recognized as that they seemed to be given mysteriously short shrift. The elevator cage groaned as it descended. While I chatted with Lucas, who worked the old-fashioned lever as if it were the tiller of a ship, it occurred to me once again—like a shadow I couldn't dodge—that I was stuck with what I had.

I SUPPOSE that for tenacious people like me the past is never really over: what you get left with is the tics of survival. I sit in a psychiatrist's office, where courtesy reigns, and begin my story once again. I can't separate out the feelings from the facts: My mother is the Wicked Witch, but she is also the object of desire. Someone—a nurse—once banged my head against a wall, and when I told my mother about it I remember noting, at an age when such perceptions feel less terrible than clear, that my mother's heart was not broken. But why, then, was I also made to feel special, my straight brown hair brushed by the same nurse into pigtails that were tied with bright ribbons? "Such shiny


THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM
ERNIE ~
Is a total nitwit-bum, but gets invited to every single party all over town.
LARRY ~
Lives in an 18-room apartment on Central Park West.
Rent? $167.25
RAYMOND ~
Can make bus, train, or taxi show up merely by visualizing it.
R. Chast

• •

hair," my mother said. "It hangs like a curtain." My two sisters had more mediocre hair, and less attention was paid to grooming it. Years later, as soon as I could, I righted the balance: I began changing the color of my hair every six months or so to a brassy off-blond that was supposed to look, even in mid-December, as though it had got that way from the sun. And when the fashion for permanents presented itself I had the straightness of which my mother had been so proud stunned into frizzy little curls. My hair is no longer admirable, but no one recognizes me in photographs as the girl with pigtails anyway.

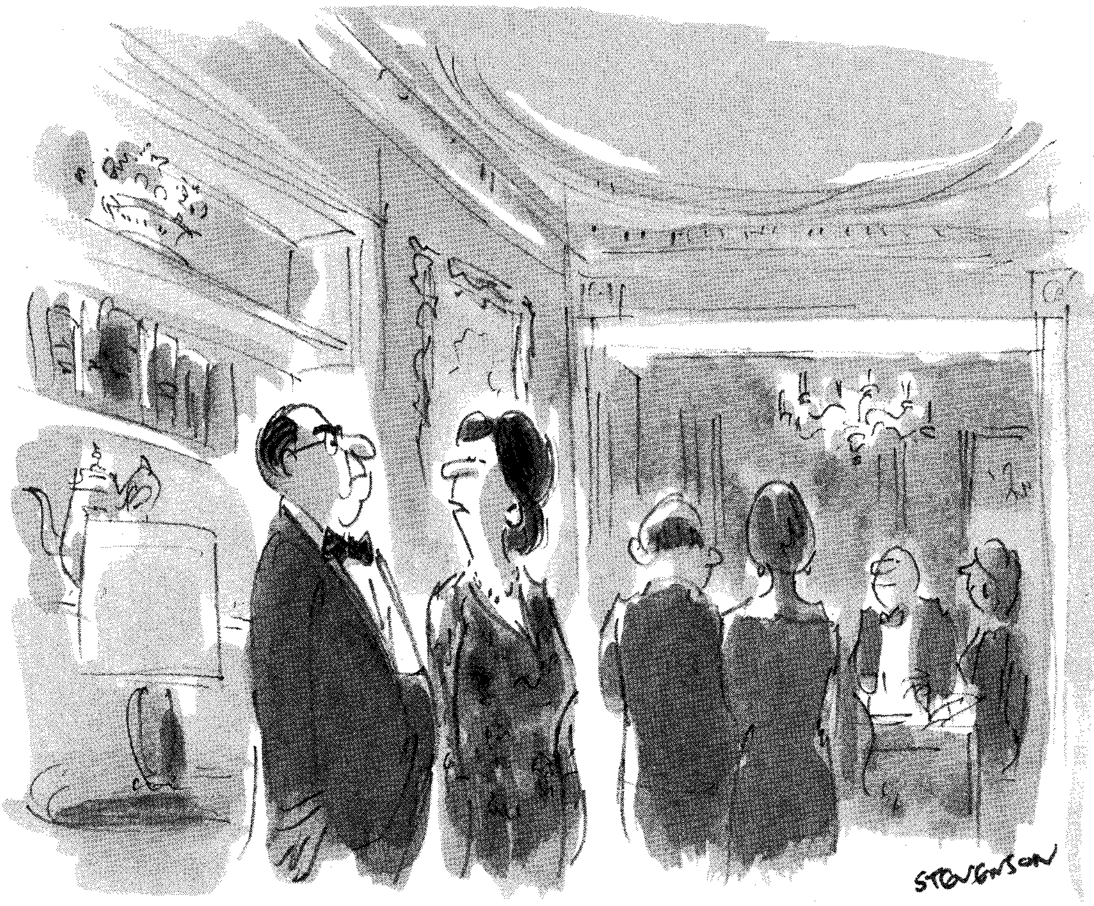
There are other photographs. I look at a photograph of myself as a child—a shiny, starting to yellow snapshot—and think, not for the first time, *It all started here.* I am a big-bellied three-year-old, my floppy hair not yet made a fuss of but hacked into bangs that stop, most oddly, in the middle of my forehead. I am wearing a pair of boy's striped swimming trunks and I am looking up at my mother, who is holding another baby. It is summer and I have probably just returned from a trip to the beach. My mother rarely went along; my father "needed" her at home. My father worked throughout the summer—weekends, too—except for Shabbas. On Sundays, he worked at his desk in the study, in a leather chair that creaked whenever he leaned back. At some point, I stopped thinking of this hardworking man, with his constant supply of glasses of tea, as my father; he was simply the man whom my mother, for reasons incomprehensible to me, had chosen to marry. It was easier that way.

MY childhood clings to me like wet paint. It is summer and I stand in a train station, having missed the last train I can catch out to my parents' summer house before Friday evening turns into the prescribed inactivity of Shabbas. I call my mother from an open pay phone; anyone can eavesdrop and draw the wrong conclusions. I am crying—I am always missing trains and I have never liked the summer. It makes me melancholy, even though I tan for long hours in the sun. When I pictured my life as an adult, it never resembled this: I sit on the beach and watch other people's families, all the pails and shovels, and the husbands standing, talking to other husbands.

The handle of the phone is sticky and I am threatening to become a prostitute. "I will," I say, "you'll see," although I am a bit old to begin and am not sure how I'd go about it, in any case. I try to envision sexual encounters with a stream of strangers, and I cry even harder. "All these rules," I say to my mother, "they're killing me. There's nothing holy about them." Crowds of sweating people rush by me to trains whose departures they have clocked exactly into their schedules. Nearby, a tall black man in a large-brimmed hat smiles.

"Don't be an idiot," my mother says on the other end of the receiver. "Nothing's so terrible. You'll come out after Shabbas."

My tears stop abruptly. "Don't be



"At dinner, try to stick to vignettes."

an idiot" has worked its caustic charm. I have become a person consoled by only the breeziest form of solace.

AN older couple, of an experimental persuasion—types I have met only since stepping out of my family orbit—invite me to a chic beach for the day. A man walks toward us along the shore and my eyes drop to below his belly, where there is no bathing suit. Groups of women sit on towels, breasts sloping downward, pubic mounds glistening in the sun. I chat gaily with my hosts. I am as shocked as my grandfather would have been had he been dropped into the scene from out of his tree-lined Jerusalem street, where hats are still tipped in greeting by the polite and deeply nostalgic German Jews who live in the area. What surprises me is not the streak of inhibition that marks me but that I don't entirely wish to rid myself of it. I remain clothed. My bathing suit is streamlined, daring in its way, the color of champagne in a glass. I have spent some time choosing it. I stand with one hand on my hip, watching. My hosts are having an argument. "I don't like your tone," he says. "I don't like the way you sound." She is as silenced by this as though he had punched her in the jaw. My parents yell at each other in argument, and my father is not one to comment on so abstract a grievance as my mother's tone. I think of their German accents, lending a slightly martial quality to everything that is said, and of the many bathrooms in the apartment in which I grew up—the vigilance about odors and uncovered flesh. One of my brothers liked to stalk around in his underpants, which never failed to infuriate my mother—as though at any moment he would go mad and expose all. "Put a dressing gown on immediately!" she would say.

On the beach, close by, a little girl plays with the wristwatch on her father's bronzed arm, twanging the strap, laughing when he grimaces as though in pain. He is sprawled in a rickety little chair; they are both naked.

IT is evening on a winter Sunday and I am being driven back to the city. I do not know the people in the car with me, but I assume their lives are preferable to mine. We pass emptied motel pools and I imagine the guests inside, preparing themselves for dinner. One of the two men in the car, the driver, is a lawyer. He steers with great precision, as though he were applying for the role of "Driver" in a movie. I have never learned how to drive. Everyone excuses this by saying, "Of course, you grew up in the city." When I was young, we were driven to school by Willy. He was my other grandfather's—my father's father's—chauffeur, and my sisters and I used to take turns asking him what he had eaten for dinner the night before. At eight-fifteen every weekday morning, Willy's dinner menu seemed more important than the school day ahead. I was fascinated by the glass of milk that concluded all his meals. My second-oldest sister, Rachel, used to copy the way Willy pronounced his "s"s: "A big peesh of apple pie and a tall glash of milk," she'd say grandly.

My mother has learned to drive late in life, so there is a chance for me. When I am a passenger in her car, I point out oncoming cars and stop signs. She does not pay close enough attention, although she is very skilled at last-minute maneuvers. While she concentrates on twists in the road I watch her profile—the faint freckling of her skin, the straight line of her mouth, which makes me think of a child's drawing. I know her face by heart. Sometimes I think nothing will break her spell. —DAPHNE MERKIN

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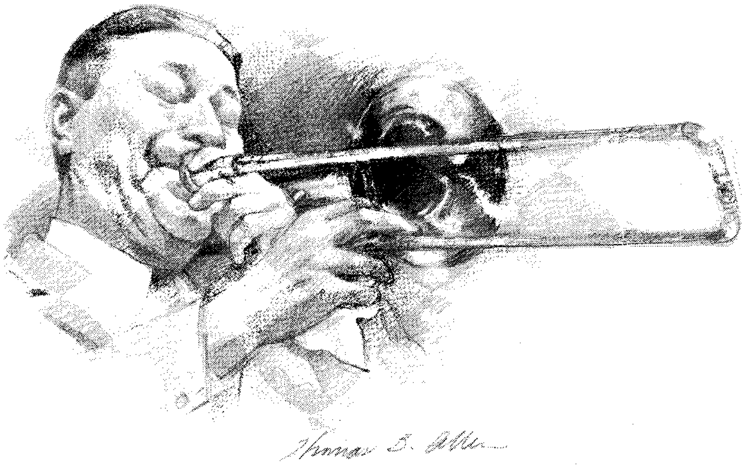
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From Taj, magazine of the Taj Mahal hotel chain*]

The first ship to be commissioned directly and built for the Royal Navy was the *Minden,* which has a curious footnote in US history as the vessel on board which the American national anthem, *The Star Spangled Banner,* was apparently composed while she was shelling the town of Charleston, West Virginia!

PROFILES

BIG T



THE master trombonist and singer Jack Teagarden was obsessed by music and by machines. In New York in the late twenties, when he was with Ben Pollack's band, he would sometimes play around the clock. He would start at 6 P.M. with Pollack at the Park Central Hotel and would finish somewhere in Harlem, where he had gone to jam, the afternoon of the next day. In an autobiographical fragment he once recorded for Riverside Records, Coleman Hawkins described those nights: "They [Teagarden and the trombonist Jimmy Harrison] used to come up to my house practically every night. Oh, I don't know how we'd make that, because we'd sit up there and fool around until two and three and four o'clock in the afternoon. No sleep. We were working [downtown] every night, and we'd just sit there and drink all night and eat these cold cuts and cheese and crackers and play—Jimmy and Jack both jivin' each other, one of them trying to figure out what he lacked that he could get from the other, and the other one doing the same thing." Or Teagarden would end up in an apartment shared by Harrison and the drummer Kaiser Marshall. Marshall said, in Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro's "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya," "[Harrison] liked Jack Teagarden, who used to come to our house often, sometimes staying all night, and we would have a slight jam session . . . Jack would play the piano, Jimmy trombone, Hawkins tenor, and myself on my rubber pad I kept at home. Then Hawkins would play piano, Jack and Jimmy trombone. My, what fun we had!" Teagarden's love of machines was an extension of his love of his instrument. He thought of his trombone as a kind of machine, and he spent his life mastering its deceptive, resistant techniques, and redesigning mouthpieces, water valves, and mutes. His father, an engineer who took care of Texas cotton gins, taught him mechanics. When Teagarden was thirteen, he replaced the pipes in his grandmother's house, and a year later he became a full-fledged automobile mechanic. As an adult, he rebuilt and drove two Stanley Steamers. He was a flamboyant inventor. When he had a big band, in the forties, he designed an immense fan that cooled his musicians but blew their music away. Then he built a portable band box. It was supposed to hold the band's music, and it had outlets for electric shavers and such, but it was so heavy that it was unmanageable. Sometimes he built machines simply for the sake of building them. He constructed one that filled a room, and when he was asked what it did he replied, "Why, it's runnin', ain't it?"

His trombone and his machines were the interchangeable lyrical centers of his life, and they helped hold it together. It was, in many ways, a desperate life. Women flummoxed him. He was married four times, and none of the relationships worked very well. (He had two children by his first wife, and one by his last.) He had no head for money, and he was a gargantuan drinker—almost in the same class as his friends Fats Waller and Bunny Berigan. He was careless about his health: he had lost all his teeth by the time he was forty, and he had several bouts of pneumonia. He had little sense about his career. In 1933, he signed a five-year contract with Paul Whiteman's elephantine, démodé orchestra, thus removing himself from the jazz marketplace—from a starring job with any of the big swing bands. (A year or so before Teagarden's Whiteman tenure expired, Otis Ferguson, writing in *The New Republic*, said of him, "Though still a fine musician, he seems tired and cynical, his creation a bit shopworn.") After he left Whiteman, he put together his big band. It was never a commercial success, and before he gave it up, in 1946, he was fifty thousand dollars in debt. (Having a big band was a disease of the time. Other jazz innocents who assembled their own bands and foundered because of mismanagement or public indifference were Bobby Hackett, Jess Stacy, Teddy Wilson, Bob Zurke, and Muggsy Spanier.) A year later, he joined Louis Armstrong's All-Stars (Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Sidney Catlett), a group of mismatched superstars who after Catlett's departure, in 1949, hardened into disgruntled vaudevillians. Teagarden stayed until 1951. He spent the last thirteen years of his life—he died in New Orleans in 1964—in a comparatively agreeable way: recording, leading a variety of small bands, and making a four-and-a-half-month State Department tour of the Far East. That trip exhilarated him, and he talked about it in 1959: "We played a kind of fair in Laos before about two thousand people, and they just stood there for two hours, with their arms folded, the women with babies on their backs. They didn't clap, they didn't say anything. But they didn't *move*, either. They stayed till the last note. The King of Thailand is a good jazz clarinet player and a fine songwriter. We had a six-hour jam session with him in his palace, and his wife—well, she's a beautiful girl who would make the traffic stop here, like Marilyn Monroe—gave Addie [Teagarden's wife] a ring and bracelet that had been in her family for a hundred and fifty years. The King said he wanted to come over and listen to all the musicians he's been hearing on records all his life. I told him when he does I'll get them together in a big hall for him and let them go. He also said, 'You tell your friend Eisenhower that you're the finest thing he's ever sent us.' "

Teagarden's demeanor and appearance almost always belied his travails. He was tall and handsome, solid through the chest and shoulders. He had a square, open face and widely spaced eyes, which he kept narrowed, not letting too much of the world in at a time. His black hair was combed flat, its part just to the left of center. He was sometimes confused with Jack Dempsey. He liked practical jokes, and he had an easy, Southern sense of humor, the kind that feeds on colloquialisms. (Asked once why he slept so much, he said that, like all Southerners, he was a slow sleeper.) Early jazz chroniclers used to say that he was of Indian extraction, but the Teagardens had come from Germany sometime before the Revolutionary War, and his mother's parents, Henry Geingar and Tillie Foulk, were German and Dutch. Charles Teagarden, his father, and Helen Geingar were married in 1903; she was thirteen and he was twenty-four. Teagarden was born August 20, 1905, in Vernon, Texas, a supply depot on the old Western Trail. At the suggestion of a novel-reading aunt, he was called Weldon Leo, but that was replaced by plain Jack soon after he became a professional musician. His sister, Norma, was born in 1911; Charles, Jr., in 1913; and Clois (known as Cub) in 1915. Norma became (and still is) a pianist, Charles became a trumpeter (he is now retired), and Cub became a drummer (he died in 1969). All three worked with their brother at various times, and Jack and Charlie eventually became known as Big T and Little T.

NEWS OF THE OCCLUDED CYCLONE

Night usually computes itself in stars,
cryptic as a punch card, but now the sky is blurry
as a turp-soaked rag.

At the siren we flip through frequencies
for the latest in tornado
warnings. We lose power and light

candles, their mild spices
comforting as cookies baking.
Thunder comes, galumphing its important

gavels. I wish it could call the storm
to an order arbitrary and dependable
as the ABCs. Instead, blackboards

embellished with unsteady
Y's are where
the windows used to be.

The sky is strung with lightning
like the lines of fighting
kites or tined with royal

racks that leave afterimages
of antlers on our sight.
We cling to each other

in the dead center of the living
room, as if the least space we can displace
were the one zoned for oasis, sensing as much

as seeing the dowsing
sticks above us. And it storms
till the candles form bright

putties in glass saucers, till the messy,
soft-edged dawn comes on
in rebuttal, and a voice disembodied

as God's proclaims the warning
over. There's a welcome
sense of excavation in the full-

frontal rush of morning, the horizon's
hierarchy under calm free-
falls of sun: it's deliverance

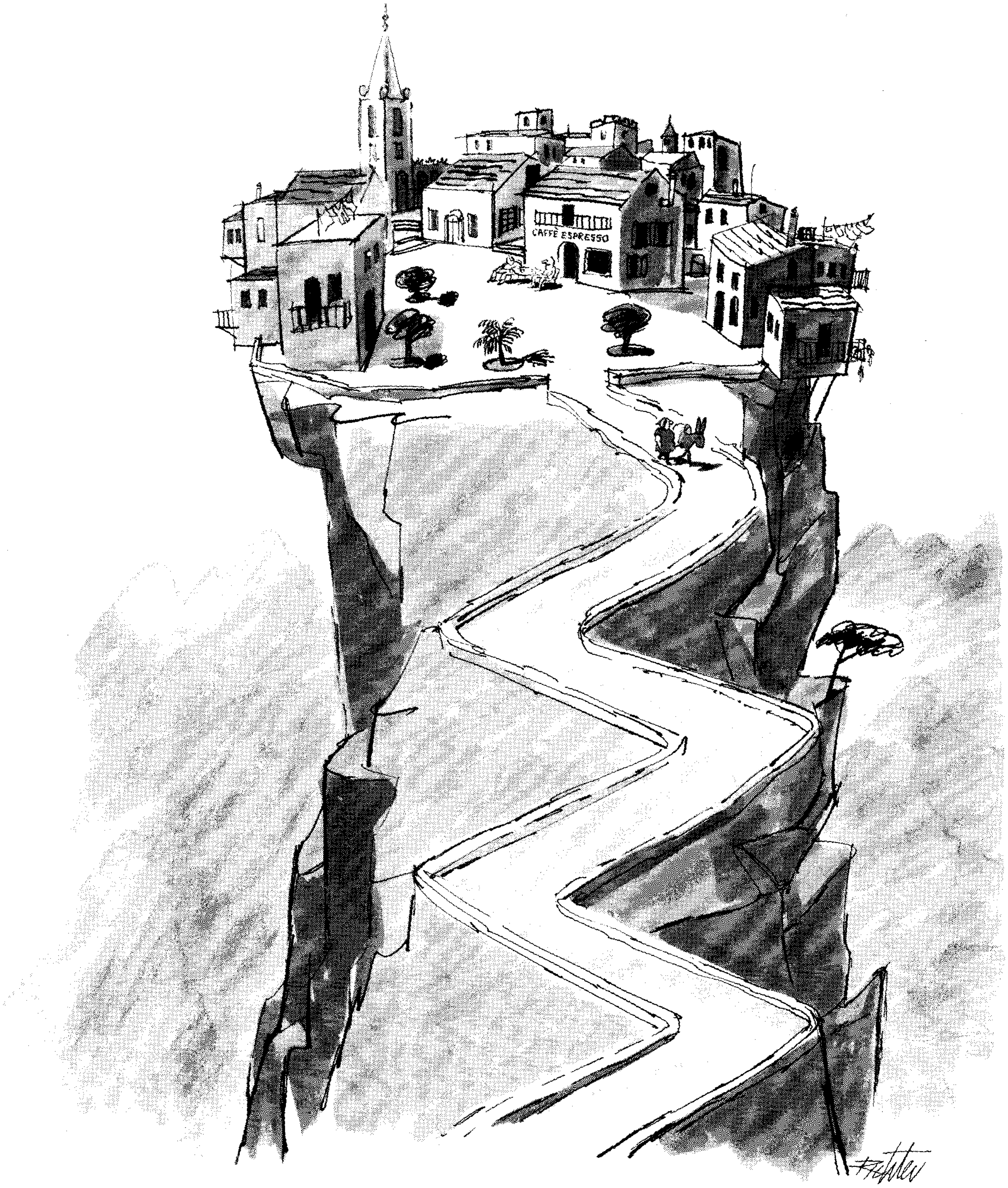
at a designated hour, this propriety
of day, this reliable frame
that lets color be

color and light light.

—Alice Fulton

• •

Norma Teagarden Friedlander (she married John Friedlander in 1955) lives in San Francisco, and she spoke recently about her childhood: "My mother was short and a little dumpy, and she lived to be ninety-two. She loved children, and had all the patience and sweetness you could want. She was a widow with four children by the time she was twenty-eight—my father was taken by the influenza epidemic of 1918—so we all made our way early in life. We grew up in a little house—a real common little house, without electricity or running water. We didn't have any money, but we were never hungry. My mother would have been a wonderful musician if she had had the time and the money to practice. She could sing well and play anything—piano, guitar, horn. She taught us all to read music. I don't remember much about my father. He worked on cotton gins and such, and he was away most of the time. But I do remember he was very strict." Charles Teagarden, who played weak but industrious cornet in the town band, did not believe in letting his children socialize, so he put a fence around his property and discouraged visits to and from neighboring children. Jack Teagarden turned to music early. He first took up the piano and the peck horn, and he was given a trombone when he was eight. He was proficient on it by the time he was ten or eleven. Charlie Teagarden, who lives in Las Vegas, said not long ago, "Jack never thought of his trombone as a slide instrument. He had played the peck horn, which has valves, and



"What this place needs is a film festival."

• •

that stuck with him. He never moved his slide more than a foot, a foot and a half." After the father's death, the family moved to Chappell, Nebraska, where Helen Teagarden taught music and played for silent movies (sometimes accompanied by Jack, who also helped run the projector), and then to Oklahoma City, where Helen and her mother ran a small restaurant. By the time Teagarden was fifteen, he was on the road, and during the next seven years or so he roamed the Southwest with such groups as Cotton Bailey, Peck Kelley and His Bad Boys, Doc Ross and His Jazz Bandits, the Original Southern Trumpeters, Willard Robison's Deep River Orchestra, the Youngberg-Marin Peacocks, and the New Orleans Rhythm Masters. He spent two years with the legendary pianist Peck Kelley. Kelley was "the biggest musical pickup for Jack," Charlie Teagarden said. "Kelley was

"Watch your step with Branford. He's been MIRVed."

• •

very advanced, more like Art Tatum than a stride pianist." Kelley, who died not long ago, became a legend simply by refusing to leave Texas and by refusing to record. (He finally did, in 1957, and the results were recently released.) In 1927, Teagarden got himself to New York. He scuffled at first but was found by Pee Wee Russell, who had worked with him in Kelley's band. Russell once described how he first met Teagarden: "Sonny Lee, the trombonist, asked me did I want to go to Houston and play in Peck Kelley's group, Peck Kelley's Bad Boys. At this time, spats and a derby were the vogue, and that's what I was wearing when I got there. Kelley looked at me in the station and didn't say a word. We got in a cab and I could feel him still looking at me, so I rolled down the window and threw the derby out. Kelley laughed and thanked me. He took me straight to Goggan's music store and sat down at a piano and started to play. He was marvellous, a kind of stride pianist, and I got panicky. About ten minutes later, a guy walked in, took a trombone off the wall, and started to play. It was Jack Teagarden. I went over to Peck when they finished and said, 'Peck, I'm in over my head. Let me work a week and make my fare home.' But I got over it and I was with Kelley several months."

The story of how Teagarden was discovered by the white New York jazz community early in 1928 has been told often, and the particulars vary. Jimmy McPartland recounted it this way the other day: "I first heard Jack Teagarden play in a speakeasy over a cigar store on West Fifty-first Street in 1928. Pee Wee Russell called Bud Freeman and me one day at our hotel at one or two in the afternoon and said we'd better come and hear this trombone player he'd told us about named Jack Teagarden. We went over to the speakeasy, and Teagarden and Russell and some other people were sitting there drinking beer. Teagarden had a cap on, and his trombone was in some kind of sack. Somebody suggested he get his horn out, and he did. He played 'Diane,' slow, and a cappella, as they call it. We were knocked out—the tone, the phrasing were fabulous. That night, we had a jam session in somebody's hotel room, and Jack and every other white musician in town played. Freeman and I were in Ben Pollack's band at the Park Central Hotel, along with Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman, and when Pollack heard Teagarden he had to have him." The black New York jazz community probably first heard Teagarden at Roseland, where he was playing with Billy Lustig's Scranton Sirens. Coleman Hawkins, who was in Fletcher Henderson's band opposite Lustig, remembered it this way for Riverside Records:

> The first time we ever heard Jack Teagarden was in Roseland. . . . I went downstairs to get Jimmy Harrison, and started kidding him about it. I says, "Ump. There's a boy upstairs that's playing an awful lot of trombone."
>
> "Yeh, who's that, Hawk?"
>
> "The boy's from New Orleans or Texas or something. What do they call him? Jack Teagarden or something. Jimmy, you know him?"
>
> "I don't know anybody. If he's a trombone player, he play like the rest of the trombones, that's all. . . . Trombone is a brass instrument. It should have that sound just like a trumpet. I don't want to hear no trombone sounds like trombones."
>
> I said, "But, Jimmy, he don't sound like those trombones. He plays up high, and he's makin' these—he sounds a whole lot like trumpets to me."
>
> "Oh, man. I can't pay that no mind."

Teagarden worked with Pollack three or four years, passed through Mal Hallett's band, and signed on with Paul Whiteman. His famous style had set, and it changed little. It was very much of the Southwest, which has produced many of the most lyrical and affecting of all jazz musicians—among them Charlie Parker, Pete Johnson, Buck Clayton, Ben Webster, Charlie Christian, and Herschel Evans. Their music is imbued with the blues, they wear their emotions on their sleeve, they swing effortlessly, their sounds are rich and spacious. In his early days, Teagarden

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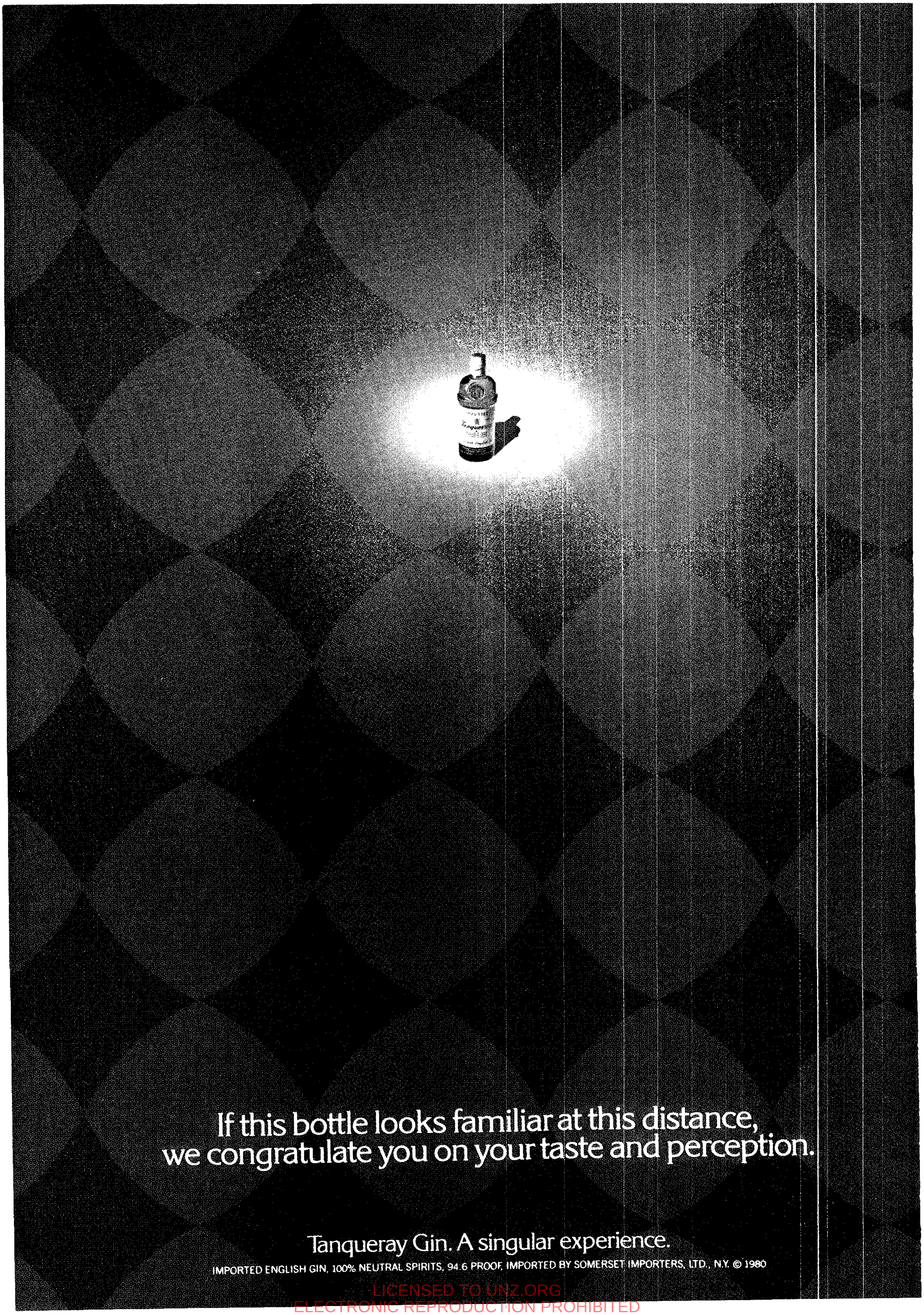

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IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1980 sought out black musicians and black church music, probably as antidotes to the sentimental popular music played in the Teagarden household and to the martial and light-classical music he played with his father in the Vernon town band. The style that came out of this mixture was unique. Teagarden had several different tones: a light, nasal one; a gruff, heavy one; and a weary, hoarse one—a twilight tone he used for slow blues, and for ballads that moved him. He had a nearly faultless technique, yet it never called attention to itself, as technique does in the playing of such present-day dazzlers as Bill Watrous, Albert Mangelsdorff, and Urbie Green. Opposites were compressed shrewdly in his style. Long notes were balanced by triplets, double-time spurts by laconic legato musings, busyness by silence, legitimate notes by blue notes, moans by roars. Teagarden developed a set of master solos for his bread-and-butter tunes—the tunes that his listeners expected and that he must have played thousands of times: "Basin Street Blues," "A Hundred Years from Today," "Beale St. Blues," "Stars Fell on Alabama," "St. James Infirmary," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "After You've Gone." Each time, though, he would make generous and surprising changes—adding a decorative triplet, a dying blue note, a soaring glissando—and his listeners would be buoyed again. Sometimes he sank into his low register at the start of a slow blues solo and rose into his high register at its end. But he never resorted to any of Dicky Wells' or Trummy Young's shrieks or dizzying arpeggios. Like his friend and admirer Bobby Hackett, he stayed in the bourgeois register of his horn, cultivating his lyricism, his tones, his unflappable sense of order and logic. Teagarden was a superb jazz singer. His singing, a distillation of his playing, formed a kind of aureole around it. He had a light baritone, which moved on wheels behind the beat. The rare consonants he used sounded like vowels, and his vowels were all puréed. His vocals were lullabies—lay-me-down-to-sleep patches of sound.

TEAGARDEN gathered friends wherever he went. Here are the voices of some of them. His playing stunned them when they first heard it, and it still stuns them. First, the pianist Jess Stacy:

"I thought he was the best trombonist who ever lived. When I made those Commodore sides with him in 1938—'Diane' and 'Serenade to a Shylock'—he just walked in, warmed up, and hit out, and he played like an angel. He was an ace musician who could talk harmony like a college professor. He'd sit at the piano after a take and say, 'Try this chord on the bridge, this C with a flatted ninth,' and he'd be right. Of course, he was a wizard with tools, too. He always carried a tuning fork. He had perfect pitch, and he couldn't stand out-of-tune pianos. So he'd work at a bad piano between sets until he got it where it didn't drive him crazy anymore. They couldn't make them any nicer than Jack—never any conceit, never got on anybody's nerves."

NORMA TEAGARDEN FRIEDLANDER:

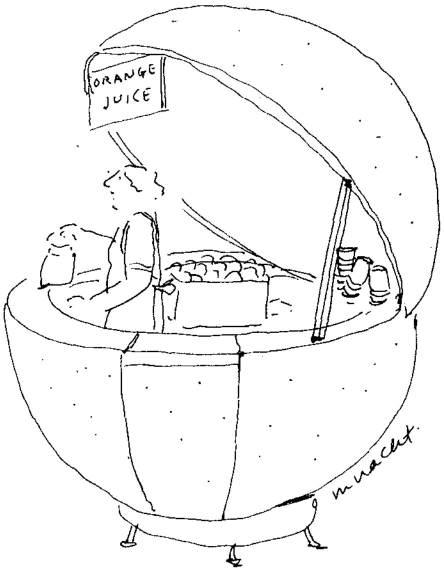
"When Jack and Charlie were out playing for Ben Pollack and Paul Whiteman, they weren't always good about sending money home. I guess they were young and careless and drinking a lot. I don't mean Jack wasn't generous. It was just that whoever was closest to him—was right *there*—got what he had: a new overcoat, a hat, a twenty-dollar bill."

THE trumpeter, pianist, composer, and bandleader Dick Cary:

"I first heard him in the flesh with his big band in Providence in 1940. He had Danny Polo, and his brother Charlie, and Ernie Caceres. The band sounded somewhat like the Bob Crosby band—only looser, not so tight. But I didn't meet him until 1946 or 1947, not long before I went with the early version of Louis Armstrong's All-Stars. There was not a harsh word among us, and we never knew what we were going to do musically. The band hadn't become a vaudeville show yet. We hung out all the time. Sid Catlett took us to a big ballroom in Minneapolis, and Jack and I were the only whites there. We sat in, and when they turned the lights way down, the music got very soft and you could hear this enormous sound of dancing. Sid and Jack were wary of each other at first, but one night they got drunk, and after that they were buddies. Louis and Jack really got on together. When we were on the bus out in the midlands, Louis used to play practical jokes on us, and once, to get back, Jack built this little engine—it didn't *do* anything, just ran. Louis was admiring it, and Jack told him to cross two little wires and suddenly the engine started—bang!—and Louis almost jumped out of his skin.

"I don't think many people knew how bitter Jack was about a lot of things. He was always in debt, and people took advantage of him, because he was a simple man who never moved fast. I know he was only being paid five hundred dollars a week with the All-Stars, and a lot of that was withheld. I remember he said to me, 'Gate, if I don't have enough money to buy a pint of Four Roses every day, I'm quitting music.'

"Jack was a very soft player. He used the microphone. He had that certain stance—his right foot forward and pointing to the right, his head tilted to the left, his eyes shut, a placid expression on his face. He didn't move his arm much, because he used a lot of false positions on his slide and could get what he wanted with little flips of the wrist and with his marvellous lip control. This lip control came from his embouchure, which was unusual—a sort of big rectangular space around his mouth. He seldom made a mistake. It always seemed to me that he would choke off a note if it was coming out wrong. There's no way to know, but that's how it sounded if you listened real close."



THE trumpeter Don Goldie:

"I played for Jack from 1959 to 1963, but I had known him from the time I was five years old, when my father, Harry Goldfield, and Jack were with Paul Whiteman. Jack's lip facility was extraordinary. He could play any kind of long run, obbligato, triplet. He generally only used three positions on his slide, and his fingers rarely moved below the bell of the horn. And he didn't hold his slide between his thumb and index fingers, as most trombonists do, but held it between his index and middle fingers. He was always using his mechanical knowledge to improve his playing and your playing. He invented a mouthpiece that enabled me to play a whole octave higher. He invented a new water valve, a kind of petcock, that gave his horn a better seal. He invented a musical slide rule that showed you, for instance, exactly what chords the notes in the C scale could be used in. He started every trombonist in the country using Pond's Cold Cream on his slide, and later he switched to Pam, the cooking lubricant. His ear was as extraordinary as his lip. When we flew, he'd tell me exactly how many r.p.m.s the engine was making, and what key it was in.

"Jack was a giver, not a taker. He was a country-type boy—in some ways an unsophisticated man, a very personal man. He always opened the evening in a club or at a concert by saying 'Good evening, folks.' He was a shy man who found small talk difficult and who hated the telephone. He was gentle and kind. If he couldn't say something nice about someone, he didn't say anything."

THE cornettist Ruby Braff:

"He wasn't disciplined into the kind of hustling that makes a performer a top-drawer attraction. But he was a big-timer who was serious about his position as a musician, who guarded that position. He was not one who got into bar talk. He had his own thoughts. The few times I worked with him, I always talked to him and he always had wonderful things to say. I told him one night at the Metropole that his band was playing so loud I could barely hear him. He said, 'They're doing it of their own accord. I don't pay them to play loud. Anyway, they're not going to bruise me.' Another time, I said to him, 'You're always consistent, no matter where you play. If I play in a room with a lot of rugs and drapes—as opposed to a nice, empty wooden room—it ruins me, and I might as well go home.' He said, 'That's because you bring a certain sound to work with you. Forget that sound and just bring your horn and trust the fact that your sound will just naturally drop in on you, no matter how closed up the room is. Just play nice notes and don't worry and it will happen to you.' He was always cool. Once, we were standing on the grass at the Newport Jazz Festival,

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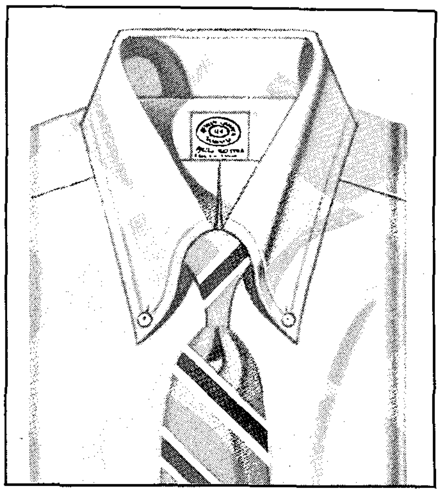

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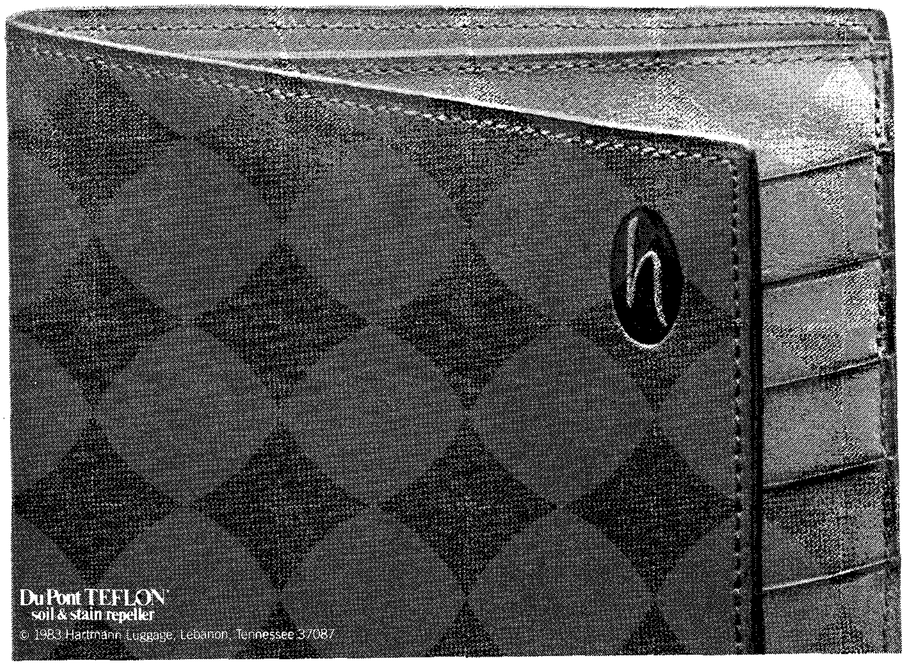

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listening to an avant-garde saxophonist make animal noises, and Jack turned to me and said, 'What's going on up there? I had a Stanley Steamer that had a horn that sounded fifty times better than that.' "

THE cornettist Jimmy McPartland:

"I left the Pollack band in late 1928, and I didn't work with Jack again until 1939, when I joined his big band. Jack's brother Charlie was on first trumpet, and I took most of the hot solos and did a little singing—duets with Jack, that sort of thing. When Jack was ill—that is, when he'd had too much to drink—I fronted the band and took his solos and did all the singing. The band wasn't making any money, so Charlie and I took turns driving the van that carried the instruments. Jack often drove the band bus, and he did the repairs when it broke down. He was a great musician. He was equally fluent in all the tough keys—from B-natural to A-concert, from E-natural to F-sharp. Style is being able to express what you want in the way you want to express it, and that's what he did. He had great depths of feeling, and he had great tenderness, and he showed them both on his horn. He was always a natural delight to be with. We never had a bad word for each other in all the time we were together. He called me Jimson and I called him Jackson. I saw him not long before he died. He had a group at the Metropole, and he looked bad—all puffy and white. And he played sitting down. I'd heard he had started drinking again after being on the wagon a long time. I told him that I had joined A.A., and that anyway we couldn't drink at our age the way we used to in the twenties and get away with it. He just looked at me and said, 'Ah, Jimson,' and patted the back of my neck and turned away."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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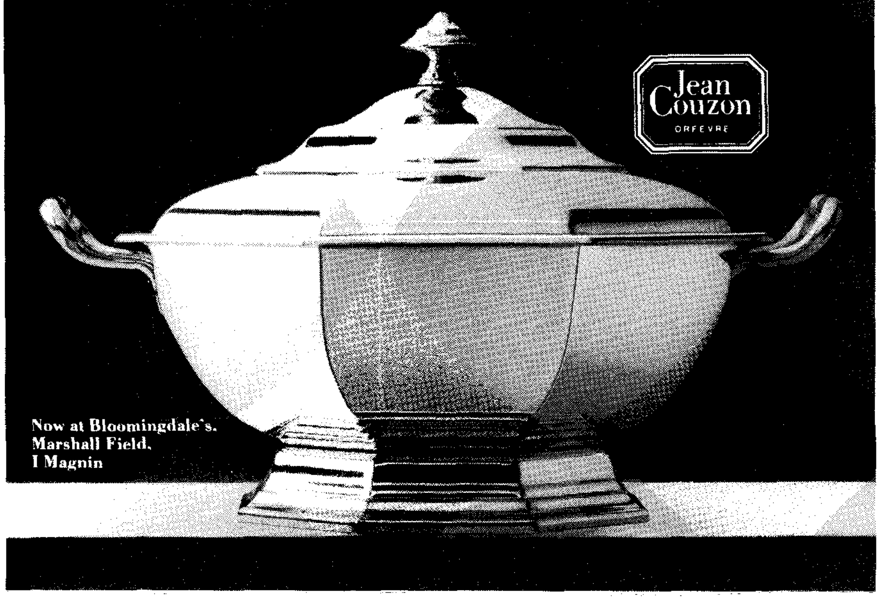

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

MARCH 8

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA. At nine-forty-five this morning, Gary Hart is standing on the steps of the Alabama statehouse, a large white building with six big columns. Behind him is a large American flag, and in front of the lectern are two of his campaign posters—large photographs of Hart, chin on hand, looking thoughtful, with his name in digital-style print. (Hart's campaign buttons are in the same print.) Hart is standing on the spot where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederacy. Atop the building flies the Confederate flag, along with the flags of the United States and the State of Alabama. This is the first of two stops on a pilgrimage Democratic candidates make in Montgomery: a speech to the legislature, and a call on George Wallace, once again Alabama's governor. Walter Mondale, John Glenn, and Jesse Jackson have all spoken to the legislature and met with Wallace. Hart is no longer simply a candidate for the Democratic nomination; he is a political phenomenon—in part a craze, but also something beyond that. Nothing like what has happened in the past week has ever happened before in American politics. No other candidate has been so quickly transformed into such a political force—"velocity" is the new buzzword—or become the subject of so much excitement. No one can be sure right now how long all this will last or just where it is headed, even if Hart should make it to the White House. For some time to come, there will be analyses of what this is, and was, all about, and attempts to apply a grand theory, even though the truth is usually more complicated. There will also be analyses of why this turn of events was unpredicted, but in fact that is not difficult to explain. The unpredictability of it is connected with some of the elements of what this is all about.

The liabilities and vulnerabilities of Mondale, who had been considered a front-runner further along than any front-runner had ever been before, were known. What those who understood that Mondale had liabilities and vulnerabilities could not figure out was who would be in a position to pick up the pieces, or whether anyone would, if he stumbled. It isn't just that Hart was not registering in the polls, which can only be a snapshot of the moment; it is that in fact his campaign was not getting anywhere until sometime toward mid-January, when he participated in the debate at Dartmouth, and offered his theme of "a new generation of leadership" with crispness, if little explanation. But Hart came over well. Even after that, there were only glimmerings that he might be doing better than he had been, which did not mean that he was doing terribly well. When Hart appeared at an all-candidate forum in New York City last October, he turned in an unmemorable performance. His own aides say that his speeches on "issues" last year put his audiences to sleep. He had set forth his theme some time ago that it was time for a new generation of politicians (it suited his purposes, since he could with some justification describe himself as representing a younger generation of politicians), but he wavered from that theme: late last year, when other things didn't seem to be working, his emphasis was on appealing for the women's vote. (The "new generation" theme is not a new one for Hart. He used it when he first ran for the Senate, in 1974: "They've had their turn; now it's our turn.") It was because Hart sensed he wasn't getting anywhere that at the end of the year he turned for help to the pollster Patrick Caddell, with whom he had worked when he managed the McGovern campaign, but whose advice, like that of others, he had been resisting. And the whole point of a long paper that Caddell wrote last fall, defining the possibilities for some new candidate who might enter the race, was that no one currently in the race, including Hart, had positioned himself to take advantage of the opening that Caddell believed he saw—an opening for a candidate who would run an anti-establishment campaign, offering new ideas, and appealing to younger voters who were not participating in the political process. Hart's approach included some pieces of what Caddell was talking about, and once they got together Caddell helped him flesh out the picture and sharpen his themes. How far Hart would have got

"You might as well take a seat, Mr. Gallagher. There's a Reuben sandwich ahead of you."

without this help the world will never know (and is the subject of some tension between Hart and Caddell and between Hart's campaign staff and Caddell). The world will also never know what would have happened if the first contest had taken place in a state that is larger and more representative of the Democratic Party than New Hampshire, and less subject to the influence of independents, and also to grass-roots organization. This is not to say that Mondale's vulnerabilities were not there (and the collective criticism of his rivals helped drive them home); and it is now clear that the support for him was not as intense as his campaign had supposed, or hoped. But it is also possible that had the Democratic race begun somewhere else it would have had a different dynamic. It is also true that James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, recognized all along that some combination of forces could come together and undo the Mondale campaign's best-laid plans. Mondale himself was always wary of New Hampshire. And Caddell says that the Mondale campaign strategy nearly worked. Referring to Johnson, Caddell says, "I think Jim understood that Mondale couldn't win if he started to die, so they tried to get everyone to appoint a President before a vote. In that sense, it was a brilliant strategy, and it came within an eyelash of working."

The Hart victory in New Hampshire washed over into Maine, which held its precinct caucuses last Sunday, and into Vermont, which held a popularity contest, with no delegates at stake (that comes later), on Tuesday. That this effect was occurring was apparent to both the Hart and the Mondale camps within two days of the New Hampshire contest, as was the fact that the chemistry of the contests that will take place here in the South and elsewhere on March 13th had changed. (On the thirteenth, five states will hold primaries and four will hold caucuses.) Two days after New Hampshire, the Mondale people found, to their horror, that Hart had gained some twenty points in the South. Something big had been set loose, and what that something is is what people are trying to figure out now. Hart won the Maine caucuses fifty-one per cent to forty-four per cent. (For what it's worth, the difference in the two candidates' actual votes was eleven hundred and ninety-three.) In Vermont, where the Mondale campaign effectively pulled

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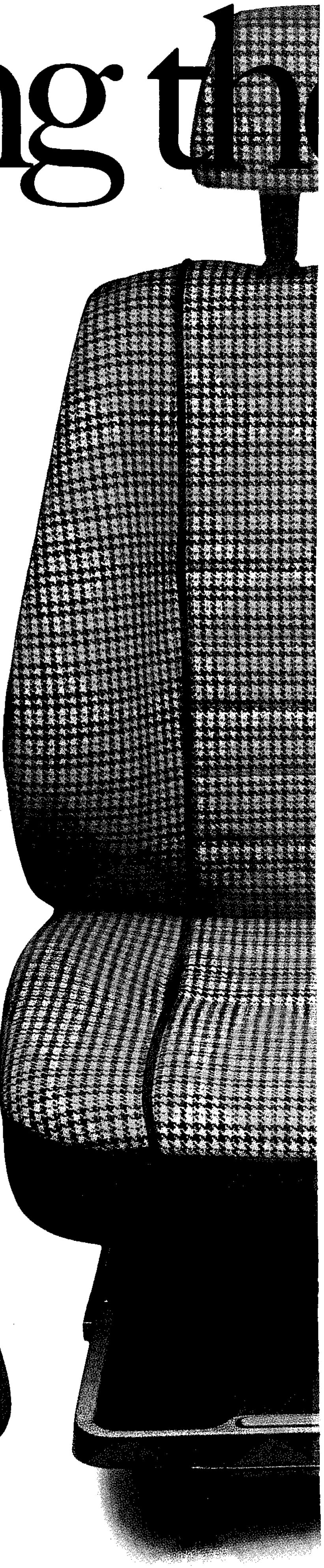

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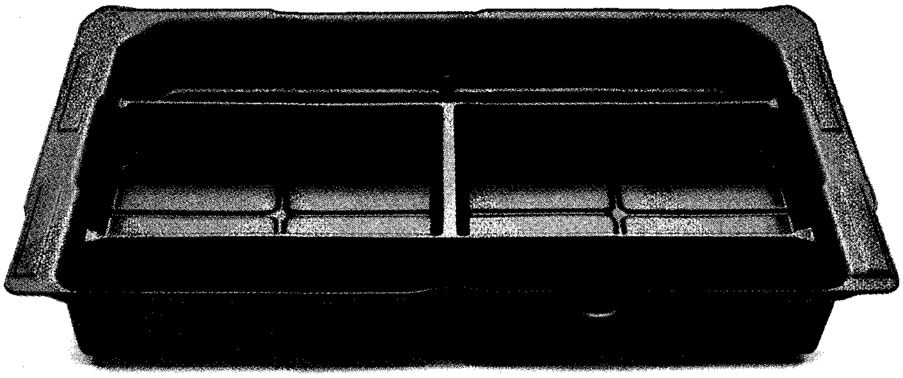

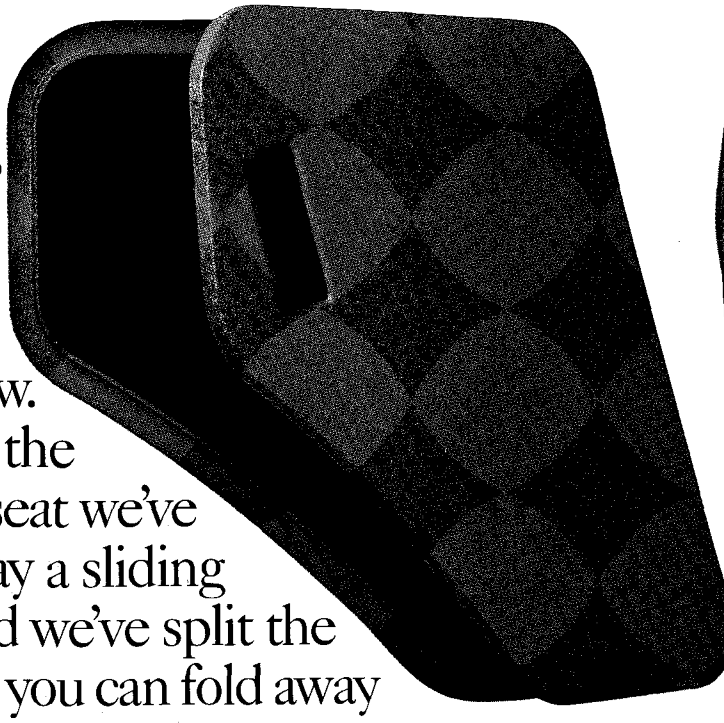

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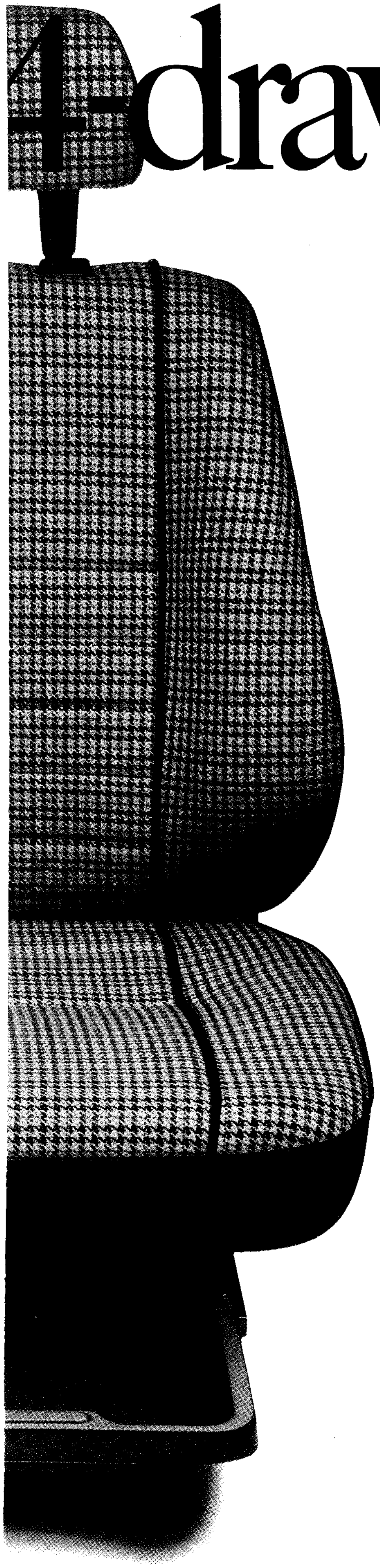

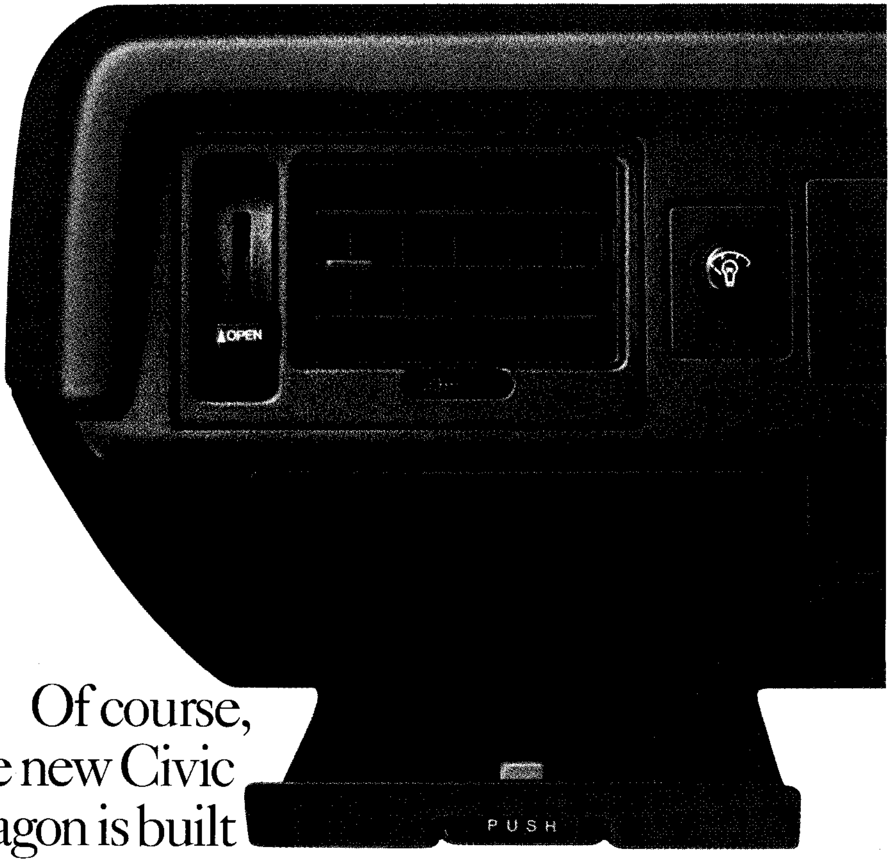

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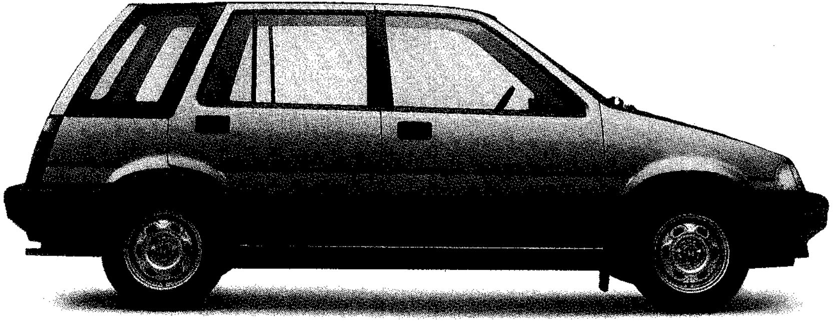
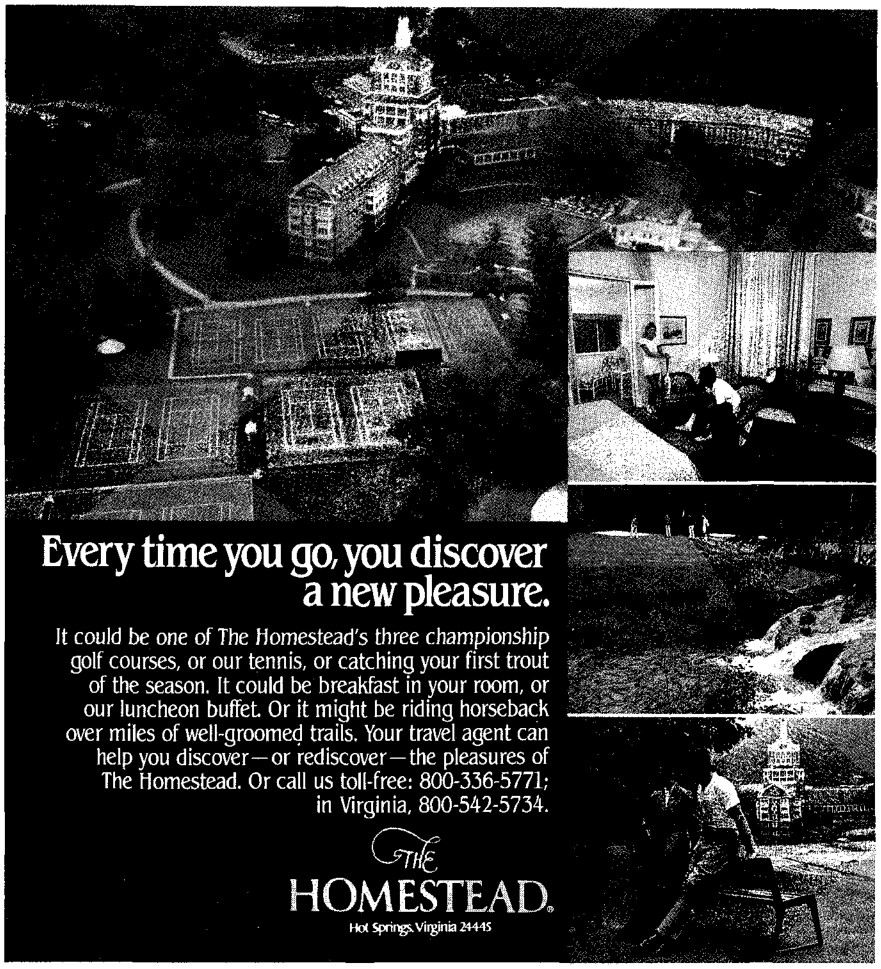
The Civic Wagon



out when it saw what was coming, Hart won by seventy per cent to twenty per cent for Mondale. (Vermont is typically heavily affected by what happens in New Hampshire, and is a state where a large number of independents and Republicans vote in the Democratic contest. Moreover, a high percentage of the Vermont Democrats are professionals, to whom Hart appeals, and Hart also received a heavy proportion of "John Anderson Republicans.") Though both Hart and Caddell had seen the possibility of parlaying a successful showing in New Hampshire (even a second-place victory) into a publicity wave that could carry Hart further, neither of them, by their own testimony, had foreseen anything like this.

What "this" is is some combination of an unlocking of certain pent-up political desires, an extraordinary carry by the media, sheer excitement, and a certain thrill-seeking. These elements cannot be separated out. The very fact that numerous people now tell reporters that they favor Hart even though they don't know much, or anything, about him is part of the phenomenon. He is young, good-looking, and fresh, and offers himself as someone who will change the "old ways." His approach is sufficiently nonideological—deliberately so—that people can impute to him what they want. Hart is, as of now, the inkblot candidate. The fact that the voters have seen little of him until now and know little about him is an advantage. He's not old hat, like Mondale, or even Glenn. It is clear that there were a lot of unrealized hopes, anxieties, dissatisfactions, and rejections of the overly familiar floating around out there, and Hart became the beneficiary of them. He does not have Mondale's liabilities (Carter, interest-group support, the aura of "old liberal"). His adaptation of the mannerisms of John F. Kennedy goes over well. It may be remembered that just last fall we went through an extended media commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of Kennedy's death—a repeated reminder of what had been lost. Now along comes someone who has not only adopted Kennedy's mannerisms but whose speeches are fashioned in part by Theodore Sorensen, who was Kennedy's speechwriter and is co-chairman of Hart's campaign. An associate of Hart's says of the Kennedy mannerisms, "Gary's studied that a bit. It's not natural." Before the Dartmouth debate, Hart reviewed tapes of



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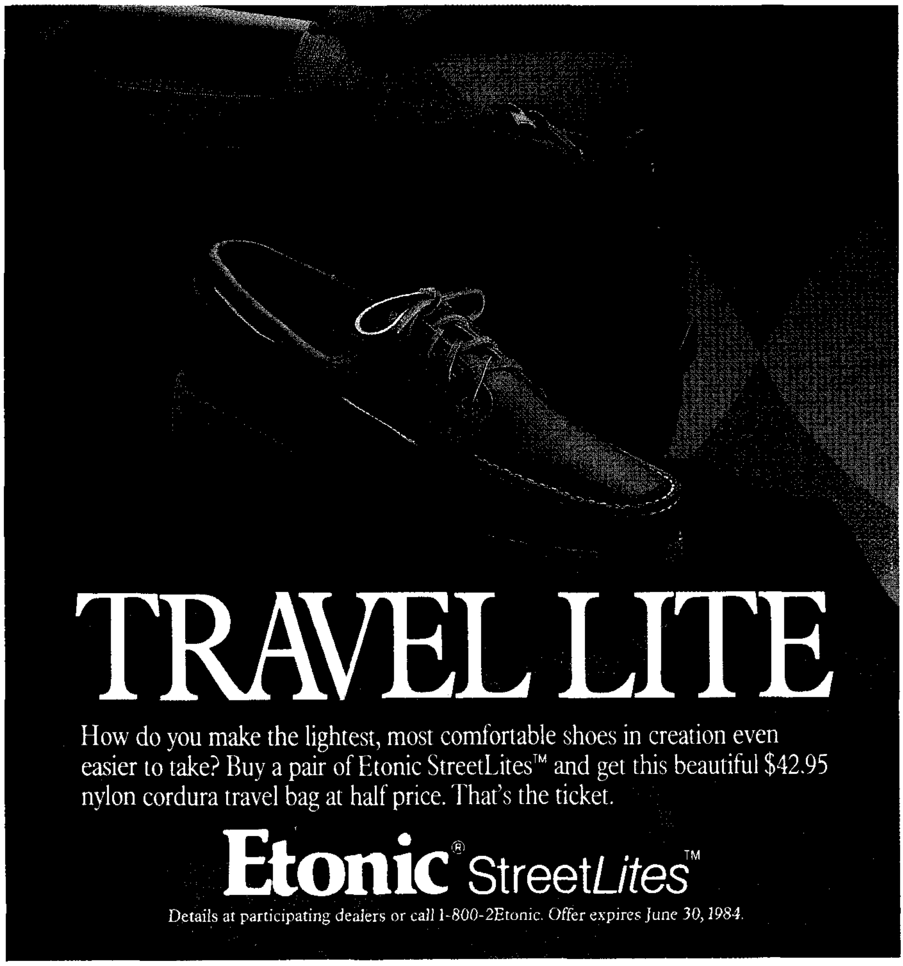

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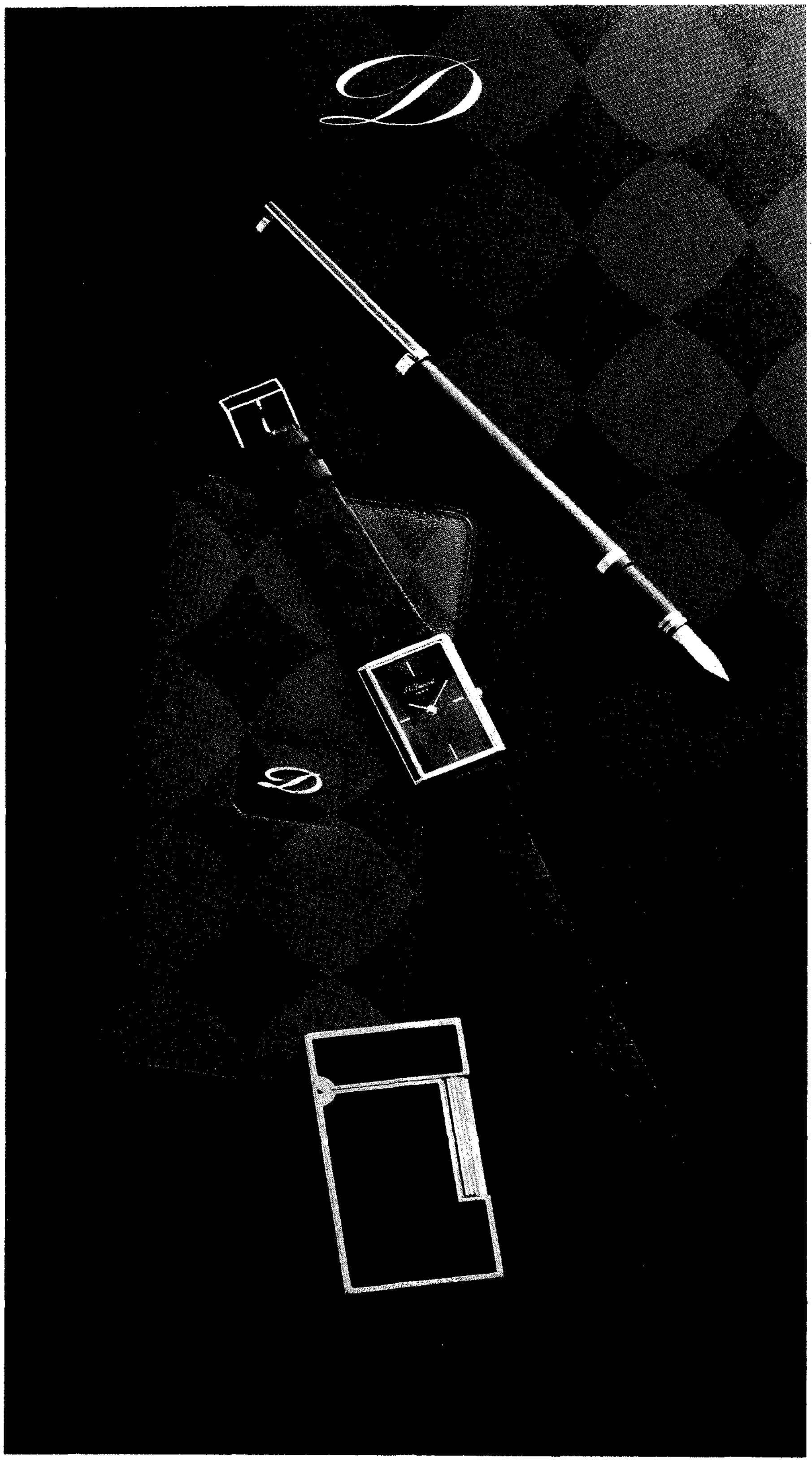
the Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960.

This week, as a result of his New Hampshire victory, Hart is on the covers of *Newsweek*, *Time* (sharing this one with Mondale), *U.S. News & World Report*, *New York*, and *The Economist*. Not only has he been the recipient of a great deal of television coverage but the sort of coverage he has received—compared to Mondale's—has been striking. The Maine and Vermont contests, which are, in the context of the Democratic race as a whole, minor events, were made into very big events. Hart has been depicted night after night as on the move, the one stirring all the excitement; Mondale has been depicted as reeling, "desperate," "fighting for his political life." (We were even shown a scene of the Secret Service's letting a door slam in Mondale's face—the scene being presented as a metaphor for Mondale's political situation.) Harold Himmelman, a Washington attorney who has been an adviser to the Hart campaign for some time, says, "We felt at the end of last year that the Glenn campaign was failing, and that presented us with a vacuum; but we felt we needed more time to fill it. But the Glenn drop in Iowa gave us the chance. When we got that fifteen per cent in Iowa that Monday night, the media, which had written us off as a loser, overnight made us a challenger. Now there's this huge wave, and it's media-created. You can't control it; you just ride it." Moreover, Hart is a good television candidate, while Mondale is not. Hart looks good on television: his high cheekbones and lean face are just right for the cameras, and his cool demeanor is just right for the medium. Mondale's is not a good television face (or voice), and he has not adapted himself to the medium. Americans love something new, and Hart is presenting himself as something new. An attractive and articulate something new. Americans are given to crazes, which television and the news magazines speed along, and Hart is currently a craze. Crazes and fads are not new to this country, of course, but the extent and speed of the magnification of them are, and we are more at the mercy of faddishness. A fad gets to the farthest corner of Bozeman, Montana, half an hour after it starts. But fads, by definition, fade. Hart will have to ground his political effort in something that is real, and sustainable, or he will be in trouble at some point. And he will have to be able to withstand glare and pressure



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he has never experienced before. At times, it seems as if we were living through a movie. But there are some deeper reasons this is happening—reasons that present Hart with both opportunities and dangers.

Part of the phenomenon is that Hart is raising hopes—this is the opportunity and the danger. John Kennedy raised hopes—and Jimmy Carter did so briefly. The hope is that things will be "better;" Americans are addicted to the idea that things can be better, and the successful politician speaks to that. It has become a commonplace to say that since Kennedy's death America has gone through twenty years of disappointments and tragedies—assassinations, Vietnam, Watergate—and, according to the analysts of the American psyche, this has led to alienation and cynicism, and also to hope for something better. Hart believes that he has touched those people who are looking for a renewal of faith. By condemning the "old ways" and "old arrangements" by which government has functioned, by running against "the establishment," he is suggesting that there is a rather clear, and simple, reason things have not gone better, and that he can change that. Running against "the establishment" is, of course, an old political device, which serves the politician, and his followers, well, because it suggests that there is some "they" at whose feet all grievances can be laid. George Wallace did it, and so did Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. It served Hart well that Mondale, with his endorsements and his emphasis on his experience, could be portrayed as quintessentially a creature of "the establishment" and a practitioner of the "old ways." When I asked Caddell, who served as pollster and strategist for both the McGovern 1972 Presidential campaign and Carter's 1976 campaign, how he explained the "velocity," he said, "I never saw this in 1972 or 1976. There's something deep out there; it's been repressed all these months. People were told they had to accept the bland compromise, the choice of the power groups. Gary's theme appeals not just to people's intellect but to their emotions, and there's been an explosion. What I don't know yet is: Are we seeing an explosion, a movement, or a political phenomenon that may have other ramifications—that could bring real change in the political system?" When I asked Caddell if he thoroughly understood the phenomenon, he said that he did not, even though, because of the paper he wrote last fall, he believed he had as much right to argue that he did understand it as anyone. "But I don't completely know what's happened yet," he said. "Something embryonic has burst out. The important thing is its growth. Is it a flash in the pan, a fad, a Cabbage Patch doll? Is it a political movement? Or is it a political revolution? That's all to be decided." If Hart could bring about fundamental changes in the way government works, that could be a salutary thing. But the danger for Hart—and for the country—is that he may be raising hopes he cannot fulfill.

HART'S strategy now is to pursue Mondale in the three Southern states that vote next Tuesday—Alabama, Florida, and Georgia—as well as elsewhere. As Caddell predicted could happen when the new Democratic-nomination-contest calendar was adopted, in 1982, the bunching of the primaries and caucuses has as of now turned the contest into in effect a national primary, working to the benefit of the lesser-known challenger rather than the front-runner. Now it is the Mondale people who would like to slow the whole thing down, in the hope that greater scrutiny of Hart would raise more questions about him in the public mind. Mondale has tried, in recent days, to raise questions about him. He has criticized him for voting against a windfall-profit tax on oil (Hart's real opposition was to imposing the tax on newly discovered oil; this would be of interest to, among others, the oil producers of Hart's home state of Colorado) and against a Carter Administration-backed plan to control hospital costs (Hart voted for a less restrictive version, which carried), and for proposing a ten-dollar-a-barrel fee on imported oil (this, too, would benefit domestic oil producers; Hart says the purpose is to promote energy conservation). Mondale has also criticized Hart for being slow to back the nuclear freeze. The freeze-movement leaders had actually gone to Hart first to sponsor their proposal, but Hart turned them down, and they then went to Senator Edward Kennedy, who agreed to sponsor their proposal after it was changed to make it clear that the freeze must be bilateral and verifiable. At the time, Hart explained to me that he turned down the freeze people because he had his own proposal, called STOP, which called for the United States and the Soviet Union to pursue negotiations to reduce

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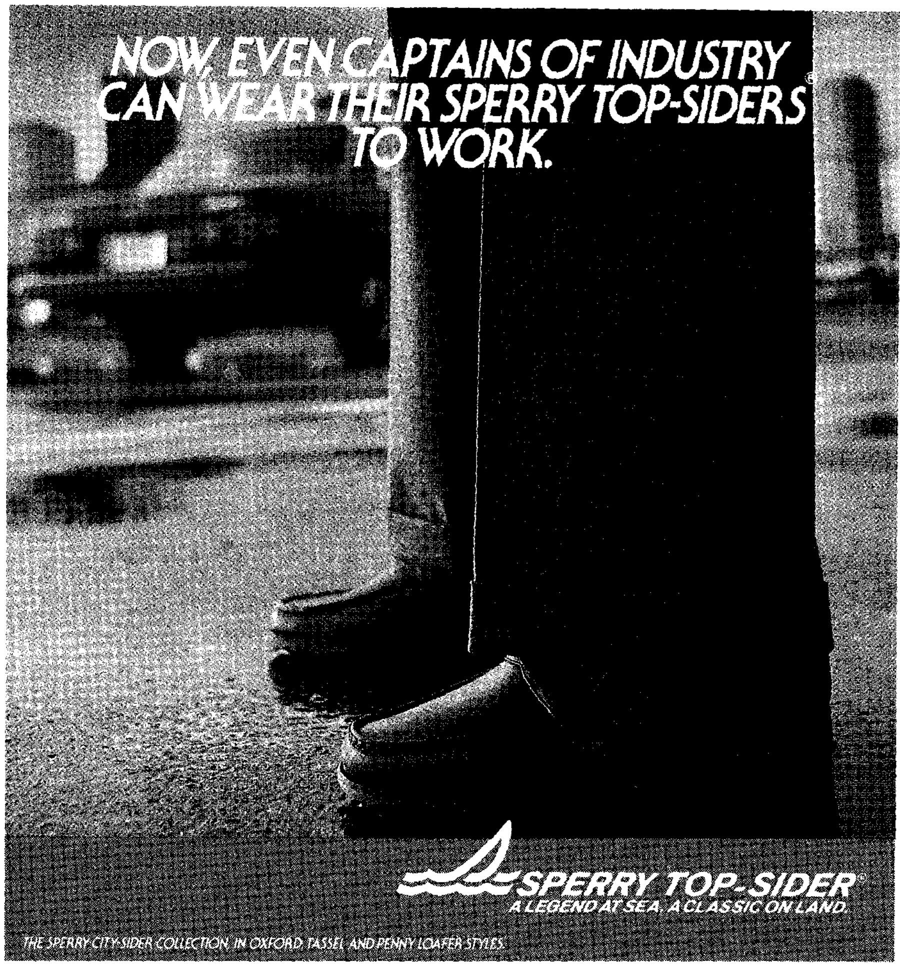
the number of nuclear arms and find ways to prevent their use. Hart did not sign on to the freeze resolution until nearly a year after it was introduced. (Hart's office says that he commended the freeze resolution shortly after it was first introduced.) And Mondale has criticized Hart for backing the idea of a nuclear "build-down," whereby two warheads would be removed for every new one deployed. Mondale argues that this is antithetical to the idea of a freeze, because it would allow for modernization, and that it was backed by the Reagan Administration in order to kill the freeze. In fact, the build-down idea, which originated in Congress with bipartisan sponsorship, was an alternative to the freeze and was picked up by the Reagan Administration to get the MX through. (At that point, Hart, who opposes the MX, voted against the build-down.) Its real danger is that it could be destabilizing, by leaving each side with fewer weapons, and perhaps more dangerous ones, for the other to target; and it is antithetical to the idea of deploying many single-warhead Midgetman missiles, so as to make the land-based force less vulnerable. Hart, like Mondale, supports the Midgetman concept—but he is not alone among members of Congress in backing contradictory arms-control proposals.

Hart's Senate record is not marked by a great deal of success, and is marked by a certain caution—despite his calls now for "bold leadership." (His position on Lebanon has been more hedged than he suggests.) His lack of achievement in the Senate stems in large part from his by now much discussed disinclination to work in concert with colleagues, to form coalitions. Hart has often seemed more interested in making a point—his amendment was better than somebody else's amendment—than in getting something done. This is one of the characteristics that have made him less than popular with his colleagues—even the best of them. Another is his loner style. Hart has strikingly few friends in the Senate. He is an intelligent man, and a serious one, but even those colleagues most favorably disposed toward him raise a question about his depth. One of these said to me recently, "I find him a bit"—and he paused—"thin." Another said, "Gary's intelligent, but he's no genius." Someone who has served in the Senate with Hart says that he finds him "opportunistic" about issues. The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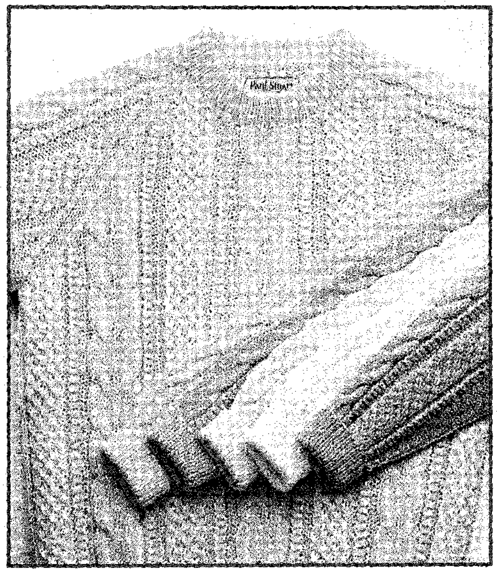

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criticism of Hart by his colleagues is often written off as so much jealousy, or as the talk of Washington mediocrities. But these people I have referred to are all serious, able men, capable of generous comments about their colleagues. Peer judgment does count for something. (It may be remembered that Jimmy Carter was unpopular among his fellow-governors.) Hart represents some contradictions: he is a remote personality who, not unlike other politicians, wants to be loved by the crowds. He is a man who is quite loath to talk about himself but who wants to lead a movement. He talks in a way that suggests he has a sense of Destiny about himself, has enormous self-confidence, but even some of those who know him best aren't sure whether this is real. (During his 1976 campaign, Carter displayed a similar confidence, but it soon faded.) But that Hart is capable of tough-minded pursuit of a goal is in little doubt. In his professional dealings, Hart trusts almost nobody. One man who knows him perhaps as well as anyone says that Hart has a deeply suspicious nature. All these things raise questions about how he would be at governing; but those questions are irrelevant to the whirlwind that is sweeping him along now, as are Mondale's criticisms of this vote or that.

The Mondale campaign has already virtually given up on Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which hold their primaries next Tuesday, as well as on Wyoming, which holds its caucuses on Saturday, and where the Mondale people had for a brief time hoped to checkmate Hart. (Mondale has the endorsement of the governor of Massachusetts and the mayor of Boston, but this is no longer relevant.) Mondale had planned to campaign in the West this week as well as in the South, but he is now spending the entire week in the South, knowing that his hopes of surviving beyond next Tuesday (which has come to be known as Super Tuesday) depend on the outcome in the three big Southern states—states that not very long ago his campaign was confident of winning. Now Hart, who had made no effort here before, is closing in fast in all of them. The surveys taken by his campaign in the days after the New Hampshire primary indicated that all three Southern states were winnable, and, besides, Caddell, a devotee of military strategy, says, "It's a classic military doctrine that when you've got someone on the retreat go the maximum; you don't let up and let them regroup. We won't let them gather their resources and focus on one state." Among the many ironies of this campaign is that the theory of not letting an opponent concentrate on one state is what the Mondale people were applying to Hart, or thought they were, in the early contests. Caddell says, "The money is pouring in, we've got the resources to go everywhere, so my instinct is go everywhere." One liberal activist has arranged a loan of one and a half million dollars for the Hart campaign.

The Hart campaign is feeling the pressures of going from a small effort to the one it is conducting now. In December, it had only a handful of people working in its headquarters, and was broke. One Hart adviser says, "The campaign was near an end organizationally." Now it is showing the strains of its sudden success, and is more than chaotic. The decision-making is not exactly orderly. Telephone lines are busy; events are being slapped together; the travel arrangements are often in a state of disorder. Hart's campaign manager, Oliver Henkel, who is a classmate from Yale Law School, has never been involved in a national campaign before. And Hart himself has made a somewhat shaky transition from a campaign that did not receive major attention, and was not under much pressure, to the national campaign he is now in. His tendency to jab competitors was shown on the national stage on Saturday when, at a joint appearance with Mondale at a dinner in Atlanta, he handed Mondale a shower head and—in a reference to a remark by Mondale on the night of the New Hampshire primary that "sometimes a cold shower is good for you"—said, "I think you're going to have a chance to use it on many Tuesdays to come." Then, on Sunday, during another joint appearance, this one in Boston, Hart said, "I bet Fritz is not going to claim the title of front-runner again. He's a very humble man. Instead, I think Fritz still would rather be considered a little-known dark horse struggling to get by on twelve million dollars and an A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement." For this, Hart was booed by some members of the audience, which included politicians with ties to labor. Hart's campaign advisers were troubled by these remarks, and told him so.

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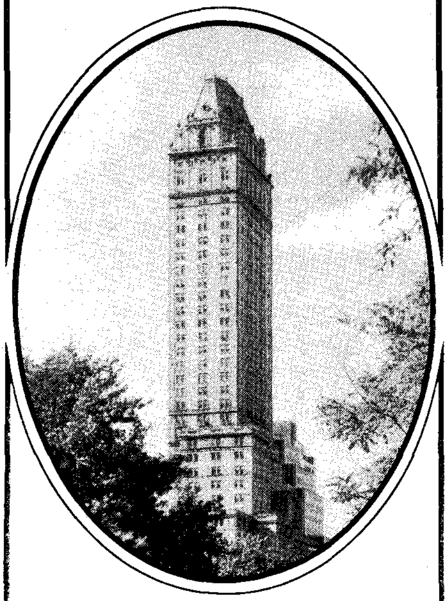

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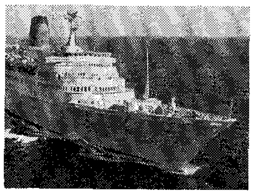

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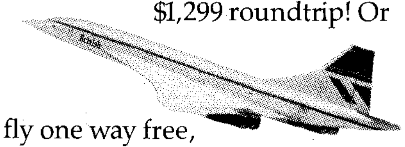

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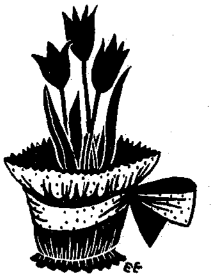
legislature, developing the themes in his stump speech further. A trim figure, he is dressed in a navy suit, a white shirt, a navy tie with a crest, and is wearing Western boots. "Occasionally, there are historic watershed periods where this nation has to decide not whether to move left or right, or even whether to become Democratic or Republican, but must decide whether to move to the future or to the past," Hart says. This is a clever message, in which Hart paints himself as non-ideological—or beyond ideology. But does he really mean to suggest that it does not matter whether the country votes for a Democratic or a Republican President? He says that the choice before the nation "is a choice of new leadership for the nineteen-eighties and nineteen-nineties: a new leadership that will move this nation beyond the irrelevant debate between the two parties and between outworn agendas; a new leadership that will open up the White House to all in this nation on equal terms, and to none on the basis of special favors; a new leadership that will ask everyone in this nation to share the burdens of putting our country back on the track . . . a new leadership that will be a partner of the people of this country, and not a servant of the selfish or the greedy or the left or the right; a new leadership faithful to the traditional values of America and demanding something more than politics as usual." This sounds appealing, but what does it mean, and how would it work? Placing himself in the lineage of some of the great men of the Democratic Party, Hart says, "The oldest ideal of the party to which I and many of you belong is to stand for new ideas, from the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson to the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt to the New Frontier of John Kennedy, and I believe to a New Democracy for this country in the nineteen-eighties."



"A New Democracy" is the title of a book Hart published last year, as part of his preparation for this year. It is a compendium of ideas gathered from many sources, some of the ideas contradictory, some of them based on anecdotal experience—one company tried this or that and it worked—and some of them not exactly original. Hart's proposal that industry be revived through collective decisions taken by labor, management, and government is now received wisdom among Democrats, including Mondale, and was, in fact, tried by the Carter Administration. Another proposal put forth by the Carter Administration and now offered by Hart is a tax-based incomes policy, or TIP—a cumbersome plan for holding down inflation which sank of its own weight not long after Carter proposed it. Later, even Carter Administration officials said it was unworkable. Several of the other ideas Hart advertises as new have been around for some time. The idea of jointly banning the manufacturing of plutonium was proposed to the Soviet Union by the Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Carter Administrations. (The proposal was actually a broader one, covering all fissionable materials.) The idea of individual training accounts, to set aside tax-deductible contributions for retraining workers, has been in circulation for years. (This proposal is at odds with one of the tax-reform plans Hart backs, which would virtually eliminate tax deductions. Critics also say that it does not come to grips with the retraining problem, and that the tax deduction is of little help to low-income workers.) Politicians can play a useful role in moving ideas onto the national agenda. To offer them indiscriminately and uncritically can devalue the exercise. Several of the ideas in the book are interesting, and potentially useful, but the book conveys a certain lack of discrimination, an infatuation with ideas for their own sake, a tendency to be impressed by the idea brokers, whatever the relative merits of their ideas. In the book, Hart proposes a Council on Emerging Issues, a concept with a certain surface appeal but one that could lead the government into looking for trends, and overinterpreting the evidence—taking us the way of "Megatrends." There are plenty of instruments within government for tracking "emerging issues," and plenty of pollsters to add their advice.

Hart now tells the Alabama legislators that the economy has been transformed from a manufacturing base into one that employs two-thirds of the work force in service industries, which he defines as information, communications, and high technology. (He appears to be lumping those who work in such service industries as hamburger chains with those who

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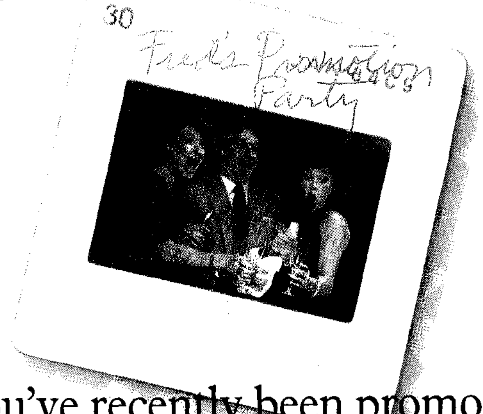

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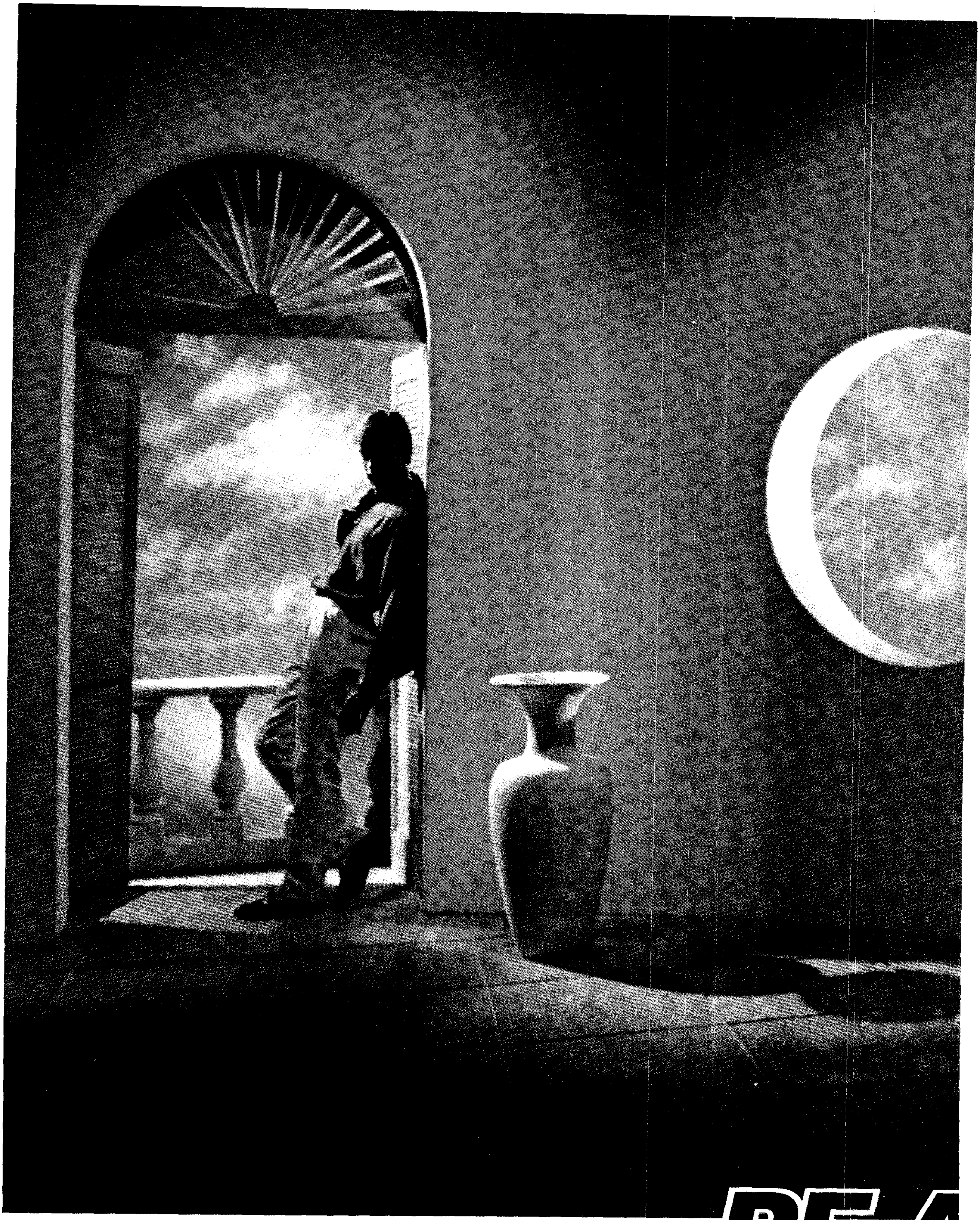

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work in high tech. This is a confusion shared by some of his fellow Atari Democrats. The new service industries Hart mentions can be added to a manufacturing base but are unlikely to provide an equivalent number of jobs. And, in any case, the making of Atari video games and Atari home-computer products has moved from Silicon Valley to Hong Kong and Taiwan. In part, the great interest of some members of Congress in high tech was inspired by the semiconductor industry, which was seeking certain trade policies and tax breaks.) Hart talks about the importance of "a new economic agenda that offers to rebuild and restructure the very foundation of this nation's economy," including government loan guarantees for the modernization of basic manufacturing plants. (It is not clear what sort of plan Hart is advocating here.) Hart also proposes "a fifteen-to-twenty-year jobs program" that will put people to work rebuilding the nation's infrastructure. (He has been unclear on how this would be paid for.) Hart pulls together the two themes by saying, "I believe only by restructuring the very foundation of this nation's economy will we meet our obligations of economic opportunity for all Americans, and, more importantly, raise the resources necessary to address the human needs of those who cannot look after themselves: those who are out of work, the poor, the children, and the elderly in this society." Hart is sensitive to Mondale's charge that he does not show sufficient concern for these groups. In fact, Hart has an acceptable Democratic voting record on issues of concern to these groups; but his real interest seems to be elsewhere. The emphasis is on the digital politics. Moreover, Hart is from an affluent Western state where the ethos has more to do with growth than with the left-out and minorities, and the following he is attracting includes few blacks.

Hart talks about his involvement in "the military-reform movement," which he calls "one of the most important political movements in this country today." He explains its point: that the real tests of what is to be spent on defense should be the effectiveness of the weapons—whether the weapons are adaptable to and maintainable under combat conditions, and affordable in sufficient numbers. He also stresses the importance of paying military personnel better. Hart has in fact been working on these questions for some time, and the political appeal of approaching defense questions this way is clear. By framing the issue in these terms, he has removed himself from the ideology of the defense debate: to defense conservatives he sounds like an advocate of a strong defense (they are probably not aware that Hart's budget calls for only a three-per-cent growth in defense), and to defense liberals it sounds as if he were cutting the size of defense. By talking about increasing military pay, Hart keeps the military from getting too upset with him over his other proposals. Moreover, the military-reform movement, while it deals with such things as the maneuverability of surface ships, does not take on the big questions of redundancy, such as why each military branch has its own air force. Now Hart talks about the need to curb the arms race, and about the importance of "civil rights for all our citizens."

Interestingly, Hart says, "I believe the only solution for this country's challenges in the nineteen-eighties is a government of national unity . . . rising above partisanship and ideology." It is not clear what he means, but the inspiration for this may come from a recent book by Sorensen, called "A Different Kind of Presidency," in which he calls for a "temporary bipartisan 'grand coalition' of national unity." Under Sorensen's plan, there would be a President and a Vice-President from different parties; a Cabinet and a Subcabinet equally divided between the two parties; an "experienced bipartisan White House staff;" and "a Presidential advisory council of elder statesmen." Aside from the implausibility and probable unworkability of such a scheme, the idea of a council of wise men is inconsonant with Hart's central theme: that he would open up government to fresh ideas. Hart has begun to modify his claim to being the candidate of "new ideas" by saying that what he means is that he would open up the corridors of government to fresh ideas. He speaks now about the need to "free" the political process from "the grasp of the special interests." He talks more than the other candidates of the need to curb the power of political-action committees. Echoing John Kennedy, he says now, as he often does, "We must once again have Presidents and political leaders who ask us what we can do for our country, and not what our country can do for us." Hart,

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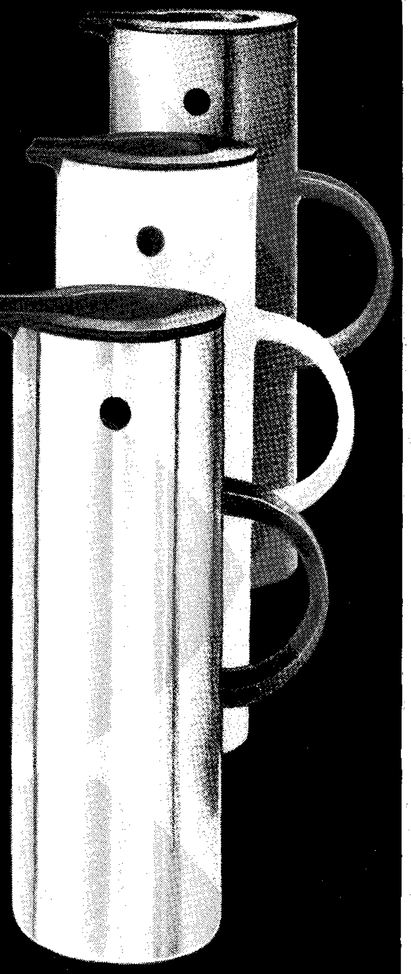

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speaking clearly and crisply, pushes his voice to full volume, adding a sense of intensity and urgency, and a touch of eloquence, and the timbre of Kennedy. On occasion, his voice can't make it, and squeaks. Hart laughs and pushes on. Hart does, in fact, have a good sense of humor, a strong streak of fun in him; he enjoys story swapping and laughing. Now he concludes, "We must do what this nation has done in its greatest periods, and that is leave past programs and past policies behind and launch this country into the future. We have the power, literally, to change the course of American history. With the help of the people of this state, with the help of the people across the South and the North and the West, I believe we will in this decade create a New Democracy." This is a sweeping vision.

Hart's is a thematic speech that touches a lot of buttons. A couple of themes he uses before other audiences he left out in speaking to the Alabama legislature. Before other audiences, he says that he wants a foreign policy "that does not send our sons to die without cause in Lebanon or to serve as bodyguards for dictators in Central America." He also says that "the real enemy in the Third World . . . is poverty, and not Communism." These statements appeal to the young voters Hart is trying to attract and to the anti-Vietnam sentiment he is drawing upon, and deal with real foreign-policy issues. But he picks his spots for saying them. The major point that Hart is making, in a variety of ways, is that he is going to rearrange, fundamentally, the way things are done in Washington. Hart is very good at what he is doing now. His speaking style has improved markedly, which has something to do with confidence. He seems convincing, and offers people something to put their faith in—but it is faith.

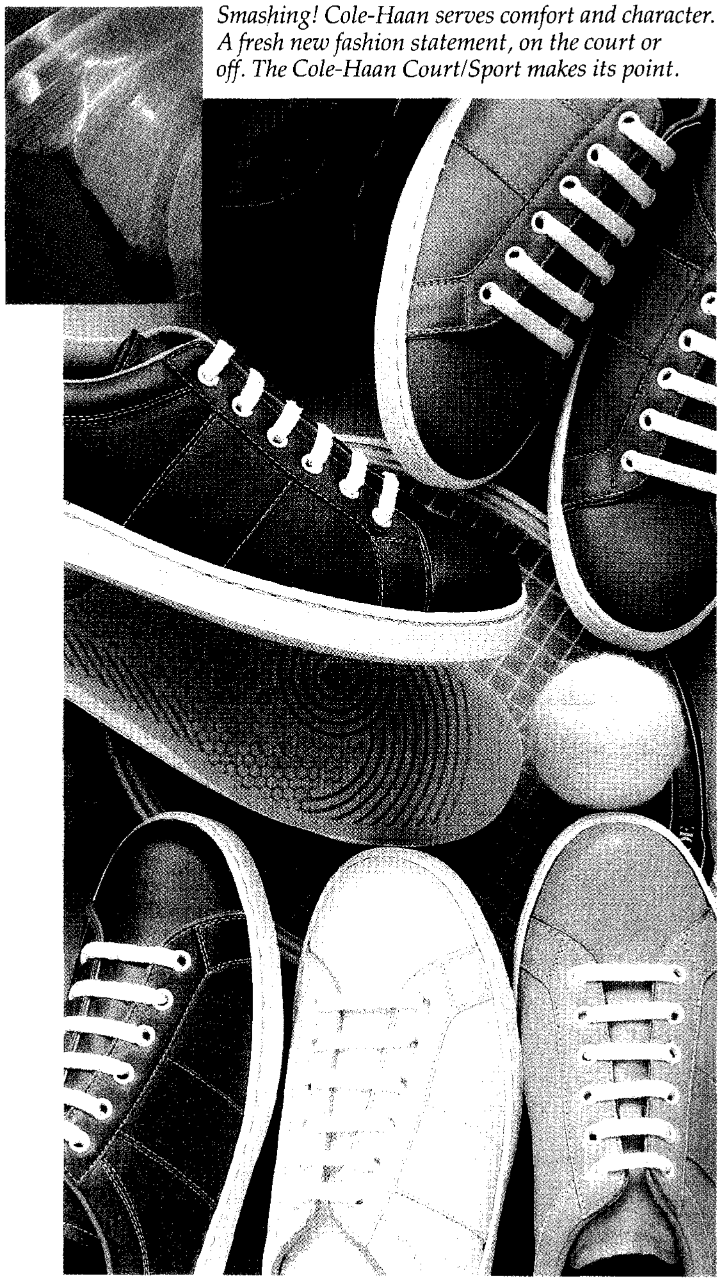
Hart's commercials in the South are aimed at the region's anti-establishment streak, and also at what Caddell sees as its desire for change. Caddell, who is from Jacksonville, Florida, says that people underestimate the South's desire for change and its pride in the changes that have occurred here. One Hart ad says, in part, "I'm a Democrat and proud of it. But I'm also a Westerner and fiercely independent. The Washington insiders and special interests have handpicked their candidate for President. But I offer our Party and our country a choice. This election is about the failure of the past and the promise of the future. . . . Make your vote Tuesday a declaration of independence." Another has Hart saying, "I believe the South, more than any other section of the nation, understands breaking the chains of the past and moving into the future," and the announcer saying, "Hope for America's future," and then Hart saying, "The South can once more change the course of history by voting for new leadership, new ideas, and a fresh start for America."

Hart's Kennedy mannerisms go beyond the hand in the pocket or the hand chopping the air: he tugs at a jacket lapel, fiddles with a jacket button, smooths his tie, races up a plane ramp. The adoption of the mannerisms, like his changing of his name, from Hartpence, and his age (making himself a year younger), suggests a man who is constantly inventing himself. (The changes in name and age would be raising fewer questions if Hart had not dissembled about both matters. On the matter of the name, he said that both parents, particularly his mother, wanted the change, and had made the change, when the court records show that it was Hart himself who made the main presentation. When questions about his age continued, he said, "I can't account for every piece of paper that's been written by my campaign or anyone else," and it then emerged that Hart himself on various occasions had made the change.) A close colleague of Hart's, speaking about the way Hart is presenting himself in this campaign, said to me recently, "What I don't know is whether Gary will shed this skin, too."

THE Orlando airport. Late afternoon. Despite the glow and the excitement that surround the Hart campaign now, it is facing some down-to-earth realities. The thing that concerns the Hart people is that the support for him in some areas is "soft," and needs to be firmed up through people's having a stronger sense of why they are for Hart. Kathy Bushkin, Hart's press secretary, says that the sudden rush of interest in Hart has put a lot of pressure on his campaign to get across who he is. "The hardest part is getting the information out there, and, frankly, we have to rely on the evening news, and we're trying to supplement that with substantive speeches," she says. "Mondale is trying to portray Gary as a media candidate." She adds, "There is enormous interest in who is Gary

Hart. We need to get that question answered our way. Mondale is trying to answer it his way." She says that the debate to take place this Sunday night in Atlanta "is a very important event for us—to harden the support that's now based on momentum and excitement, which, frankly, help us." Ray Strother, who handles Hart's media, says that the daily tracking polls show dramatic movement in Hart's direction from the time before the evening news programs to after the evening news programs.

Another reality is that the Hart campaign has a somewhat contradictory approach on the matter of its anti-establishment theme. It wants an aura of legitimacy, and is seeking endorsements from other politicians. This morning, it announced that three California congressmen who had supported Cranston, who has dropped out of the race, now support Hart. The endorsement of others is being actively pursued. Senator Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, a close friend of Caddell's, will endorse Hart on Saturday. When Hart goes to Oklahoma tomorrow, he will be endorsed by former House Speaker Carl Albert. Here at the Orlando airport, Hart announced that he had the support of Congressman Kenneth MacKay, who represents a district in central Florida. Hart is also gathering what Florida state officials he can to help him here next week. At his last stop, in Pensacola, he was endorsed by W. D. Childers, a state senator and conservative leader in that most conservative part of the state, who announced that some local candidates to be Convention delegates for Reubin Askew, who has dropped out, would support Hart. Hart is trying to make up for the failure to have filed complete delegate slates by winning over Askew delegates, with some success. (He also tried, but failed, to get Askew's endorsement; Askew has endorsed no one.) The larger contradiction is that Hart is running an anti-establishment campaign that he and his people do not want to be viewed hostilely, or with fright, by what passes for the Washington establishment. There is, after all, a nomination to be sewed up and an election to be won. Caddell says, "One of the things we have to do is diffuse the sense that this is an insurgency movement, and enforce the sense that this is a transition movement." Some of Hart's associates in Washington are deliberately reaching out to people there and reassuring them that the



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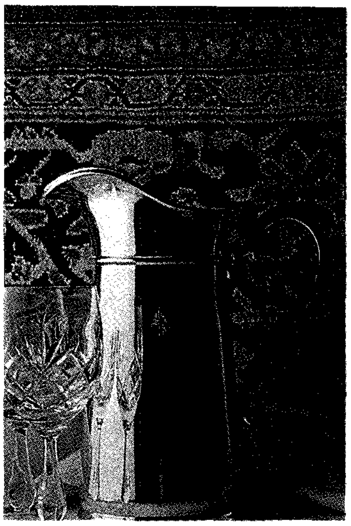
attitude of the Hart entourage will be one of forgiveness toward those who were not with Hart earlier—and this is a message that many Washingtonians are, of course, relieved to hear. The positioners—those many people in Washington who expend their efforts, make their moves, to get in position for good jobs in a future Administration—have suddenly found themselves in a most uncomfortable position. With Mondale's nomination appearing so likely, and with so many of them having had previous associations with Mondale, many positioners were already trying on their jobs in the Mondale Administration. Conversations about who would have which job were not uncommon. Now people are quickly discovering their ties to Hart and his entourage, and Washingtonians are just beginning to adjust to the fact that there might be a whole new pecking order. New Hampshire not only scrambled the nomination contest; it made and unmade would-be hostesses. The hairdresser to Hart's wife, Lee, is ecstatic—Washington hairdressers being a particularly competitive lot.

Most of Hart's stops today are at airports—an efficient way to get him on local television. Hart did address an enthusiastic rally in Pensacola, and attended a fund-raiser there. Now, in his remarks at the Orlando airport—in a state with a considerable percentage of retired people—Hart puts more emphasis than he did earlier in the day on the impact of the budget deficits on the elderly, and mentions some of his other themes. During a press conference that follows, he is asked about his having sought and received, through a special waiver, a commission in the Navy in 1980. Hart sought the commission before the 1980 election, in which he ran for reëlection to the Senate, but the Navy Department put the matter off until after the election. Hart had no previous military experience. During the 1980 campaign, he made an ad in which he drove a tank. Hart won reëlection very narrowly, by about one per cent, even though his opponent was not nominated until September and was not prepared to run a Senate campaign, and did not have the support of the Colorado Republican Party. The narrowness of his escape was said to have left Hart shaken, but his victory, in a year when a number of Senate Democrats lost, enhanced his national reputation, and set him on the road to the Presidency. Hart now explains that he sought the commission "primarily because I was concerned, as others were in the nineteen-seventies, about the very likely possibility that this nation would become involved in a military action in the Persian Gulf," and he says, "I had a teen-age son who was beginning to approach draft age and I made a personal decision at that time that if this country were to become involved in that war that I could not stay in the Senate"—that he would have resigned his Senate seat and entered active duty. (Hart's son, John, was fourteen at the time.) In an answer to a question about his prospects in Florida, Hart complains about the primary schedule (which at the moment is helping him), and he praises Askew, who, he says, "made a tremendous contribution to the substantive debate in 1983 and 1984." Askew was not actually one of the more memorable participants in the debate. He did, as a former Special Trade Representative, help Hart make the case against some of Mondale's protectionist positions, but his other principal themes were anti-abortion and against the nuclear freeze. In answer to a question about whether he would end military aid to El Salvador even if that assured a victory of the leftists, Hart says that he doesn't think that that would happen, and that El Salvador might do something more about the death squads there if it knew an Administration was serious about shutting off funds if it did not. He adds that even if the hypothesis of the question were true the answer to it would be yes. Asked whether he has ever supported Reagan budget cuts or tax cuts, Hart says, "No, I don't think so." (Actually, Hart, like most Senate Democrats, did support the Reagan budget cuts at one point in 1981.)

MIAMI. Hart has arrived at the Miami airport in time to do live interviews on each of the three main local television stations' evening news programs. The state of electronics now enables candidates to do this without going to the stations, and his being on live enables him to make his case without editorial comment, and to make more of a splash. ("Senator Gary Hart has just arrived in Miami and here he is, live!") By now, Hart is bone tired and his face is pale, but he pulls himself up and stands looking into the camera—seeming to be aware of which angle is best for him—and talks clearly. "I think our campaign just happened to represent what people were looking for," he tells one inter-



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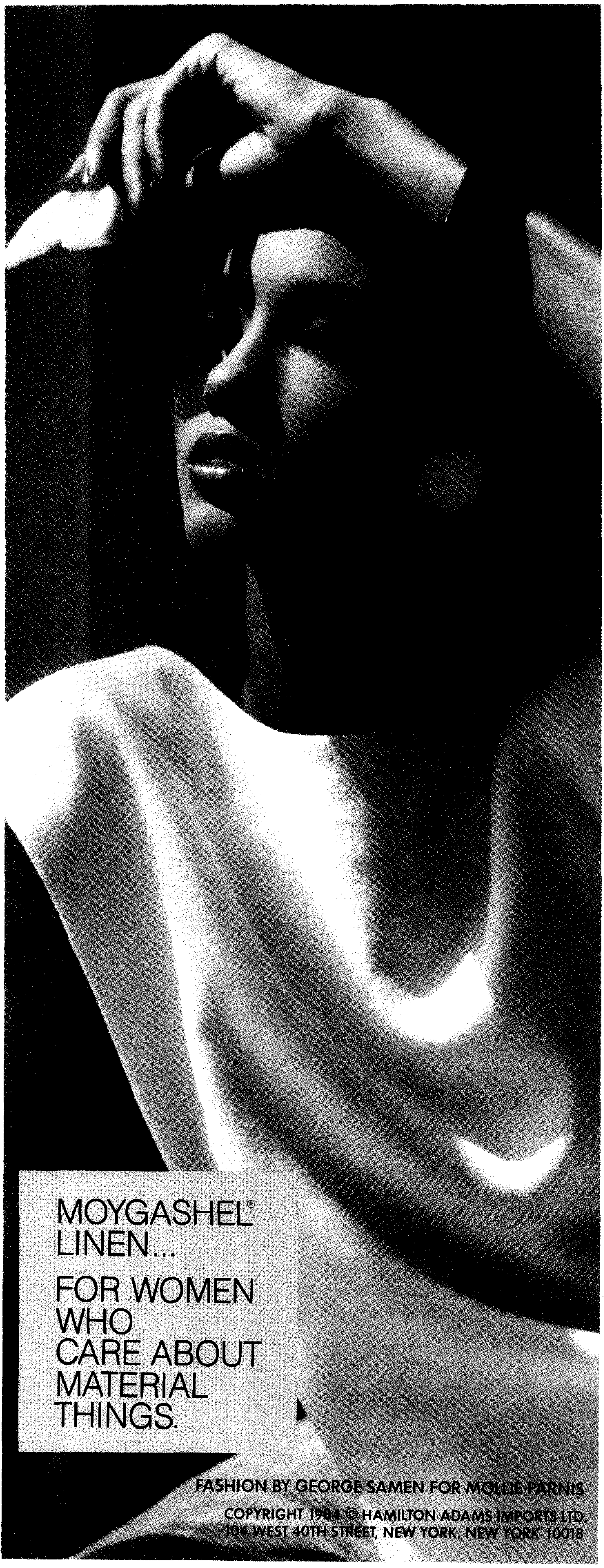
viewer. Asked about charisma, Hart replies, "I said throughout 1983 that charisma came when you started winning primaries, and I think that's what happened." It is true that in 1983, when Hart's campaign associates urged him to liven up his style, and despaired of the speeches he was giving then, he told them that he would have charisma after he won his first primary. Hart, being shrewd, understands how this works. He has the makings of charisma—the looks, the now polished style—but charisma is something that is usually acquired after a candidate starts to look successful. (John Kennedy did not start out charismatic, and it is probably forgotten that there was a time when Jimmy Carter was charismatic.) Charisma involves an interchange between the candidate and the public, in which the public begins to sense something exciting about the candidate, and the candidate, buoyed by that, gets better at projecting himself. Charisma is a chemical reaction between a candidate and the people: if the crowds went away, the charisma would be gone. One does not walk down the street, or go out to get the morning papers, being charismatic. Charisma probably also involves an ingredient of hope; the charismatic candidate is one who is raising hopes. (Ray Strother, Hart's media manager, says, "We're advertising hope.") Now, at the Miami airport, Hart tells another interviewer of the important role he believes Askew has played, and adds, "I think he has a role to play in the Hart Administration." This is pretty conventional politics. In one of the interviews, he is asked about a recent column in the Washington *Post* referring to an earlier interview he gave the *Post*, in which he said that Cuba was not a totalitarian state. He replies that that is not what happened. (It is.)

Tomorrow, Hart will go to Oklahoma, which is to hold caucuses on the thirteenth, and then to Illinois, to plant the flag for the primary that will occur there a week later. Mondale should be in good shape in Illinois, where his campaign has made a large effort, and where James Johnson ran a very successful primary campaign for Carter, over Kennedy, in 1980. But Caddell is in Chicago today, seeing Mayor Harold Washington, and trying to stir up trouble for Mondale, who campaigned for one of Washington's opponents—Richard M. Daley, son of the late mayor—in the fight for the mayoralty nomination last year,



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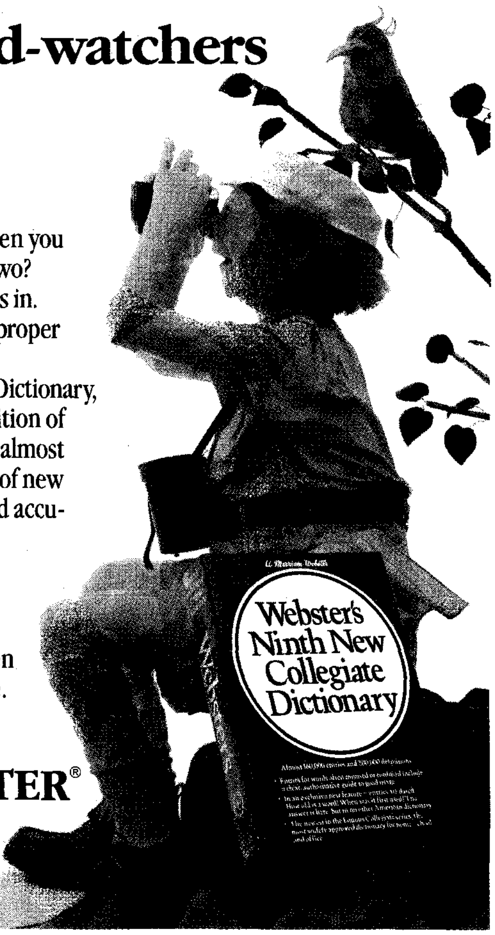

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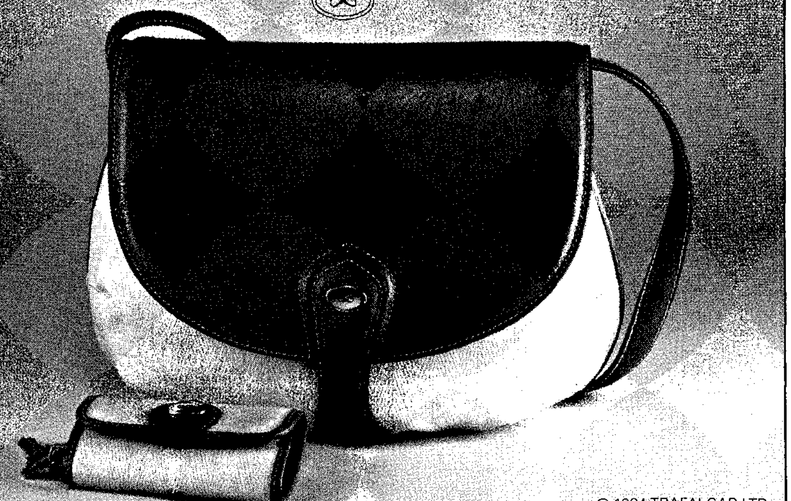

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and who has been endorsed by Edward Vrdolyak, the chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee (the remains of the Daley machine) and a bitter foe of Washington. (Daley had helped the Carter-Mondale ticket in 1980, and his chief opponent last year was presumed to be Mayor Jane Byrne, who had backed Kennedy. Mondale made his commitment to Daley before Washington got into the race.) Mondale has tried, without success, to make peace with the various factions in Chicago, which Johnson has described as the Middle East of American politics. Washington is for the moment allied with Jackson, whose base is Chicago, but this is an alliance of convenience, not affection.

FOLLOWING a press conference, I have an interview with Hart in a small room at the Miami airport. He has just spoken by phone with his son, who is in Ireland for a while. (Hart's wife, Lee, often campaigns with him, but today she is campaigning elsewhere. The Harts have been separated twice in recent years, and reconciled shortly before Hart entered the Presidential race. Lee Hart is an attractive, spunky, direct woman.)

The thing that interests me most about Hart at this point is what he means by the "new ways" he says must be brought to government, since he is holding out the hope that under him the way that government works would profoundly change. I ask him what he means by this.

Hart begins by responding that he wants to "reinvolve talented and creative people in this country." He says, "I think one thing that has not happened under previous Administrations—this one and previous ones—is the kind of opening up of the process to the best minds and the best leaders of our society."

But, I suggest to Hart, he seems to be saying in his speeches that under him there would be structural changes in the way that government works. I tell him that what I think I hear him saying is that he would try to rearrange the arrangements.

"Not really, no," Hart replies. He continues, "I think the arrangements are frankly rearranging themselves with the kind of people who are getting elected to Congress. One of the accusations about me is that I'm not a good vote trader, I'm not a good manipulator of the process. But what most people don't realize is most of the newer members of Congress aren't, either." (Not everyone would agree with this assessment.) He goes on, "Take the military-reform movement: that really is a cross-ideological movement, and it's composed primarily of newer members of Congress who are fed up with the old ideological left-right debate on defense. I think that same kind of thing can be done on the economy: it's not pro-business or pro-labor to want to restructure a manufacturing base, and you can engage Republicans who are pro-business in that effort and you can engage liberal Democrats who want jobs for labor in that effort. And that's the kind of bipartisan coalition-building, or nonpartisan coalition-building, that I think needs to be done. And what I'm saying is that newer members of Congress, I think, are more amenable to that than older people, who may be more rigid ideologically or may be more partisan."

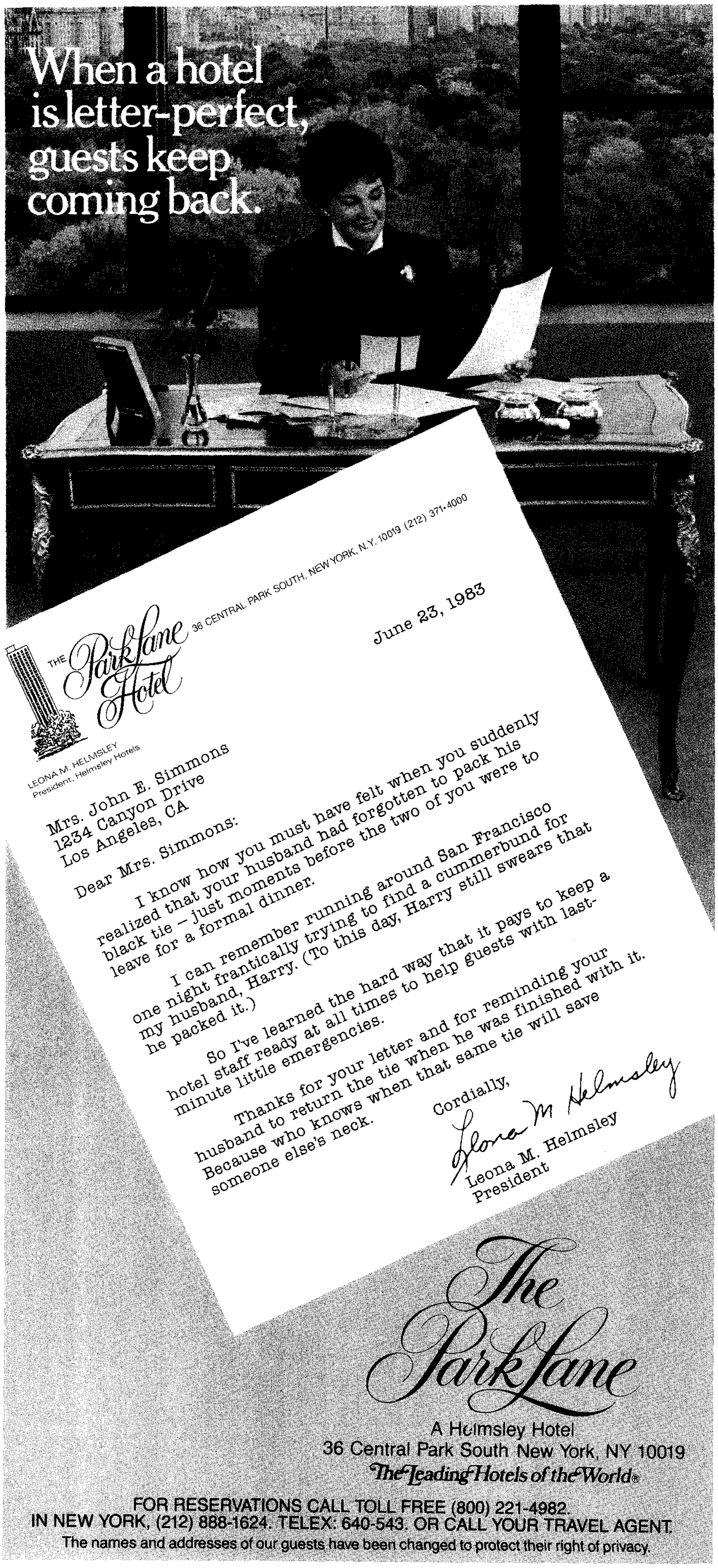
Hart is describing a style difference between some of the more senior members of Congress and some of the younger ones—a newer, cooler generation, particularly of Democrats, who are less influenced by party traditions and ideology than their seniors. But there is also a large number of younger members, of both parties, who are scrappy partisans, and believers in their parties' traditions. Caddell has told me that Hart's message is "supra-ideological" and, as Caddell sees it, involves moving politics "beyond the old definitions."

I ask Hart if he has in mind any new approaches for working with Congress.

He replies. "Yes—well, I certainly am thinking about that. I haven't come up with any novel proposals yet, but certainly the impact of the political-action committees has to be curbed. What kind of results that will have, I'm not sure. I'm thinking; I'm giving a lot of thought to it."

I ask Hart what his picture is of how Gary Hart governs along with the powerful interests in Washington, some of which are a part of the Democratic constituency.

"Offer them a deal," he replies. "Collectively. Take the industrial-modernization approach: that's essentially give-and-take for all parties—management, labor, private capital. You get this but you have to give up that—make it a package. Obviously, there is arbitration and negotiation of that package, but essentially it gets down at the final analysis to take it or



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leave it, and if it's a balanced and workable package there's going to be a tremendous incentive on the part of all those participants to go along. Now, in the final analysis, it's a voluntary system, and you can't mandate anything. But then I think the power of the Presidency in educating the American people and bringing the force of public opinion to bear on management or workers or investors is a very potent one—particularly early in the Administration."

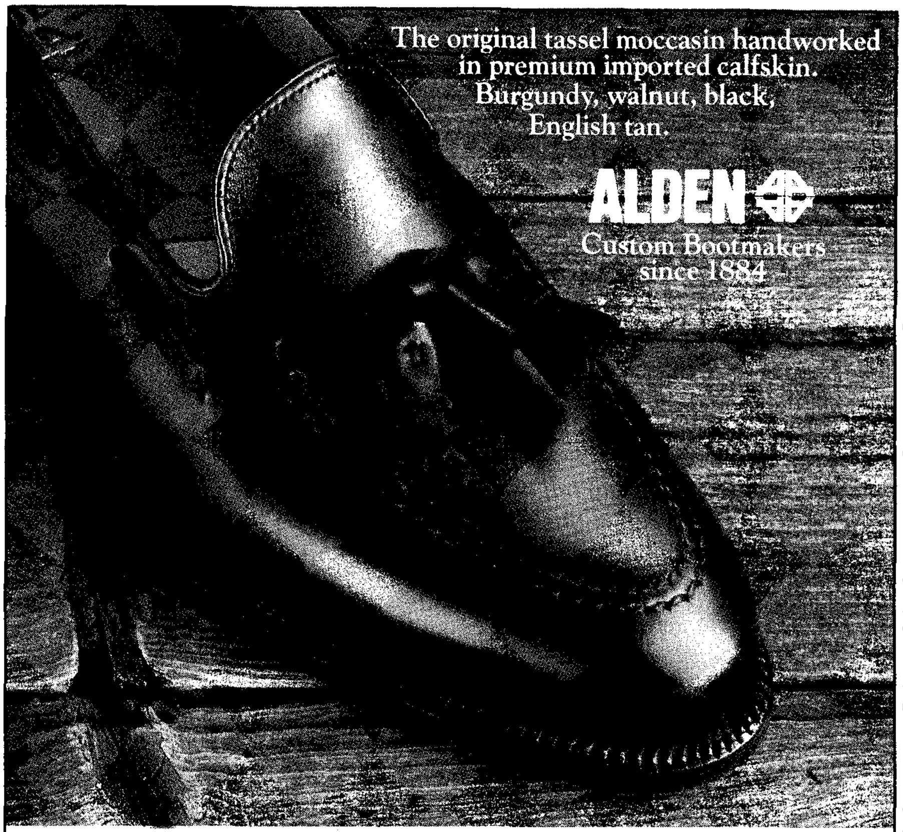
I ask Hart what he thinks the popular response to him now suggests he has unlocked.

He replies, "Too early to say. Desire for change, desire for hope, a break with the past—with the failed past, not with values or principles but with a failed governing past. A desire to move forward, to let newer people try, to break out of a kind of stagnant nation and world. I don't know. I haven't quite defined it yet, and I think we're still in the middle of it, frankly—whatever it is."

I ask Hart if it ever worries him that he might let all those excited people down.

He replies, "Yeah, oh, absolutely. Worries me a lot. It's a tremendous burden. But I think, with the help of others, I'm up to it."

THIS evening, Hart goes to a condominium complex in North Miami Beach. This audience, of a couple of hundred elderly Jewish people, should be Mondale's constituency, if anyone is. But Hart is having a go at it. He is introduced to the audience by Mike Abrams, a young state representative from this area, who backed Edward Kennedy's nomination effort in 1980. Mike Abrams, of North Miami Beach, and W. D. Childers, of Pensacola, represent different philosophies and different worlds, but Hart has brought them together. Hart removes the microphone from its stand and talks earnestly to this audience. He makes an argument to it that is similar to one he makes to others—that "this election is critical to this nation's future"—but with this audience the emphasis changes. He says, as he has before, "The decision we make as Americans about who will lead this country in the nineteen-eighties not only will decide whether the Democrats or the Republicans will be in the White House—" but now he adds, "I hope the Democrats will," and the audience laughs and applauds. He continues, saying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that the election is about "not simply whether this country will move left or right but whether we as Americans and human beings will meet the challenges of the nineteen-eighties—not only for our generation but for generations to come." Hart says, "Some of you here, I know, remember Franklin Roosevelt," and he is applauded. He continues, "My generation remembers President John Kennedy." He is applauded again. He goes on, "The reason we remember those two Presidents particularly today is because they both shared the values of the Democratic Party of America. Values of a country dedicated to total equality for all of our citizens: the opportunity for every citizen, regardless of economic background or ethnic or national origin, and social justice for the people of this country—for the elderly, for the retired, for the poor, for the children, for the disadvantaged, the disabled, for those who needed the help of their society. That is why I'm a Democrat." This is the first time he's talked this way today. He adds, "But those two Presidents stood for something else. They stood for a government which was willing to meet the challenges of its own time and move this country into the future. They did that by their willingness to be bold, to break with the past, to try new methods and new solutions, to meet the problems of this country. I think that is the kind of leadership this country must have in the nineteen-eighties if we are to continue our promise and our ideal and our dream." Hart says, "This election could well determine whether those who are retired, those who are elderly, have the support of their government in time of need." And, sounding now like Mondale, he says, "This Administration has cut social programs in health and nutrition. It has sought to reduce benefits in Social Security and Medicare and Medicaid. And if you know that's what this Administration has done in its first term ask yourself what will happen in the second term, when the President and his Administration does not have to concern itself with reëlection." He adds, "It means that there will be enormous burdens on all of you and others like you across this country in terms of Medicare, Medicaid, Social Security, health and nutrition programs necessary to meet just a basic standard of living for the millions and millions of retired Americans." And he continues, "Now, I think this election is critical to the future of our se-

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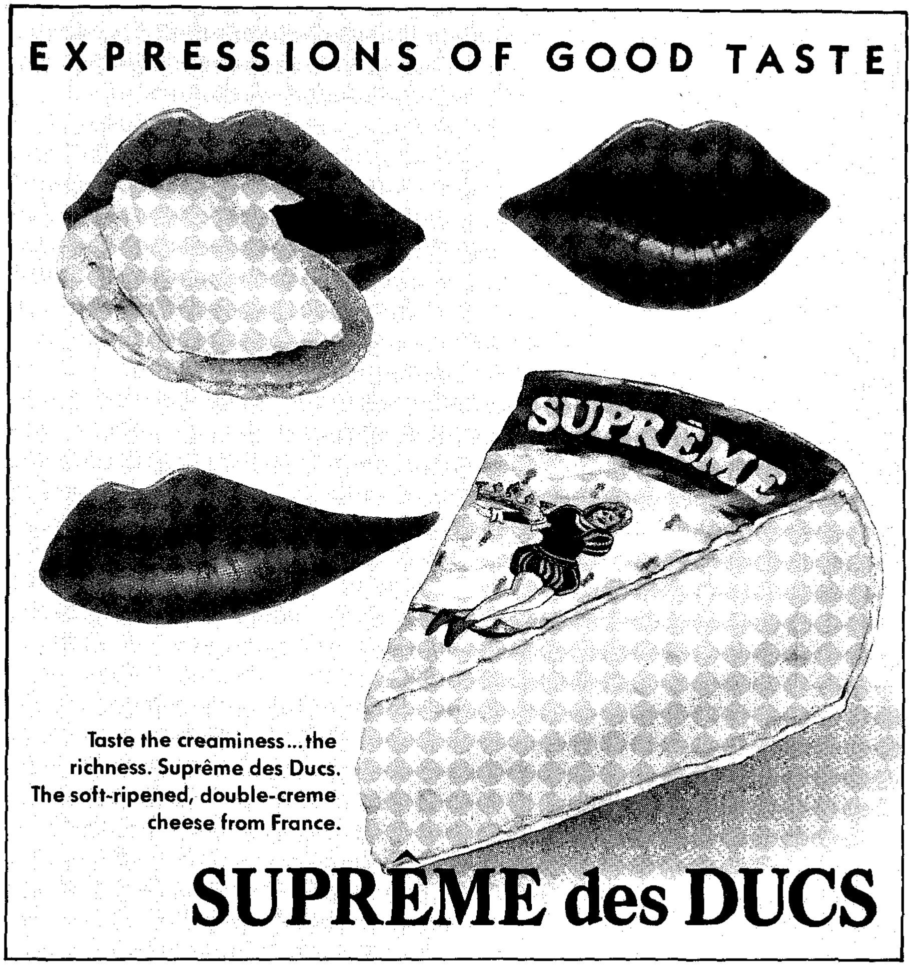
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nior citizens and our retired people in this country, and on that issue alone Ronald Reagan should be dismissed from office." And he is applauded again. He is much more the partisan Democrat here, and the people in the audience seem to like this attractive young man who reminds them, undoubtedly, of John Kennedy. He talks at some length about the need to control the costs of medical care. (Earlier this year, Mondale launched his own plan to deal with this, but not much has been heard about it since then.) And then Hart makes an interesting appeal to this audience. "People who have lived their adult lives and gone into retirement and into their mature years are quite often the most hopeful and the most optimistic citizens in our society. And I think that is true for one reason. I think the people of judgment and experience and wisdom know the strength and the character of the American people—strength and character that too many politicians don't admit or don't understand. I'll tell you what concerns me about our country today—it's the loss of hope among our young people and our children." He continues, "I believe this election must restore hope and promise to our young people, the people who have not voted, the people who have dropped out of the system, the people who have abandoned the political process and the hope that their government can turn this country and the world around." He talks about the importance of protecting the environment and reducing the nuclear risk, and of America's alliance with Israel. "We must once again tell our children that they can live in a safe world, a world with hope and promise," he says.

In response to some questions, Hart says that Israel should not negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization "until all the states and interests in the Middle East" are willing to accept the security of Israel's borders; that Israel should give up its settlements on the West Bank "only as part of an over-all bargaining process that guarantees Israel's borders;" and that he would favor moving the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem as "something the United States can commit as part of its contribution to the bargaining process, and as that bargaining goes forward and is successful." The audience seems to be pleased with his answers, as it seems to be with him. Hart, unlike Mondale, does not go in and tell an audience what he has done—in part because he doesn't have a record of much accomplishment. But Hart offers an attractive vision—of possibilities, of promise. Mondale, by arguing about where he has been, reinforces that he is of the "past." Hart is dewy, new, freshly minted. He has minted himself. And something in people wants to take a chance. Moreover, Hart's insight that the Democratic Party needs to offer something fresh is well founded. Mondale understood this, too, but failed to act on it. Now Mondale has the aura of a loser and Hart not only of a winner but, according to the calculations of the moment, of the man more likely to defeat Reagan. Mondale talks about where he has been. Hart talks, in a general way, about where he is going.

MARCH 12

TAMPA. Tomorrow, the large set of contests will take place, and today Mondale is making the most extensive one-day swing of his campaign—eight cities in three states (Florida, Georgia, and Alabama), beginning early this morning and ending at midnight. Mondale's main effort now is to raise questions in the voters' minds about Hart, to try to slow the rush to him. This has caused Mondale to go on the attack—an approach that does not present him at his most attractive, but one that, the consensus in his camp holds, must be pursued. Johnson said to me shortly after New Hampshire, "If we're running against a movie star, we have to make this into a serious race." The theory is that things have been moving too fast to wait for the press to give Hart critical attention, and that the positive things Mondale does say don't get much, or any, coverage. In the first aftershock following New Hampshire, the Mondale campaign made certain adjustments, most of them cosmetic, as a way of saying it had got the message. Mondale announced that he had told his staff that the front-runner talk was to end, saying to reporters, "There seeped into my campaign, and maybe in my own mind, a front-runner, inevitability psychology that people smelled." He later made jokes about this, saying he had deliberately tried to shed the front-runner image by losing New Hampshire, then Maine, and then Vermont. He also took to saying that his greatest mistake had been not to respond to Hart's attacks earlier. This was a deliberate strategy decision his campaign had made, so as not to

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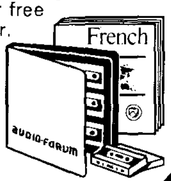

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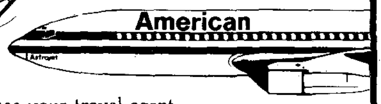

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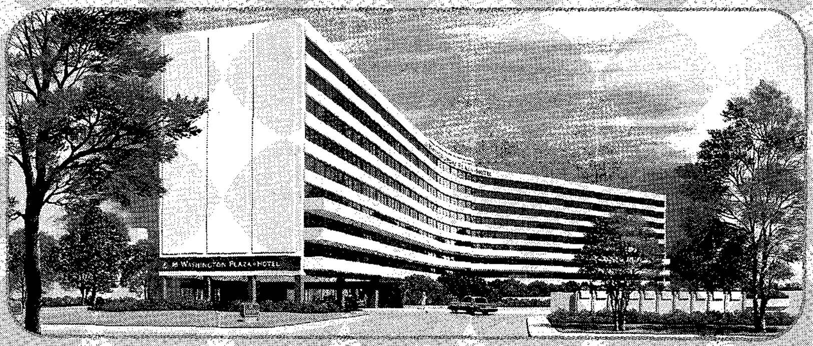

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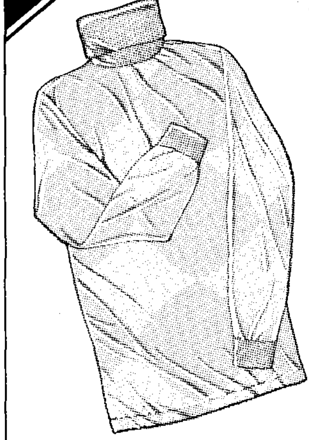

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build Hart up. His campaign people also say they concluded that Mondale had been doing too many "institutional" events, and was not seen among "the people" enough, so they have been having him turn up at carryouts and barbecue places, and now, here in Tampa this morning, he is at the Village Inn Pancake House, circulating among the breakfasters and flipping pancakes. None of the reasons that the Mondale people cite publicly for the New Hampshire outcome completely explain it, of course, but, like Mondale's having said right after New Hampshire that he shouldn't have left the state just before the voting, they offer some reasons for public consumption that avoid the probable deeper reason: that the support for Mondale simply wasn't strong enough.

The Mondale people still aren't entirely clear about what hit them—although Johnson and Mondale, at some level, knew all along that New Hampshire could trip them up, as it usually does front-runners. What no one seemed prepared for, understandably, was the magnitude of the aftereffects of New Hampshire. Even Hart and Caddell weren't prepared for it. Inevitably, the Mondale people have engaged in some "what-iffing." What if George McGovern had received his federal matching money in time for the Iowa contest, in which he received about fourteen hundred fewer votes than Hart (he qualified for it three days later), and the Mondale people had taken some steps to help McGovern? What if Glenn's slide (which the Mondale people had done their best to help along) had not been so sudden and so steep? These questions are interesting historically but not of much help to the Mondale campaign now. A key Mondale adviser says, "People make a mistake trying to pick one or two or five factors to explain what happened to us. A large number of factors came together at the same time in a manner that caused an explosion." There have been some divisions within the Mondale camp over the strategy of seeking the endorsements of the interest groups, but his chief strategists believed, and still believe, that it was the right strategy. Mondale, being who he is and given his political history, could hardly run as an outsider. To have tried to change Mondale himself radically would not have worked. But there are some second thoughts about the handling of the issue of the endorsements, and there is some wish that the problem it

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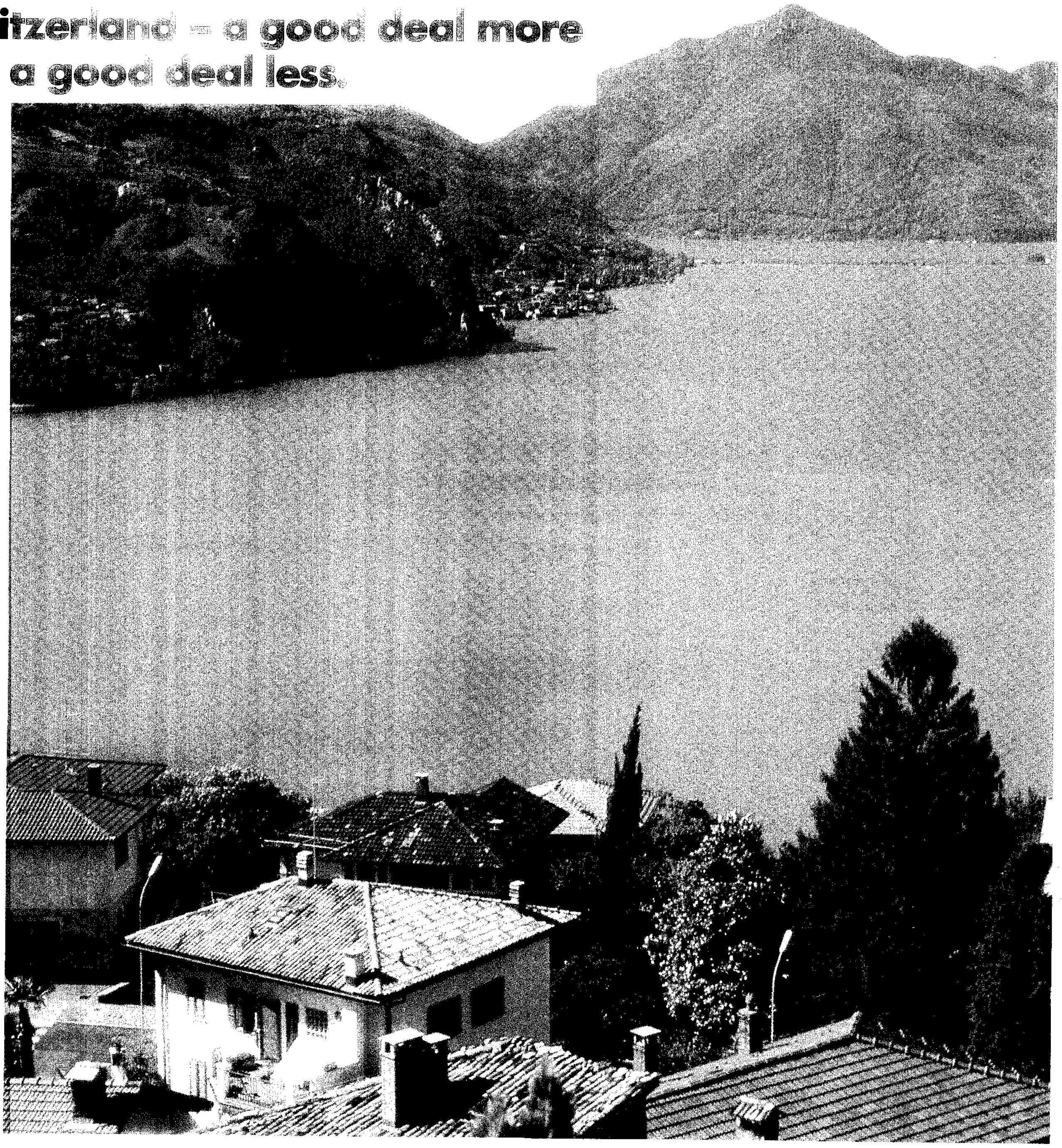

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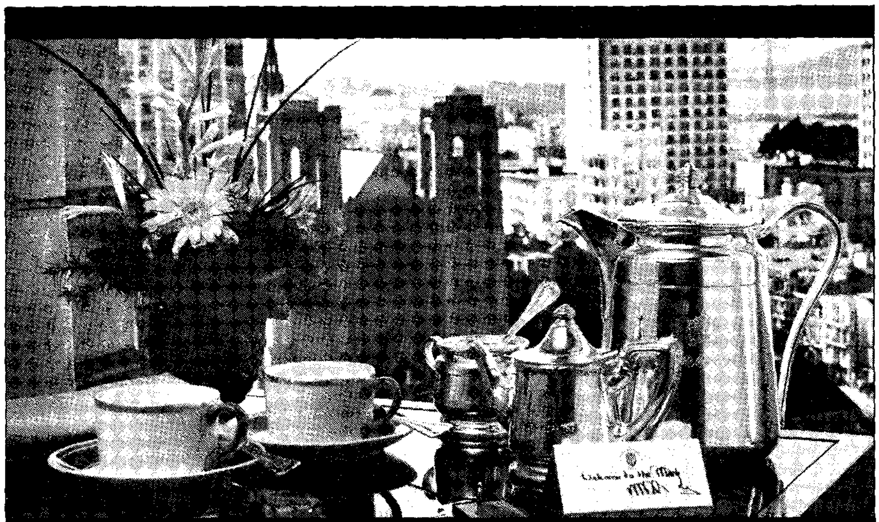
was causing Mondale had been recognized earlier, or anticipated. The Mondale people simply did not believe that the special interests/promises charge was sinking in to the extent that it was. They believed that they had a rational answer to it (that the other candidates had sought the endorsements, that Mondale had not made many more promises than anyone else), and that that would be accepted. They knew that organized labor had a negative image, but they did not believe that that would become attached to Mondale. The Mondale people are rationalists, but things did not follow a rational course. This is not unusual in politics.

Since New Hampshire, Mondale has tried a variety of approaches. Caddell is correct in saying that the Mondale campaign was premised on the quick kill, in part to get the thing over with and unite the Party, in part because, as Caddell says, there was concern that Mondale's candidacy could not sustain a long struggle. In the days following New Hampshire, the Mondale campaign has been trying to adjust to the new reality. Since it is such a big campaign, involving so many people, this took some doing. "We had become the battleship Missouri," says one Mondale adviser. Size was no longer such an asset. In a speech at Faneuil Hall last Monday, Mondale said, "The message-sending is over. The posturing is over. Now we're coming down to picking a real, live person," and he attacked specific Hart votes and proposals. Some of the attacks (on the windfall-profit tax, a tax on imported oil, and hospital-cost containment) have been designed to bolster a populist appeal that Mondale has tried to make in the South. He has attacked Hart for a lack of commitment to traditional Democratic values. "Listen to his speeches," Mondale said last week. "You don't hear him talking about restoring the sense of social justice, reaching out and helping the vulnerable, the emphasis as I do on Social Security and Medicare." He ridiculed Hart's book: "He wrote a book about his vision of America. You need an F.B.I. investigator to find one word in there expressing concern about people in trouble." And he has offered himself to the public as a straightforward man in political trouble. After months of avoiding the television interview programs—his staff felt (correctly) that these were not his forte, and, moreover, he did not need to appear on them—Mondale was sud-



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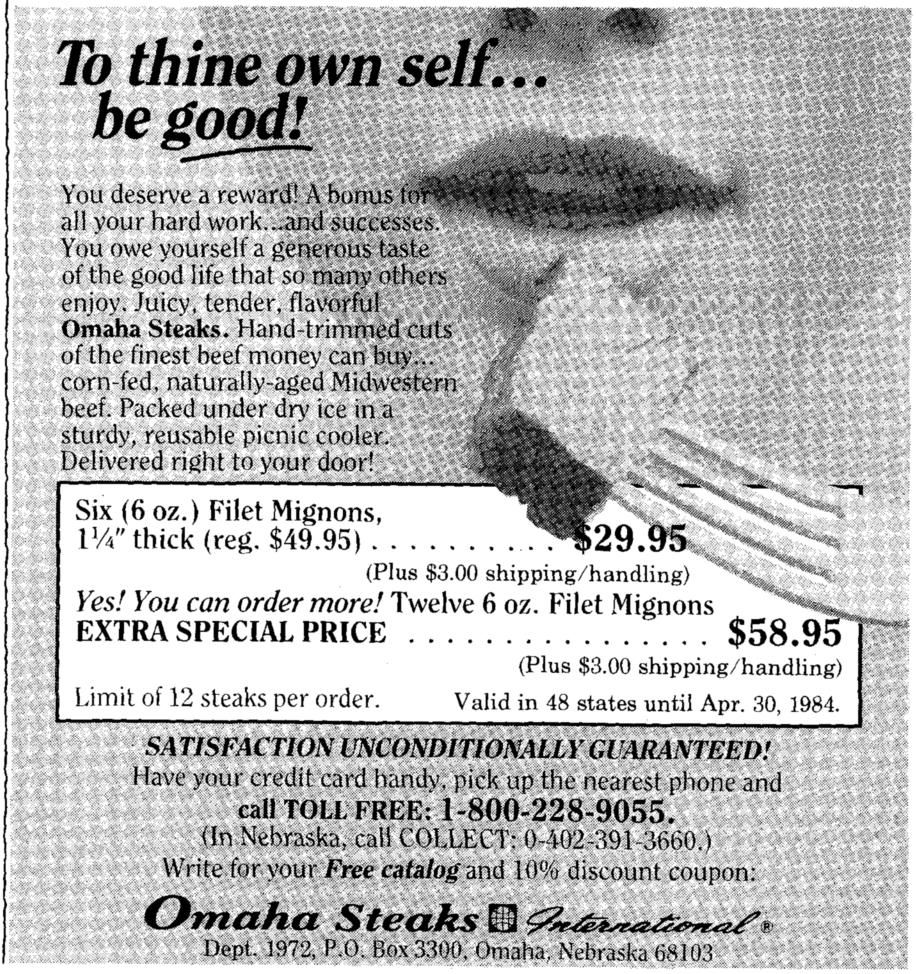

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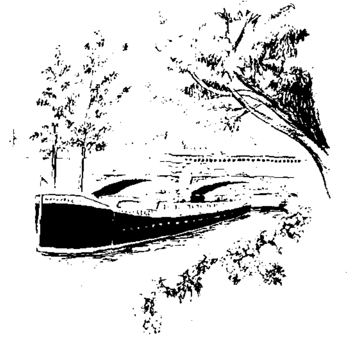

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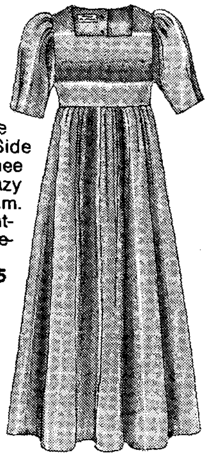

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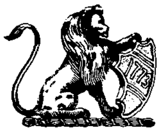
denly available. When David Hartman asked Mondale about this when he appeared last Monday on "Good Morning America," Mondale said, matter-of-factly, and smiling, that he was there because "I'm in trouble, I need help." Mondale has also taken to saying, "I am who I am. What you see is what you get." In doing this, Mondale is both saying that he is a natural, if not a compelling, television personality, and suggesting that there is a bit of pretense in what Hart is offering the public. He has said that Hart is a candidate of "tinsel." He asks, "Where's the heart? Where's the soul?" He says, "No one can teach you to have guts, no one can teach you to care." And, "What you see is what you get. No new hair spray. No new perfume. No new slogans. I am who I am: the product of my history, my values, my experience, my commitment." Throughout what has to be the biggest crisis of his public life, Mondale has kept his dignity and his sense of humor, but he seems to be almost offended at the idea that he might be rejected in favor of someone he sees as tailoring himself to fit the current mood and running on empty slogans, and whose commitment to certain values he doubts.

Last Tuesday, in Tampa, Mondale made a speech in which he defined what he believed the race was all about. (The speech received scant coverage.) He said that the campaign was "not just a horse race" but a battle for the soul of the Democratic Party and the future of our country. Mondale said, "We're about to decide whether we'll be a generous Party and a caring nation or whether we won't." Then, after making a strong populist attack on the Reagan Administration (which carried an implicit attack on Hart), Mondale said, "Mark me well, because today there's a new argument in this land—a new idea about the Democratic Party and where it should go. This new idea is the essence of the battle that we're in. The idea is this: If you fight for the values that the Democratic Party has always believed in, you're supposed to go on a guilt trip. But if you fight against them you're supposed to be applauded. If you fight for better schools, you're old. But if you fight for big oil you're new. . . . If a worker wants a raise, that's greedy. But if a plant closes down that's trendy. If you want big corporations to pay their share of taxes, you're old hat. But if you want working families to pay more taxes you're high



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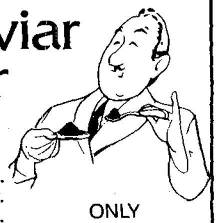

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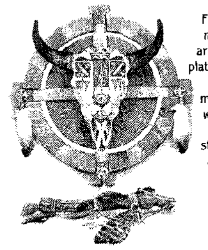

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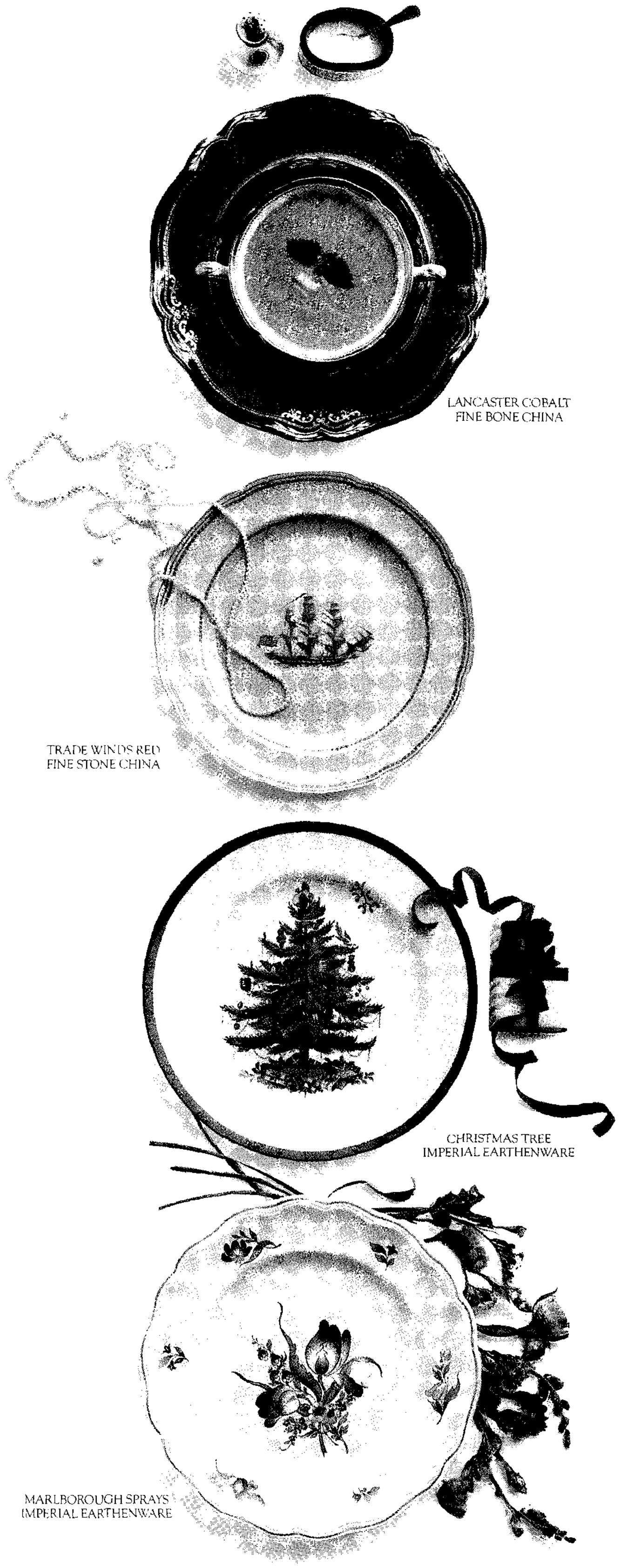

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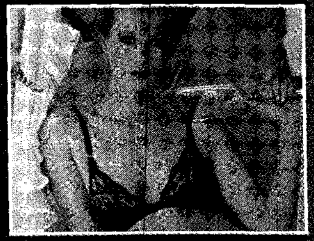

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tech." Mondale said, "I don't accept it. And I won't cut my values to fit this year's fashion." He added, "It's not a campaign for new ideas against old ideas. It's a fight between what's right and what's wrong. That is the issue in this campaign." Mondale distorted Hart's positions a bit, but he was making his case for what this fight is about, as he sees it: a fight between those to whom the traditional values of the Democratic Party are paramount and those who are seeking to redefine the Party, giving it a cooler, more pragmatic, technocratic look. Unfortunately for Mondale, however important his case may be, the more he makes it the more he may play into Hart's hands—portraying himself as representing "the past." Mondale is probably as knowledgeable and sophisticated in his thinking as anyone in politics, but, through a mixture of natural instincts, old habits, deep belief, and a desire to draw the line between himself and Hart and to fire up his own core constituency, he is increasingly letting this side of him fade from view.

On Friday, at Emory University, in Atlanta, Mondale, speaking to an audience of college students, took on Hart from another avenue. Citing analyses of the formative political experiences of the generation he was speaking to—Vietnam and Watergate—and the economic "roller coaster of booms and busts" that is said to make them anxious about their future, he said, "Culturally, you've lived in an earthquake zone. Other generations have known stability and tradition. But you've known turmoil and hype." He said, "In an age of Cabbage Patch dolls, no wonder you are suspected of being addicted to novelty." Then, in an unmistakable reference to Hart, Mondale said, "If a Presidential candidate wanted to capitalize on these things that are said about you, imagine how he might try to win your vote. To appeal to supposed cynicism, he would market himself as an outsider, gunning for the establishment. To play toward your alleged insecurity, he would build a platform with plenty of room for self-interest and little space for generosity. And to exploit your rumored taste for tinsel, he would drape himself in newness." Pointing out that he has three children, all in their twenties, Mondale said he thought that the above analysis of their generation was wrong, and then he listed some of the questions—about civil rights, about the use of power,

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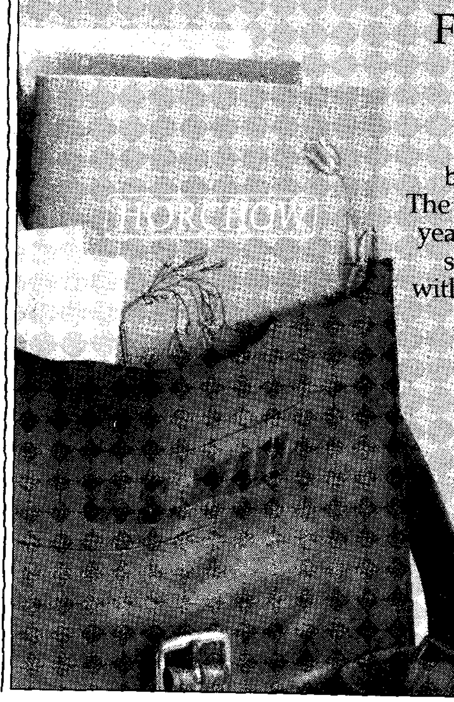

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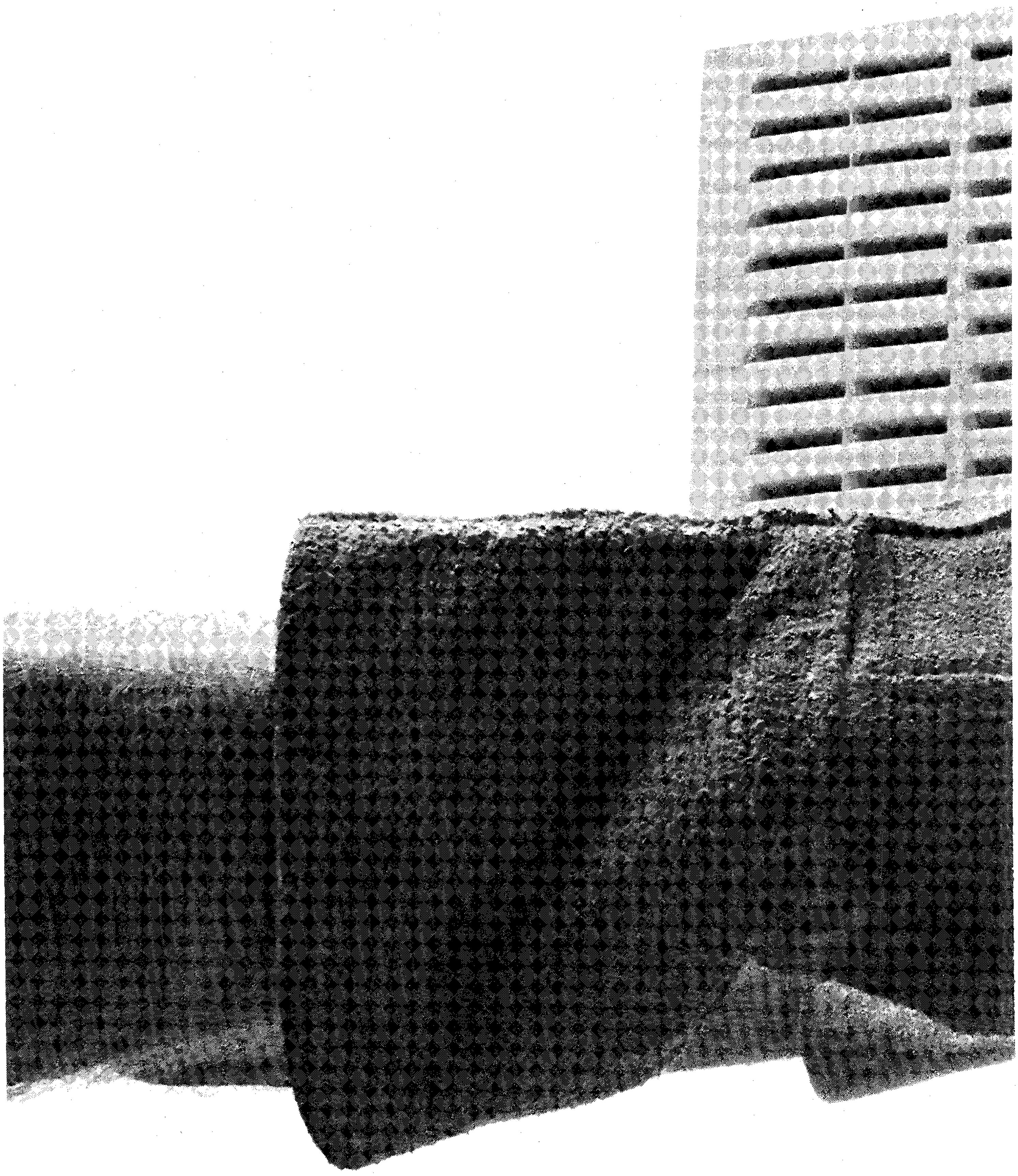

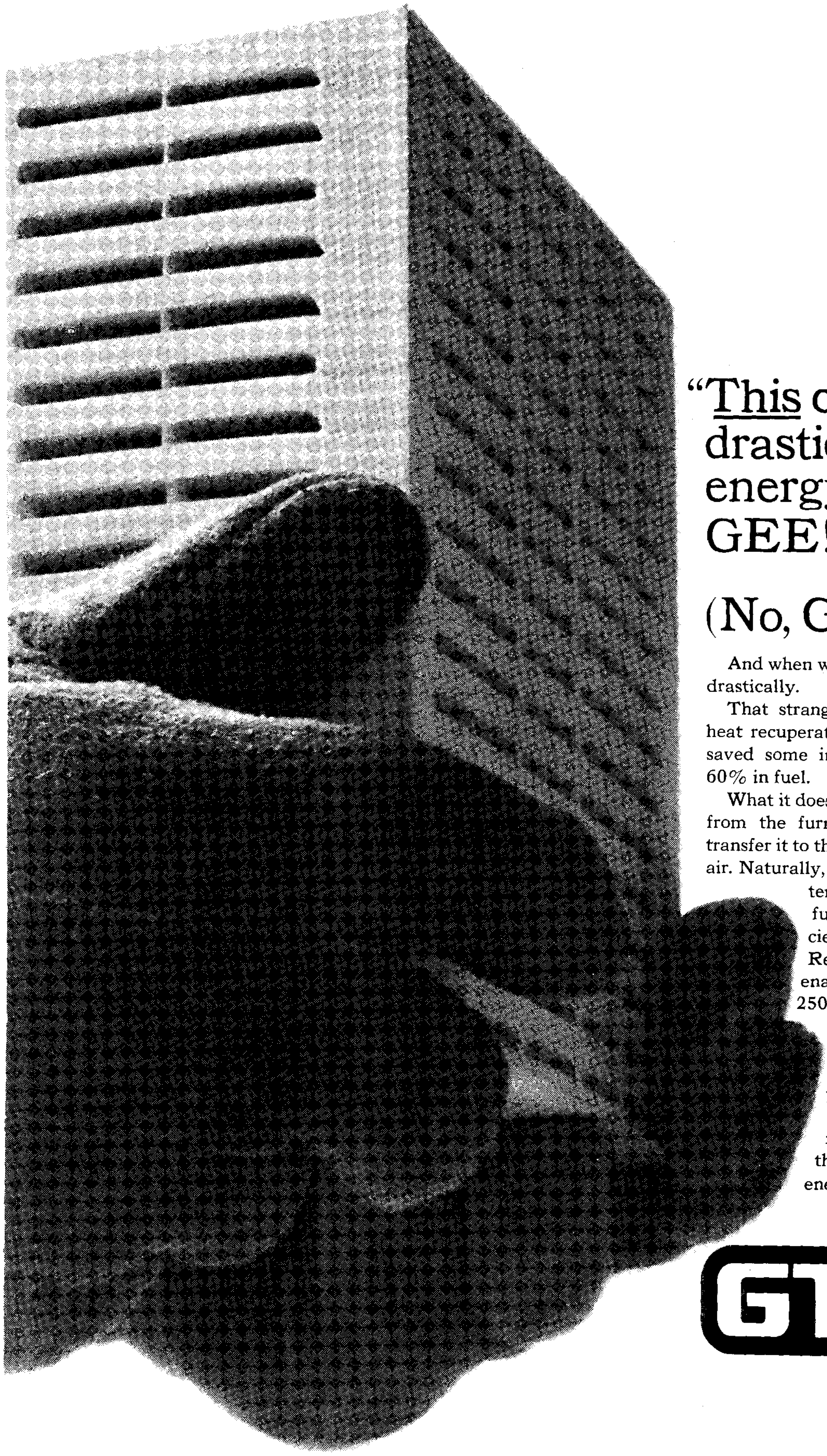

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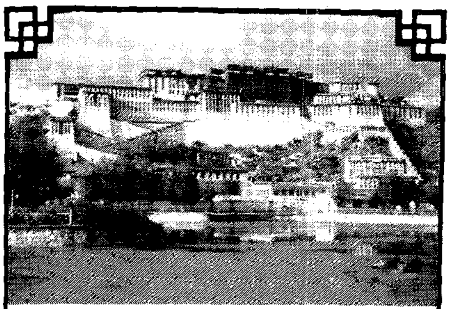
about arms control, and so on—that *he said he knew were on their minds.* "These are good questions," Mondale said. "They deserve good answers, and not loose slogans. What counts is not whether an idea is new or old. What counts is whether it's right or wrong, whether it will work or won't work." Mondale also said, "I believe unashamedly in the core commitments of the Democratic Party." He attacked Hart, saying that his "record gives few clues to his basic values." He said that Hart had said that Reaganomics was a good idea and then said that it was a bad idea. He also said that Hart had supported Reagan budget cuts and then opposed them, that he had supported the Reagan defense budget and then opposed it. (These things are true.) Mondale added, "He has attacked labor unions for supporting me, but only after his own attempts to win their endorsement had failed." (Last year, Hart said that he would like the endorsement of each of the Democratic Party's interest groups, and in filling out a questionnaire submitted by the National Education Association he made the same promises to the organization that Mondale did.) Mondale cited his own record of fighting for civil rights, for children ("And when I ask you to join me in the battle against hunger, disease, and ignorance, I know the meaning of compassion"), his involvement in every fight for arms control. He cited some of the advice he has been receiving lately (and Mondale is receiving a lot of advice): "I'm being advised to adopt what is called a 'shtick'—a gimmick, a catch phrase like 'supply side' or 'new ideas'—and I've said no. Some people are urging me to be more dovish, even though I know the Soviets to be ruthless, dangerous adversaries. I'm being counselled to be more hawkish, even though I know that military force must be the last, and not the first, resort. . . . I am being advised to offend my supporters for the sake of political theatre. . . . I'm being exhorted to go after the upscale, upper-income sway vote, and forget about the average American who has been at the center of my campaigns, whom I've always sought to protect." To all these things, Mondale reiterated, "I say no." He added, "Instead, I'm campaigning on my record, my values, and my vision for the future. I am making promises. I am saying what I will do as President. There may not be enough slogans, but I don't think it lacks in substance." And then Mondale



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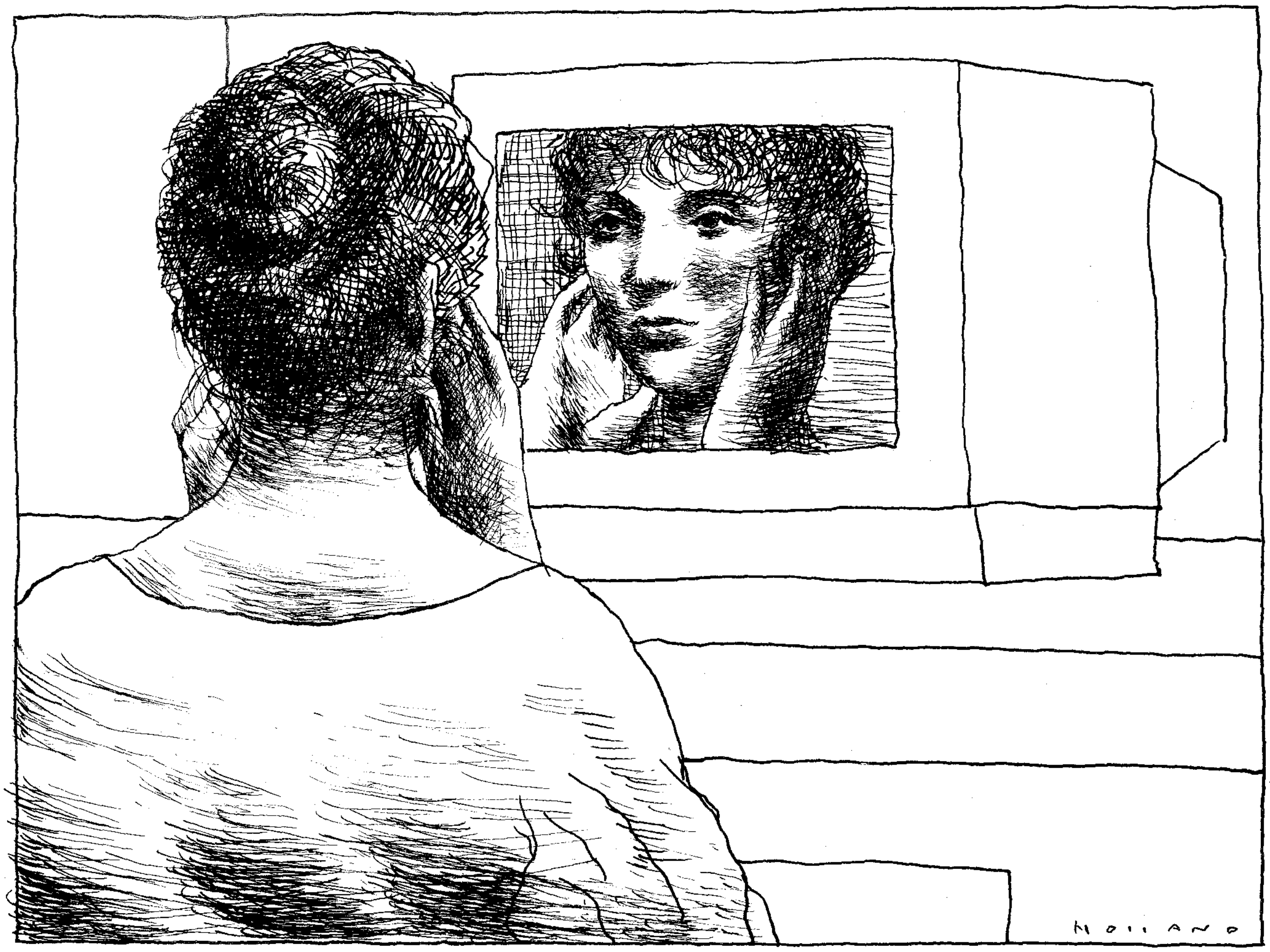

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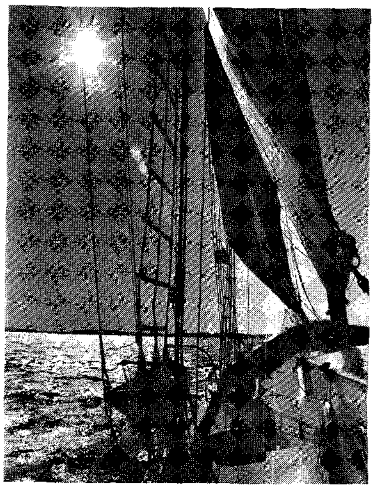
talked in the Emory speech about the things he wanted to do as President, and about the importance of picking a President who's experienced, "who *knows what he's doing*." This speech, too, received little attention.

Mondale's failure to find a clear theme or slogan has, in fact, been a subject of controversy and anxiety within his campaign. Some of his advisers argued that Mondale should find a clear theme to campaign on, but this never occurred, mainly because Mondale didn't think it was necessary. Several of his advisers were concerned that unless Mondale set forth a theme that overarched his politics he would be defined by his politics—an affinity for programs, alliances with interest groups, and so on. At one point early last year, Mondale toyed with a proposal that he set forth the theme of excellence—of improving schools, productivity—as a way of suggesting he would prod the nation (and his backers) to something better, and he talked about this briefly, and then dropped it. In the summer of last year, when the campaign's polling in New Hampshire turned up some negative attitudes toward Mondale, a go was made at getting him to run a strong populist campaign. But while some of the populism survived, the picture was muddied by Mondale's running around receiving the endorsements. Mondale's speech accepting the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement, on October 6th, was the subject of a row within the Mondale camp, with some aides urging Mondale to put his alliance with the labor federation in a larger context of what everyone had to do, including some sacrificing, to make America a better place. Mondale rejected this and made only a fleeting reference to the point. Mondale has simply never accepted the importance of an overarching theme or slogan. His interests are programmatic and alliance-oriented. He likes to talk about a lot of things, and in detail. Getting him to condense his message into three themes at the start of this year—a fairer society, a more competitive America, a safer world—was quite an achievement. He mentioned the lack of a slogan in interviews we had as the campaign proceeded, saying he *thought* one would come along, but he seemed ambivalent, saying also that he felt that the three themes were working. Because Mondale did not define himself with a clear message, he permitted himself to be defined by others. His main theme, that he was experi-



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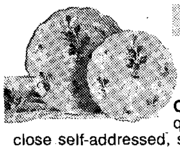

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enced, not only was not enough but backfired.

Yesterday, in Atlanta, in the debate sponsored by the League of Women Voters, Mondale and the other remaining candidates—Glenn, McGovern, and Jackson—all went after Hart, who did not quite do what it seemed that he needed to do: demonstrate that there is substance behind his themes. He passed up some opportunities to do so. In response to a criticism of Hart's theme of "the past versus the future" by McGovern, who said he didn't know what that meant, Hart said that he had sent McGovern his book and his position papers. In the hall, Hart looked pale and somewhat tense, but he came over well on television. Glenn, who has been campaigning in the South on his record as an astronaut and a fighter pilot, attacked Hart's military-reform program, as he has been doing in other appearances, saying that it would deprive the military of the best technology. Glenn also attacked Hart for having said he would use federal projects to bring pressure for approval of the Equal Rights Amendment—a charge that Hart denied. (Hart had actually made the pledge last summer, to the National Women's Political Caucus.) Oddly, Hart chose to refute a charge he said Mondale had made against him (having to do with a vote on the Occupational Safety and Health Administration) that Mondale hadn't made. The "refutation" did enable Hart to assert that he is against excessive government regulation. When Hart suggested that one of the differences between him and Mondale was that "I think we can meet the basic human needs and commitments of the people of this country by restoring entrepreneurship," Mondale, smiling broadly, said, "What's new about becoming entrepreneurs?" And, in a line he had clearly prepared, Mondale said, borrowing from a television commercial, "When I hear your new ideas, I'm reminded of that ad, 'Where's the beef?' " Hart also said that "ninety per cent of the new jobs in this society have come from small businesses." (This is a highly exaggerated figure, put out by representatives of small-business organizations and also by some of the idea brokers.) But Mondale's attacking of Hart had a slightly frantic touch to it, including the closing statement, in which Mondale attacked three Hart positions, rather than make the case for himself.

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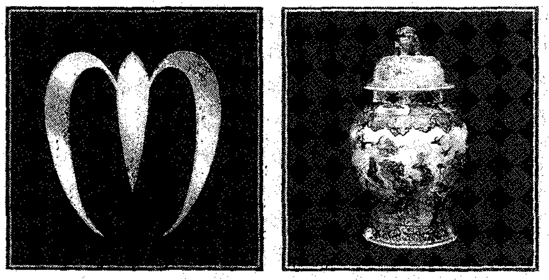

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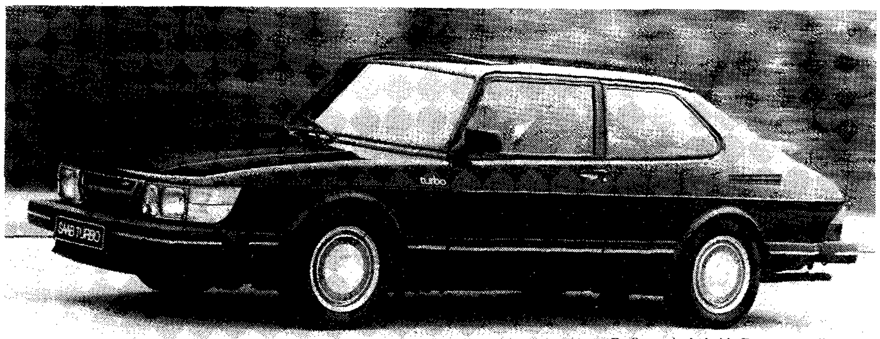

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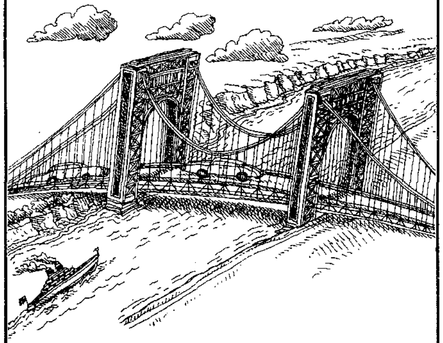

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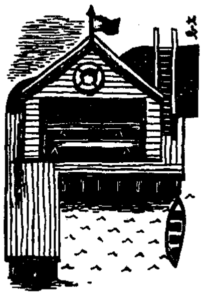
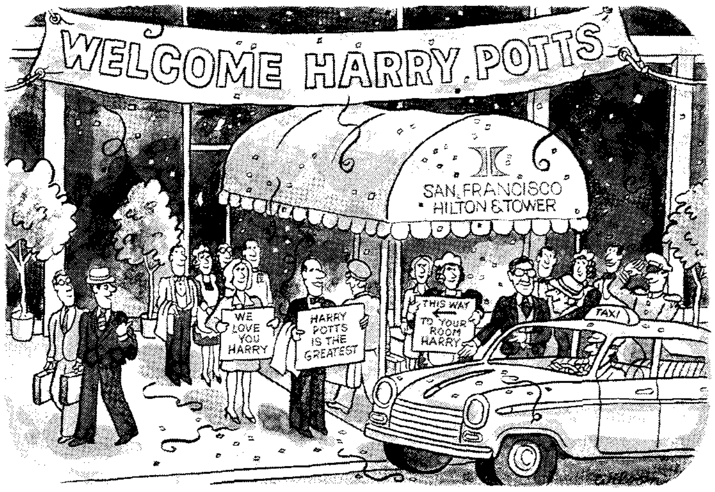
last night, he repeated those attacks, and plans to throughout the day today. The first charge was that Hart (in the Washington *Post* interview) had said that Castro was not a dictator, and that on being asked what he was Hart said, "I don't know." (This is what Hart said.) The second was that Hart, in a recent interview, had said that in case of a war in the Persian Gulf, threatening oil supplies, our allies would be "on their own." The reference is to a recent interview Hart gave to *New York*, and what Hart actually said was "We have to first strive for our own independence from Middle East oil, and then tell our allies, who will always need it, that they can't rely on us when things explode there. There'll be no 82nd Airborne, no American invasion force. We can help with supply, but if they want intervention, this time they're the ones who are going to have to do it." In other statements, Hart has said that he would make a plan with our allies to keep open the Strait of Hormuz, through which the oil is shipped, and that the United States should offer the allies air and sea support if they choose to intervene—but that American lives should not be involved. Mondale, reducing what Hart said to "They're on their own," called this "naïve." Mondale's third charge was against Hart's varying positions on the freeze and the build-down. "On seven different occasions, my opponent took inconsistent, uncertain positions," Mondale said. He says that Hart's record on arms control is "weak." (Hart has been inconsistent on the freeze and the build-down, but he was a strong supporter of the SALT II agreement, and worked hard to try to get it through the Senate.) The point of all this, Mondale said, was that "we need a President who knows what he's doing, who's surefooted and experienced—a President who will enhance our national security and increase the chances for peace." He asked "the voters of Florida" to "pause when you go into the voting booth on Tuesday and ask who is the best qualified person to be the next President." He added, "We've heard so much about new ideas, and finally tonight I said, 'Where are those ideas? Where's the beef?' " He said, as he had said in the debate, "We are not electing momentum." And last night he added, "We're not electing a can of hair spray." Mondale is doing what he can to slow Hart down, and has come back to the theme with which he began his campaign: "I'm ready." It hasn't turned out to be a very exciting theme, but it's the one his people obviously now feel places Mondale in the best contrast with Hart. And they say that the one negative about Hart that they are picking up in their polling and phone canvassing is doubt whether he is experienced enough to be President.



The Mondale people have been on an emotional roller coaster of their own of late. They had to absorb the shock of the idea that they might in fact lose. They hit bottom in the middle of last week, when it appeared from the polls that Hart was pulling even with Mondale, or ahead of him, in all three of the big Southern states. In the last couple of days, Mondale has been seen to be pulling ahead in Alabama and catching up with Hart in Florida, and now the race in Georgia looks neck and neck. All things being relative, the Mondale people have taken these latest entrails as a good sign—that perhaps Hart is indeed being slowed. Mondale's schedule for the past week has gone through several changes. He did get Coretta King and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., to endorse him last week, but Andrew Young, though known to be sympathetic to Mondale, remained technically neutral. On Saturday, Mondale joined Jimmy Carter at a fund-raising picnic in Plains, and there has been much to-do over whether or not this was a good idea. But the event had been scheduled some time ago, and it would have been graceless to cancel it, as some urged; besides, the prevailing view in the Mondale camp is that Mondale's tie to Carter is helpful in Georgia. Mondale has told his staff to level with him about what the figures show. Maxine Isaacs, Mondale's press secretary, says, "This has been a very frank period."

MIAMI BEACH. Mondale is addressing a fairly large crowd, made up of elderly people and union members, at an outdoor rally in the southern end of Miami Beach. It is a warm, sunny day, and the crowd is seated on chairs facing a bandstand. A band and balloons are here, to put some festiveness into the occasion, but there is something sad about it. Mondale has been introduced, at some length, by Claude Pepper, an eighty-three-year-old Florida congressman who is known as a champion of the elderly. Mondale is exhausted, and has pouches beneath his eyes, and a sunburn from his many outdoor appearances in the past days. But, despite his fatigue, he manages to stand there and talk vigorously—about the importance of the issue of war and peace in the election, and of values. "You've been around a long time," Mondale says. "You've seen this country in good times and in bad times. You've seen us at war and you've seen us at peace. You've seen us when we've been generous and kind and caring and you've seen us when we've been selfish and hateful. And you know what a President means. He can lead us to our best, he can lead us toward the future, he can lead us toward peace, he can lead us toward generosity and caring, or he can lead us in the direction of our lesser angels. A President is so important to all of us. And I seek the Presidency because I want to lead us toward those broader purposes again." He says, "There are no statues to Harding or Hoover, but there are to the Lincolns, the Roosevelts, and to the Kennedys, who have asked us to be generous and caring." He quotes, as he has throughout the campaign, Lincoln's saying we should have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and says, "I am the candidate talking again about a generous America, and I'm not just talking—I mean it." And, as is his wont, he says, "Give me your help and you'll have a friend in that White House." The contrast between the presentations made by Mondale here in south Miami Beach today and Hart in the more affluent North Beach last week is interesting. They struck many of the same notes, but differently: Mondale is passionate, indignant, reminding these people of his years at their side, throwing himself on their mercy; Hart was collected, stylish, introducing himself to those people and making a case for letting the younger generation take charge. Now Mondale talks about the importance of having "a President who measures up to the awesome responsibility of that job" and who "will insure our national security," and "a President who knows what he's doing," and he makes the three attacks on Hart. During his talk, Mondale's voice gives out on him temporarily, and he seems to cut his remarks short. At a brief press conference afterward, he is asked if he is saying that Gary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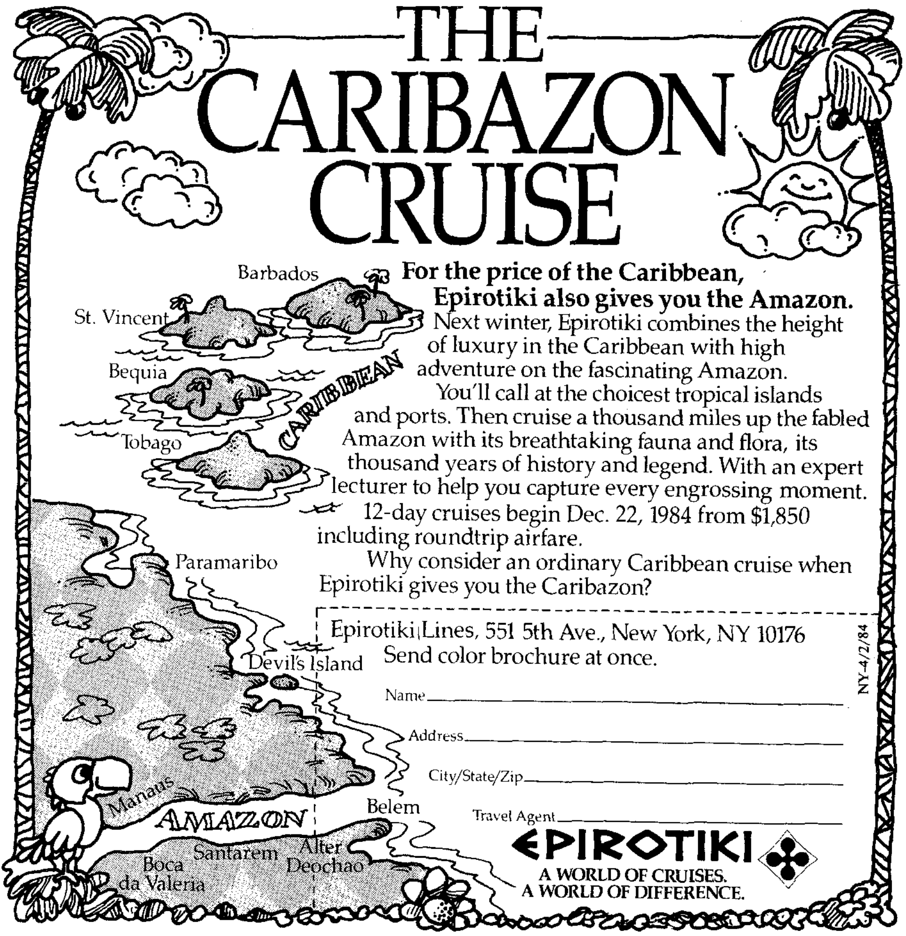

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Hart is insensitive. He replies, "I'm talking about my policies, the key points of difference; it's a matter of emphasis." He says, "Claude Pepper knows there's a difference between people who just vote right and those who are heavily, deeply, and emotionally involved in the great issues of our times. These big issues, like Social Security, civil rights, women's rights, the other great questions of justice in our country—they're not won just by people who appear on the right side as the battle ends. They're won by people who were there at the beginning of the battle and fight all the way through and make the difference."

I HAVE an interview with Mondale as he rides back to the Miami airport. He says that he feels "liberated, in the sense that I got that front-runner thing off my shoulders," which may or may not be the case. I ask him to explain further, and he says, "Well, I didn't realize it at the time, but there's a funny psychology to being the alleged front-runner." Then, waving back to a group of people who have waved to him, he says, "You see, people are pulling for me now. They know I need their help. It feels a lot better than when people are just asked to approve, approve. So I like that. I find I hit the issues harder, too. It loosens you up." He continues, "The worst mistake we made was letting Hart have a month or more of making those criticisms without answering. That was a bad mistake. But, I thought, I didn't want to fight with yet another person if I could help it, so that we could put the Party together. It didn't work out that way. We did what we thought was right at the time. Hindsight is a great thing. We thought it through. But it's clear that, while the polls were slow to respond, those unanswered charges came to be believed by too many people, and it was that perception that then began cutting against me."

I ask Mondale if it bothers him that the kind of approach Hart is using might be working.

"Yes," he replies. "See, if you look at Gary's pitch, it's all shaped by pollsters, not by substance. 'We need new ideas, not old, not the past.' What's that got to do with anything? It's all posturing. It tends to be a generational argument when in fact the key issues I'm talking about deal with the problems of all generations. And I believe that it has little to do with the problems of the Presidency. What I've got

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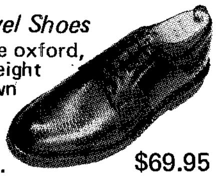

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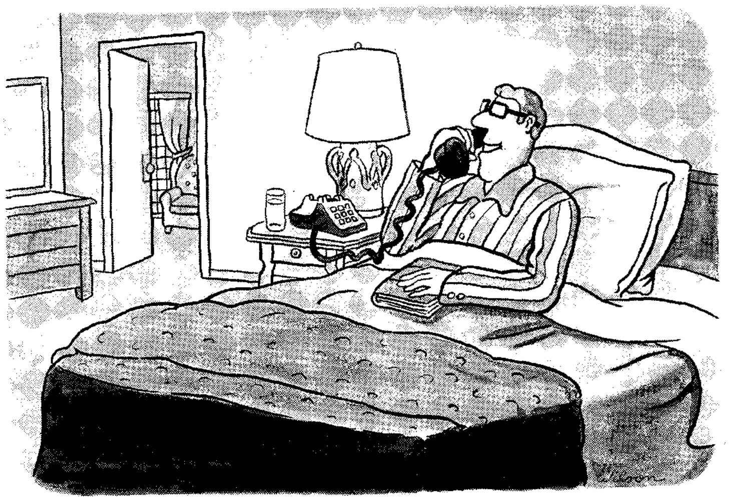
to do is get the issue back. In the debate last night, I kept trying to pull him down from this posturing to reality, where real issues are decided." Referring to his speech at Emory University, Mondale talks now about "what you would do if you looked on this younger generation as cynical—you'd probably talk about new versus old, and you'd probably make an appeal based on a generous amount of self-interest and a modest amount of generosity. If you look at the appeal, that's what it is." Mondale is disturbed at what he sees as basically an isolationist approach to foreign policy by Hart, and by his calling for, among his tax proposals, a consumption tax, which critics say would be harder on the average earners, who must spend a higher percentage of their income, than on those better off. Mondale continues, "I believe that the Democratic Party is the trustee of justice in this country. I believe there's a lot of fights to be won and a lot of progress to be preserved. That will only occur with a strong President who believes as I do. I want to hear, and haven't heard, Senator Hart speak to those questions that I find persuasive. I haven't heard it. And that's sacred to me."

I suggest to Mondale that his saying "I am who I am" seems to be a way of trying to get at Hart on a couple of levels.

"That's right," he replies. "It's a contrast argument. It's also my way of saying that I'll do what I'm saying. Look, to be what I call 'a people's Democrat' is almost a cultural decision. It's considered out of style by many. The easiest thing to do in public life is to ignore these vulnerable folks. I don't say that to be noble. It's really trendy to ignore them today. There's also the question of realism about the world in which we live. Presidents don't get to eat off a clean plate. You've got to be tough, you've got to see the world as it really is; from time to time, force must be used. You've got to work with your allies, which means you give as well as take. You have to be able to manage several miserable problems simultaneously and keep a theme and a purpose apparent to the public. And that gets to the question of being ready for the job."

I ask Mondale if he is surprised by what has been happening.

"Yes," he replies. "What I was surprised at was the way in which one victory just seemed to sweep the country, unattended by substance. You can read the papers any day: Man in the



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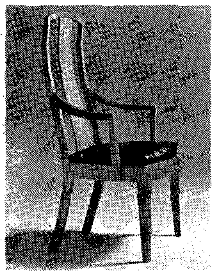

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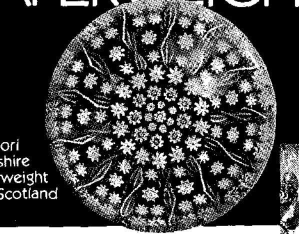

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street: 'I'm for Hart.' 'Why?' 'I don't know. I'm for his new ideas.' 'What are they?' 'Can't think of any.' But I think that's changing now."

It is clearly important to Mondale that, whatever happens, he end up with people thinking that he gave it a good fight—that he was a scrapper, and not a quitter. (His having got out of the 1976 Presidential race in 1974, saying, "I don't think anyone should be President who is not willing to go through fire," and the questions this raised about whether he had "fire in the belly" seem to be something he now wants to live down.) Mondale talks often about not wanting to disappoint his children, and this seems to be a truly important thing to him. His dignity is obviously very important to him, and he clearly wants to be seen as having fought for the things he believes in.

Gingerly, I bring up with Mondale ("That's O.K., go ahead," he says) the question of when the time comes to recognize that a campaign might be, as Johnson put it in a conversation we had at the outset of the year, politically dead, even though the race is not technically over. I ask Mondale how he thinks about that.

He replies, "Look, my career has been one, I believe, of recognizing reality. But reality now is that we've got a big fight here, with some important questions, and I believe it's starting to resonate. I think we're coming back. The debate has begun. And I believe that my people are working harder, are more energized, and I think we're starting to make the case. And I'm confident I'm going to be nominated. But it's going to be a lot tougher than I had originally assumed."

MUSCLE SHOALS, ALABAMA. Mondale has made three more airport stops—in Orlando, Jacksonville, and Atlanta—and now, this evening, has come back to this industrial area in the northwestern part of Alabama, a relatively conservative area, where he was on his Southern swing at the outset of the year. That seems like a year ago now. At each of the airports, Mondale was met by a cluster of people sent out by the unions and the teachers' organizations. His constituency seems circumscribed now; no one else seems to come to see him. One wonders whether he could ever attract the constituency Hart is attracting. It is a cultural clash that is going on in the Democratic Party now, and the chasm, once opened, may be hard to bridge. At each stop, Mondale made the same attacks on Hart (and included Hart's proposal for a ten-dollar-a-barrel tax on imported oil). Often, Mondale said he didn't think that Hart had thought through something he had said. At each stop, the press tried to get him to go further: Are you saying that Senator Hart is naïve? How would you characterize what you are saying about him? And each time Mondale resisted. He is trying to walk a very delicate line. For all his brave talk, he is not unconscious of the fact that it is possible that Hart will be the Party's nominee and that he will be campaigning for Hart. Throughout the day, Mondale has shown remarkable resilience—though at times, because of the fatigue, he slurred his words—and has kept his sense of humor. Still, there was something unnoble about what Mondale was doing, and something frantic about it. Sadly, it evoked Hubert Humphrey toward the end of his 1972 nomination fight against McGovern. The show that Mondale has put on today may have been necessary, as some members of his staff believe, but it was not Mondale at his best—the decent, passionate, committed, funny man that people who know him see but that he has not got across in this campaign. The campaign's predominant theory now is that there is little incremental value, or potential coverage, in Mondale's talking about the positive things he talked about earlier. But what if he talked about what he stood for in some arresting way? Moreover, the message he does have is cluttered. It is not necessarily an encouraging thing that the importance and power of television put a premium on the punchy, memorable slogan, but that is the given with which Mondale must operate, and he knows it, even if he does not accept it. The theory behind what Mondale has been doing today is, as Johnson puts it, to "raise the stakes"—to set forth three areas involving national security in which Hart, as Mondale sees it, has fallen short, and to raise the question in the voters' minds of whether Hart is ready to be President.

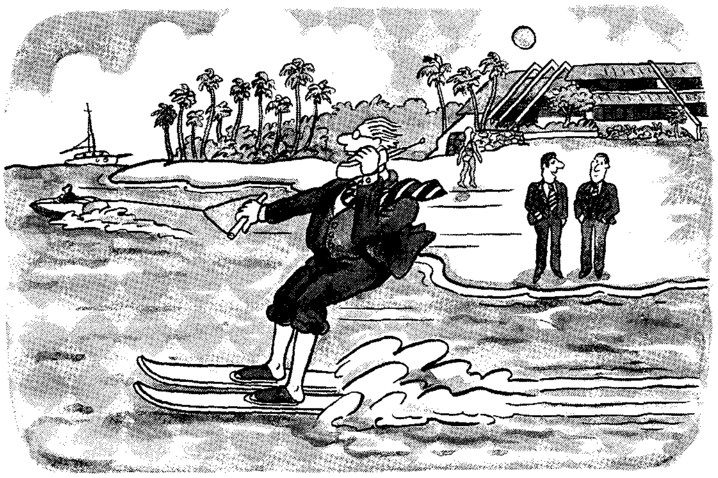
On the plane from Atlanta to Muscle Shoals, Johnson told me, "The challenge in the eight days we've had since Maine has been to find some way to bring Hart out of the stratosphere, where he's sailing along with little resistance, with little substance, and without much focus on whether he'd be a good President. We've done that in two ways: consistently talking about how important the decision the voters will make is; and, through a wide variety of issues, to raise the question of who he is and what he really stands for—to raise enough questions to create a sense that people should pause." Johnson drew an analogy with the situation that the Mondale people felt they faced last fall in regard to Glenn. He said, "If we're going to face Glenn as a hero, a nonpolitician, an astronaut, that's dangerous business. The same thing is true with Gary Hart. If we're going to face Gary Hart as a movie star, the next generation, that's tough to win. If we face Gary Hart on who's better prepared, who has better values, who's better on key issues, that's winnable." Johnson continued, "It's clear to me that Hart's greatest area of vulnerability right now is people's feeling he has not crossed the threshold of being a President. What we're doing today is identifying national security as the preëminent responsibility of the President, showing three statements or positions that are not thought through, and suggesting that that's indicative of somebody who's not surefooted. That helps us draw a contrast and make a point. It's clear to me that if Hart continues to fly on his own without serious questions being asked about who he is or what his values are or whether he's sufficiently sophisticated and thoughtful to be the next President, then he's not likely to be stopped. It's a fairly straightforward theory."

Johnson is a great one for planning ahead, and, while there are some plans he has made, and a lot of planning has gone into the forthcoming efforts in Michigan and Illinois, the circumstances are such that, as Johnson puts it, "so much strategy flows from the weekly results now." With the exception of Alabama, about which the Mondale people are nervously confident, they simply don't know what will happen in the two other states in the South tomorrow. Massachusetts and Rhode Island and the Western states aren't even mentioned anymore.

I asked Johnson whether Illinois would be affected by what happened in the South tomorrow.

"Of course," he replied. "Everything affects everything now."

At a press conference at the Atlanta airport, Mondale challenged Hart to a debate before each of the major contests remaining—"up to California, if necessary." He added, under questioning, that it would be fine if the other remaining candidates participated. Mon-



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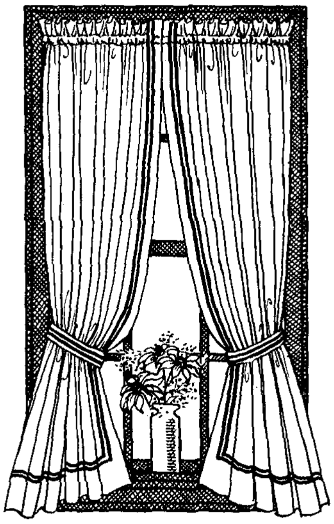

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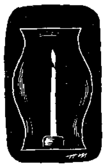
dale and his aides feel that they did make headway against Hart in the debate yesterday, but the challenge was laid down at the Atlanta airport also to keep the story of the debate alive in the Atlanta media market, and to let the Mondale people know that Mondale intends to fight on. Also, it was another move in the strategy of, as Johnson puts it, "getting Hart into the game."



At a spirited rally at a Holiday Inn in Muscle Shoals—a rock band, balloons, confetti—Mondale strikes another theme that he suggested earlier in the day. "The South has not yet been given a chance to speak," he says. This is an ironic echo of Hart's appeal to the voters of New Hampshire to speak for themselves, and not accept the dictates of the Party "establishment." Mondale points out that unemployment in the area is nearly twenty per cent, and he says, "I'm a people's Democrat. And I'm for jobs and employment and giving people a chance to care for themselves with dignity and pride." He makes the same arguments he has been making against Hart all day, but then he returns to the Mondale that appeared here earlier this year—even talking, as he did then, about the overvalued dollar, and its effect on exports. Talking to this predominantly labor audience, he says, "I've been kicked around a little bit for fighting for American workers. They say that's a special interest. It's an interest that's special to me and I'm proud of it. What's wrong with that?" He continues, "In this country of ours, working men and women are American citizens entitled to the dignity and all the rights that the law gives to workers." As he has done before, he tells of his own background, and then he says, "You should be entitled to decent Social Security. You should be entitled to a safe job. Your kids should have a chance to go on to college or vocational school. When you retire, you ought to be certain that that Social Security and that Medicare are there. If you're black or if you're brown or if you're a woman, never should it be possible to discriminate against you. You are an American in the fullest sense of the word, and those laws ought to be enforced. When you're handicapped, retarded, or whatever, you've got some rights, too, in this country. You should have some opportunity for the fullness of life. And when you're hungry in this great country of ours it ought to be possible to eat. And when you're homeless it ought to be possible to find some shelter." Mondale is speaking with feeling now. Then he says quietly, "I'm not a fancy candidate. I'm down-home." He asks, "When you pick your President, pick someone who shares your views. Pick someone who cares about you. Pick someone who hurts when you hurt. Pick someone with some guts." He says, "All my life I've fought for the people—that's where I'm coming from, that's what I believe in, it's what America is all about. If you'll fight for me tomorrow, when I get in that White House I'll fight for you." Mondale pumps as much energy into his speech as an exhausted man can, and it goes over well with this audience, but it is old-fashioned talk, not cut out for television; he's correct that it isn't stylish. In the course of his talk, Mondale says, "Roosevelt in the darkest days of the Depression said something I often quote. I don't know if I can get the words right, but it's what I think is the issue in 1984." Then, paraphrasing Roosevelt, he says, "He said, 'Governments can err, Presidents do make mistakes. But the Divine Judge tells us that he measures the sins of the coldhearted and the mistakes of the warm-blooded on different scales. Better the occasional faults,' he said, 'of a government operating in the spirit of charity than the sins of omission of government frozen in the ice of its own indifference.' "

THE Birmingham airport. Another statement, another press conference. More union and teachers'-organization representatives on hand to meet Mondale, as is Richard Arrington, the black mayor of Birmingham, who endorsed Mondale during his swing through here at the first of the year. (There seem to be no young faces around Mondale at these stops.) Arrington's support and the relatively strong power of the unions in Alabama are what make the Mondale people hopeful about carrying the state tomorrow. Moreover, Alabama has higher unemployment than the two other states, and is poorer than they are. Mondale beams, just as he did a little over two months ago, as Arrington makes a spirited case for him. Then, after raising the questions about Hart he has raised all day, Mondale says, "Compare our records on people's issues. All my life, I've fought for people. I've got the guts to stand

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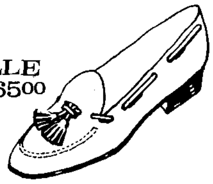

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THE Mobile airport. It is now 9:40 P.M. Eastern time (an hour earlier here), and this is the last stop of the day before flying on to Atlanta for the night. Tomorrow, before flying back to Washington, Mondale will greet people at a subway stop in Atlanta. No leaving the state before election day this time, whether it makes that much difference or not. Now, on a dark, rainy night, about four hundred people—who seem, once again, to have been organized by the unions and the teachers—are gathered inside a hangar for a rally for Mondale. The sound of their cheers resonates in the hangar. This probably makes Mondale feel as good as he can, under the circumstances. He makes his points against Hart, and he says, "We need a President concerned with fairness," and goes through some of the things he said earlier in Muscle Shoals: "I'm a people's Democrat. Nothing fancy. Down-home. What you see is what you get."

MARCH 14

WASHINGTON. Last night, Hart won Florida (thirty-nine per cent to thirty-three per cent for Mondale, with Jackson getting twelve per cent and Glenn eleven); Mondale won Alabama easily, with Glenn and Hart virtually tied for second; and Mondale squeaked out a victory in Georgia (thirty per cent to twenty-seven per cent, with Jackson getting twenty-one and Glenn coming in fourth). Glenn, for whom this was to have been a big day, won nowhere, and is expected to drop out soon. His campaign is in debt. Hart won Massachusetts (McGovern, who came in third, will drop out) and Rhode Island. He also won in Nevada and Oklahoma and the state of Washington, where Mondale had the support of a number of political leaders and had once expected to do well. Mondale won thirty-two per cent of the vote in Hawaii, but sixty-three per cent supported uncommitted delegates. So Mondale got a breather. (He also got most of the delegates out of the contests, but there are twenty-two delegates in Florida whose allegiance is unknown.) It is clear that if Jackson had not been in the race, competing for black votes, Mondale would have done better. As in the earlier contests, Mondale's support consisted of blacks, the elderly, the poor, and union fami-

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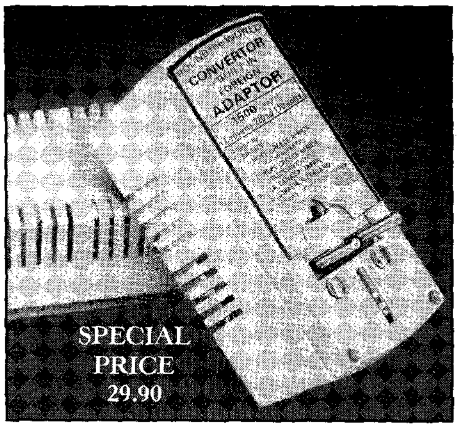

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lies, while Hart did best among the younger and more affluent, and independents. (However, Hart got most of the labor vote in Massachusetts.) On television last night, Hart, with justification, said that the results showed that he was a national candidate. Hart said, "The voters of Massachusetts, of Florida and Rhode Island, indeed of Georgia and Alabama —I hope some of the Western caucus states—have joined the ranks of those in New England and in Wyoming who have said that the politics of the past will not address the challenges of the nineteen-eighties." The Mondale people were encouraged by the fact that exit polls indicated that those who made up their minds shortly before the vote went more for Mondale than for Hart. Mondale, on television, tried to set the stage for a long fight. He said, "What looked like it might be a hundred-yard dash, first for me, then for Senator Hart, is now going to be a marathon—maybe right into the San Francisco Convention."

March 21

Walter Mondale's victory in the Illinois primary last night gave the campaign a new, if uncertain, shape. Mondale's victory was decisive, especially given the circumstances he was up against. He won forty-one per cent of the vote to Hart's thirty-five per cent and Jackson's twenty-one per cent, with Jackson winning about four-fifths of the black vote, much of which would otherwise presumably have gone to Mondale. Mondale also won a large majority of the hundred and seventy-one delegates at stake in Illinois, giving him, at this point, six hundred and forty in all; Hart, three hundred and fifty-eight; and Jackson, seventy-two. Glenn and McGovern dropped out of the race last week. According to the exit polls, Mondale won a higher percentage of the labor vote than he had in some of the earlier contests, and, as usual, he did better than Hart among the elderly and the poorer voters; but, for the first time, he held his own with Hart among suburban voters. And he won more of the younger votes than he had before. Also, as was to be expected, Mondale did well in the caucuses in his home state of Minnesota last night.

Mondale's victories in yesterday's contests followed successes on Saturday in Michigan and Arkansas and, on Sunday, in Puerto Rico. He was expected to win in Michigan, which conducted hard-to-get-to caucuses in which the United Auto Workers played a strong hand. Mondale was also supported in Michigan by James Blanchard, the governor, and Coleman Young, the mayor of Detroit and a black. Moreover, in Michigan Mondale stood to benefit from his favoring "domestic content" legislation, which would require that all cars sold in the United States contain a certain percentage of United States parts and labor (Hart is opposed), and from his attack on Hart's having opposed legislation to provide a federal financial "bailout" of the Chrysler Corporation. (The Chrysler bailout was successful.) The Michigan contest was one of those that were moved up earlier in the calendar, at the behest of Mondale people, who had thought that they might need Michigan at that point to slow down Glenn if he did well in the South on the thirteenth. Had Mondale lost Michigan, it would have been a very bad sign for him.

The turnout in Michigan was higher than expected, and Mondale won with forty-nine per cent of the vote, to Hart's thirty-one per cent and Jackson's sixteen per cent. In Mississippi, which also held caucuses on Saturday, and where Mondale had been expected to win, he received thirty per cent of the vote, and Uncommitted received thirty per cent of the vote, while Jackson received twenty-eight per cent and Hart twelve per cent. In Arkansas, Mondale received thirty-six per cent, Jackson thirty-four per cent, Hart twenty-four per cent. In South Carolina, which also held caucuses Saturday, over fifty per cent of the votes went to Uncommitted, twenty-five per cent to Jackson, twelve per cent to Hart, and ten per cent to Mondale. Fritz Hollings, who is a South Carolina senator, endorsed Hart after he himself dropped out of the race. South Carolina has a tradition of voting for Uncommitted. The allocation of the delegates in the Southern contests may be a point of dispute at the Convention, because in some areas Jackson did not receive delegates in proportion to his votes. But in some places the rules worked to his advantage. (The rules actually worked to Mondale's disadvantage in Mississippi.) The meaning of the outcome in Puerto Rico, where Mondale received ninety-nine per cent of the vote, is not clear, since the Hart camp did not participate in the primary and conducted its own set of caucuses.

The real questions about what happened in Illinois have to do with what

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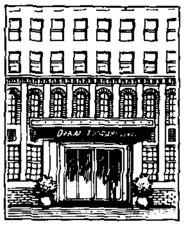

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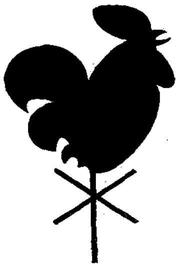
For a copy of our A PLACE APART *brochure, write* WAILEA, Box [illegible], Honolulu, HI [illegible] it means in terms of the dynamic of the race from now on, and also its content. Once again, the "late deciders," according to the exit polls, broke for Mondale. This led to some belief that Hart, who had gone roaring into Illinois on the same wave that carried him out of New Hampshire, may have had his "momentum" broken. Perhaps the voters were asking more questions about him, or perhaps it was simply that Illinois is a very different kind of state from those that Hart has been winning in so far. (And, like Alabama, it has above-average unemployment.) A poll taken by the Mondale campaign showed Hart thirteen points ahead of Mondale on the Thursday before the primary, and as late as Saturday Hart was leading Mondale by eight points in the Washington *Post*-ABC News poll. Mondale slugged away at Hart and may have succeeded in getting him "into the game," in Johnson's term, and in getting the argument onto the ground he wants—which man is best suited to be President. At the same time, Hart became the subject of much tougher examination by the media—with continuing questions being raised about his name and age changes, and also about contradictory positions Hart had been taking. And Hart himself made some mistakes, which reflected the fact that his campaign organization is stretched very thin and is not deep in experience, and the mistakes played into Mondale's hands. Hart criticized Mondale for allegedly having run an ad raising questions aboout his name and age changes, and when the Mondale camp said that no such ad existed Hart had to retract and apologize. Then Hart ran an ad specifically criticizing Mondale for his tie to Vrdolyak, and then he said he hadn't approved the ad and had ordered it taken off the air, but in fact it remained on the air for another two days. Mondale, leaping on this, said, "Here's a person who says he wants to be the President of the United States and he says he can run the federal government, and he can't get an ad off TV—that he pays for—in forty-eight hours." So Hart, in trying to make Mondale's involvement in Chicago's factional politics costly to Mondale, got dragged in himself. Mondale remained on the attack throughout, charging, in his appearances and in his ads, that Hart was "naïve" and "unsure, unsteady, and untested." The Hart people feel that Hart has been hurt in recent days, and slowed down, by the increasing number of questions being raised about him. As a matter of fact, for all their discounting of the Michigan caucuses, there was a time when the Hart people had a glimmer of hope that they could win them, then win in Illinois, and have a quick victory. Some of his advisers also feel that Hart went off the beam in the last few days, and erred in making the case more against Reagan than against Mondale, and that the differences between Hart and Mondale, such as they are, have to be drawn more sharply. In addition, it was believed within the Hart camp that Hart had to show what his approaches to government would actually be. The slogan, it was feared, might be wearing thin.



The nature of the attacks Mondale made, and Hart's eventual response, may have opened up a wound in the Democratic Party that will be difficult to reheal in time. Of all things, the two major candidates were refighting the Party's battle over Vietnam. Mondale kept up the attack on Hart for seeming to place a lower priority on "compassion," and criticized him for not having been as involved in civil-rights fights as he himself had been. But the real fissure came on foreign policy. In a speech before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations last Wednesday, Mondale attacked Hart for embracing what Mondale portrayed as an isolationist approach. He criticized Hart again on the subjects of Castro, the Persian Gulf, and arms control. He also set forth some of the arms-control proposals he had made earlier in the campaign. The arms-control point was to place Mondale on the liberal side of the foreign-policy argument, but the rest of his case placed him elsewhere, and this was the emphasis that came across. "I offer a strong, experienced, and mature internationalism that would strengthen us by strengthening our alliances," Mondale said. "Mr. Hart has introduced a strange new vision of our role in the world that threatens to weaken our crucial alliances, and either ignores or underestimates what I think history teaches us." He said that what Hart says about the real enemy in the Third World being hunger, poverty, and disease is "partly true . . . but it's only part of the truth." He said, "The people of Afghanistan and Cambodia could tell Gary Hart about

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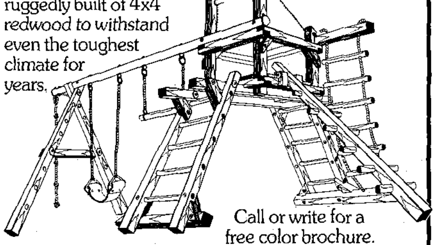
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the other part," and he also mentioned Poland. Mondale criticized Hart for calling for "unilateral withdrawal of American forces in Central America," saying that he didn't think that had been thought through. And, while criticizing the Administration's policy and saying he would work with the Contadora group—Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Colombia—Mondale also said that he would withdraw only part of the American forces stationed in Honduras until Nicaragua agreed to certain conditions. "We *have* made mistakes in the past in the use of American strength," Mondale said, adding, "Guilt is not a foreign policy." Again, in the final days, there was a certain frantic appearance to Mondale's attacks, and he again evoked the picture of Humphrey in 1972, or of a man more in tune with the foreign-policy views of the late Henry Jackson than had been generally understood. (But it worked, just as Mondale's attacks in the final days before March 13th seemed to work.) In fact, Mondale's roots are in the internationalism of old liberalism, and he came of political age during the Cold War. But in opening up this fight Mondale was opening up a big one—one that presented certain dangers to him. Yet when one is fighting for political survival, as Mondale has been, one uses what one can, since there may be no tomorrow to worry about. The Mondale people also made the political calculations that the approach Mondale was taking would keep some ethnic, blue-collar voters from defecting from him, and also that those voters who are attracted to the kinds of foreign-policy statements Hart has been making would not support Mondale anyway. They also felt that should Mondale get the nomination this foreign-policy approach would put him in a less vulnerable position against Reagan. But until then there were no deep divisions over issues among the Democrats. Inevitably, Hart came back at Mondale for having supported the Vietnam War for so long—a criticism he had made in a speech in Council Bluffs in January. Hart said, "A reading of Mr. Mondale's comments about Central America last week . . . suggests he has not learned the lesson of Vietnam." Hart also said, "On the greatest foreign issue of our time, Walter Mondale did not question our policy until the rest of the Democratic Party was already in dissent." Mondale replied, "Vietnam was a mistake, and I was part of that mistake in the early years. . . . But the lesson from

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Vietnam is not that we should forgo power everywhere at all times."

The two men also started an argument that will carry over into the next big contest, in New York, on April 3rd. This was over whether Hart had "flip-flopped" on the question of moving the American Embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. In a debate held in Chicago on Sunday night, Hart said that he favored moving the Embassy, without qualification. His press secretary, Kathy Bushkin, said this was a new position, but his Washington office claimed that he had taken it for some time, as did Hart—when there was ample evidence that he had not. (When I saw him at his Miami Beach appearance a couple of weeks ago, he was conditional on this matter.) Now the fight will go to Connecticut, which holds its primary on March 27th, and which, since Connecticut is a heavily suburban and an affluent state, Hart is expected to win, and to the big states of New York and Pennsylvania. (The Mondale campaign, as a result of having spent a large amount of money early, in an attempt to get the nomination contest over quickly, is now nearing the legal spending ceiling, and it has had to cut salaries and let people go. The Mondale people had assumed that all the other candidates would be running out of money at this point.) Jackson, as a result of his ability to win black votes (if not much else), will remain a presence and, as was prefigured at the outset, will make certain demands at the Convention—demands that if met would not please all segments of the Party. Given the divisions in the Party that have been demonstrated, and are growing, even if Mondale should manage to get the nomination it would not be a nomination of the sort he and his people had hoped for at the outset—one that was settled on early and without rancor, or damage to him. There is a view that this fight has toughened Mondale and brought him into sharper focus—but the result of the trade-off can't be known until later. Hart is now facing a rougher time than he had been until quite recently; last night, on television, he seemed shaken and defensive. The Democrats could still get lucky, of course, and perhaps could close the divisions that have been opened, but as of right now—right now being all one can safely consider, the way things have been going—there is a growing question as to whether the Democratic nomination will be much worth having.

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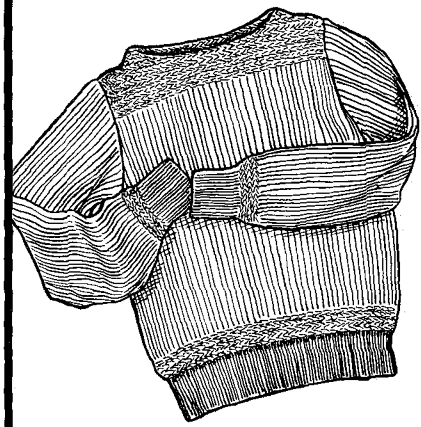

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THE THEATRE

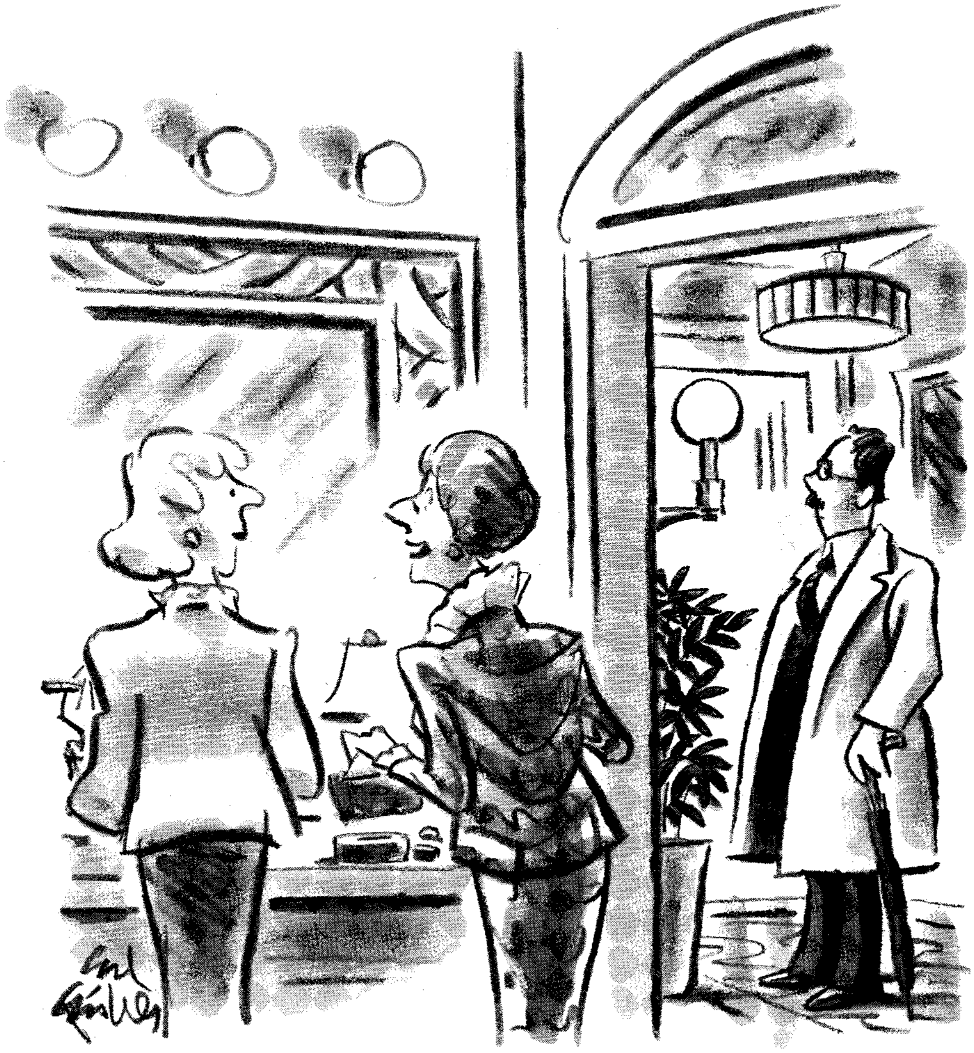
The Lower Depths

OF the seven men who make up the cast of David Mamet's dazzling new comedy, "Glengarry Glen Ross" (at the John Golden), five are in the real-estate business, one is a client, and the other is a cop. The real-estate men speak a brand of gutter English caustic enough to rust pig iron; except for the title, scarcely a phrase in the play is likely to be heard in ordinary social discourse, and the title itself suffers from the defect of being almost as instantly forgettable as it is chaste. The Chicago real-estate firm for which the five men work is peddling a pair of Florida developments called Glengarry and Glen Ross, but why these developments should bear names that puts one in mind of Scotch whiskeys instead of sea and sand we never learn; Mr. Mamet may be inserting a private joke of some kind here. In any event, the humor of the distance between the fancy names of the developments and the vile manners and crooked practices of the employees of the firm emerges only as the plot unfolds. Perhaps in some later production of this exceptionally well-written play the author will consider adopting a more straightforward title, such as "Dirty Tricks" or "Dog Eat Dog."

The question of the stunningly coarse language of "Glengarry Glen Ross" has to be faced in order to be disposed of. No doubt it is the authentic patois of the characters that Mamet has chosen to depict, and, just as he succeeded in doing in his "American Buffalo," he lures us little by little into accepting it as a sort of heightened lyric diction—Emily Dickinson turned upside down (if, infected by Mamet's muse, I may be permitted so robust a figure of speech). The reiteration of half a dozen pungent Anglo-Saxon monosyllables ends by achieving, for many of us, a certain bel-canto charm; we bend our ears not unwillingly to these lilting arias out of the lower depths. Still, there are members of the playwright's potential audience who might well be offended by them; my praise of Mamet's poetic scatology is at the same time a warning.

We learn from the play that real-estate salesmen carry on their unenviably nerve-racking occupation by means of "leads," some of which are far better than others. The particular salesmen whose fates we follow are passing through hard times; the firm's best leads have been reserved for salesmen who are presumably of a higher calibre than they, and the leads that remain have been picked over a hundred times before. The reason that a cop appears on the premises in the second act is that somebody has broken into the office and stolen several thousand leads, presumably in order to sell them at a handsome price to a rival firm. One or another of our hard-pressed salesmen is surely the guilty party—that is what the trifling whirligig of the plot will make plain to us. Meanwhile, Mamet has something much more substantial on his mind; evidently he is indignant at the rat's maze through which his corrupt, anguished salesmen are forced daily to drive themselves in pursuit of rewards characteristic of our contemptible consumer society—flashy cars, Sun Belt condos, and the like. One can hardly pretend that the indictment is a novel one, but Mamet's howl of protest is both very funny and unexpectedly convincing, thanks in large part to the excellence of the cast. For the pleasure it gives me, let me name them all: Robert Prosky, J. T. Walsh, James Tolkan, Mike Nussbaum, Joe Mantegna, Lane Smith, and Jack Wallace. They have been directed with energy and assurance by Gregory Mosher, artistic director of the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago, where "Glengarry Glen Ross" was given an earlier production, and Mamet is playwright-in-residence. The settings are by Michael Merritt, the costumes are by Nan Cibula, and the lighting is by Kevin Rigdon; they, too, are Goodman veterans.

—Brendan Gill



"His career profile, financial profile, and psychological profile are all absolutely marvellous! His actual profile leaves something to be desired."

OFF BROADWAY

Old Acquaintance

J. E. Gaines, whose fine play "Twenty Year Friends" opened last week at the New Federal, is one of the more accomplished dramatists

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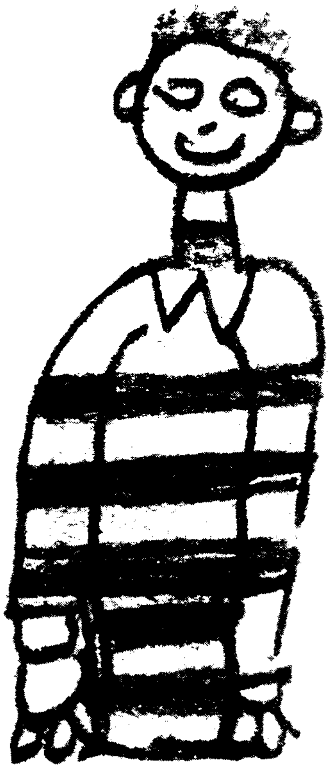

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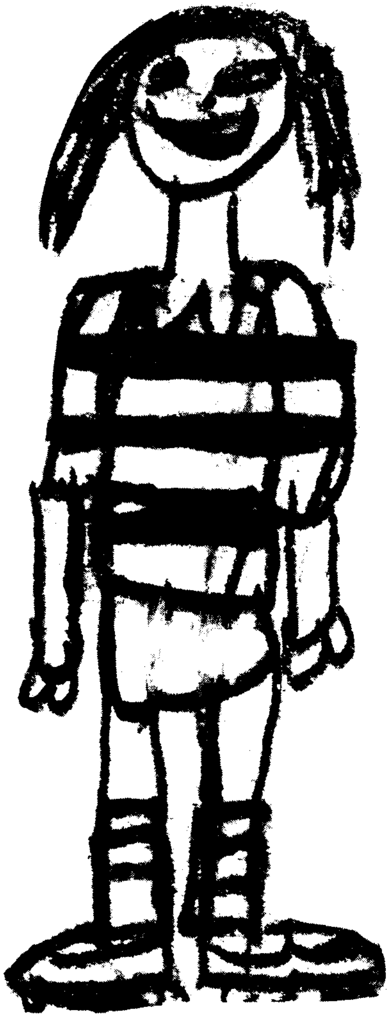

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(Except Alaska and Hawaii call 608-935-2788) whose work appeared at the late New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, and, under the name Sonny Jim, is one of the more accomplished actors anywhere. “Twenty Year Friends” is about three couples. The men, who are in their late fifties, have known each other since they were twelve years old; Bunche is a numbers man, Blue is a gambler, and Money is a high-class pimp. All three are extremely prosperous; all three have considerable nobility of character; and all three feel that they are a dying breed, as obsolete as the buffalo in today’s Harlem, where the kids on drugs have no class and are a danger to everybody. The women, two of them wives of thirty years’ standing, are friends, too, and—although they don’t admit it, even to themselves—whenever they are alone, which is much of the time, they are frightened for their men.

I must say straight off that there is more irony, humor, wisdom, and feeling in “Twenty Year Friends” than in any half-dozen other plays Off Broadway at the moment. It is written in what I always think of as New Lafayette free form, in which a strong story is deceptively camouflaged by small, fascinating, intimate details and enlightening or throwaway conversations—everything, in short, that might add to the illusion that minute-by-minute life is being lived on the stage in front of your eyes. The story tells of Bunche’s wife, Stell, who, feeling lost and neglected and anonymous—on the edge of a breakdown—leaves him to spend a few weeks with the two other couples. On the evening of an annual dance, Bunche, drunk and furious and humiliated, breaks into Blue’s house to force Stell to come home and is prevented from doing so by the two other women. Money sends the women out of the room and, in one marvellous speech, soothes Bunche and repairs his badly damaged self-respect, assuring him of the esteem of his friends and of the importance to the Harlem community of the numbers man—the man who takes responsibility for the down-and-out, paying their rent and funeral expenses, supplying groceries and Thanksgiving turkeys, and setting a good example. Money’s speech, the wittiest and most eloquent of many witty and eloquent speeches, is delivered by Roscoe Orman, who gives what amounts to a star performance. The other actors, some of them New Lafayette alumni, are splendid, too. Jack Neal, who also writes plays, under the name Neil Harris, captures all of Bunche’s bewilderment, unhappiness, and pride; Louise Stubbs is his hurt, angry, and spunky wife; Clebert Ford is very funny as Blue, the gambler, who is in and out of hot water with his funny, tenderhearted wife, depicted by Juanita Clark; and beautiful Joyce Joseph is delightful as Money’s wife, Dee—a former whore, who was determined to make her boss a prince in his profession. The performance as a whole goes very well, under the expert direction of Andre Mtumi. As for the play itself, I have given only the sketchiest indication of its richness. It seemed to me to get off to a rather slow start, but, once launched, it maintains its vibrant life to the end.

“To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday,” by Michael Brady, at Circle in the Square (Downtown), is about an inconsolable widower, the ghost of his late wife, and his in-laws and other members of his family, who try to restore his spirits. When I saw it Off Off Broadway last year, I felt that it was sentimental guff, though seldom dull guff. I still do. Nevertheless, it is well performed, by David Rasche, Noelle Parker, Richmond Hoxie, and especially Frances Conroy, among others. Pamela Berlin was the director.

Note: A festival of six one-act plays plus a studio performance, all of them written and directed by women, will be running at American Place through April 1st. The studio performance, which I saw and enjoyed last week, is a monologue by, and delivered by, Katharine Houghton as Louisa May Alcott. The monologue, much of it assembled from Miss Alcott’s own writing, is addressed sometimes to the audience but more often to a portrait of her father, Bronson Alcott, hanging on the wall. Miss Houghton does well by her heroine; she is, of course, a niece of Katharine Hepburn and an occasional uncanny ringer for her illustrious relative.

—Edith Oliver

•

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[*From the Vancouver* (*B.C.*) *Sun*]

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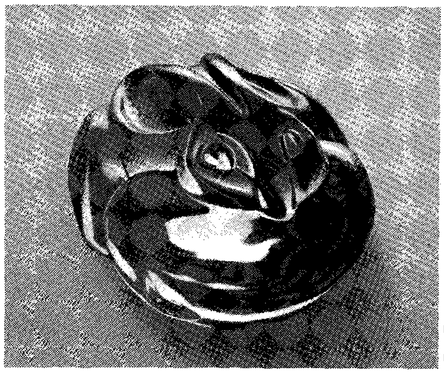

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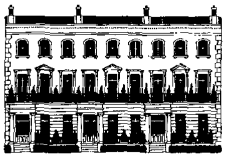

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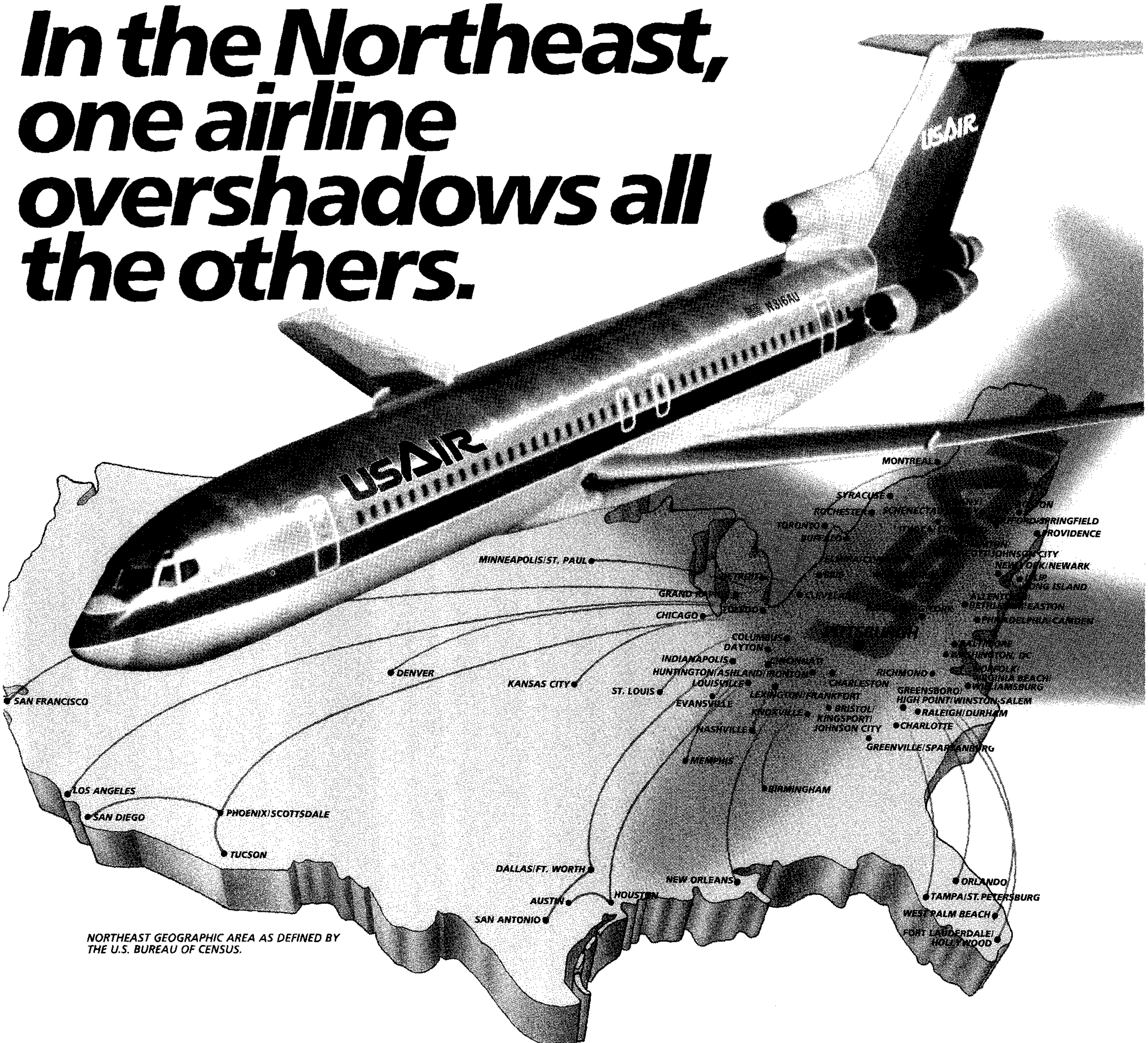

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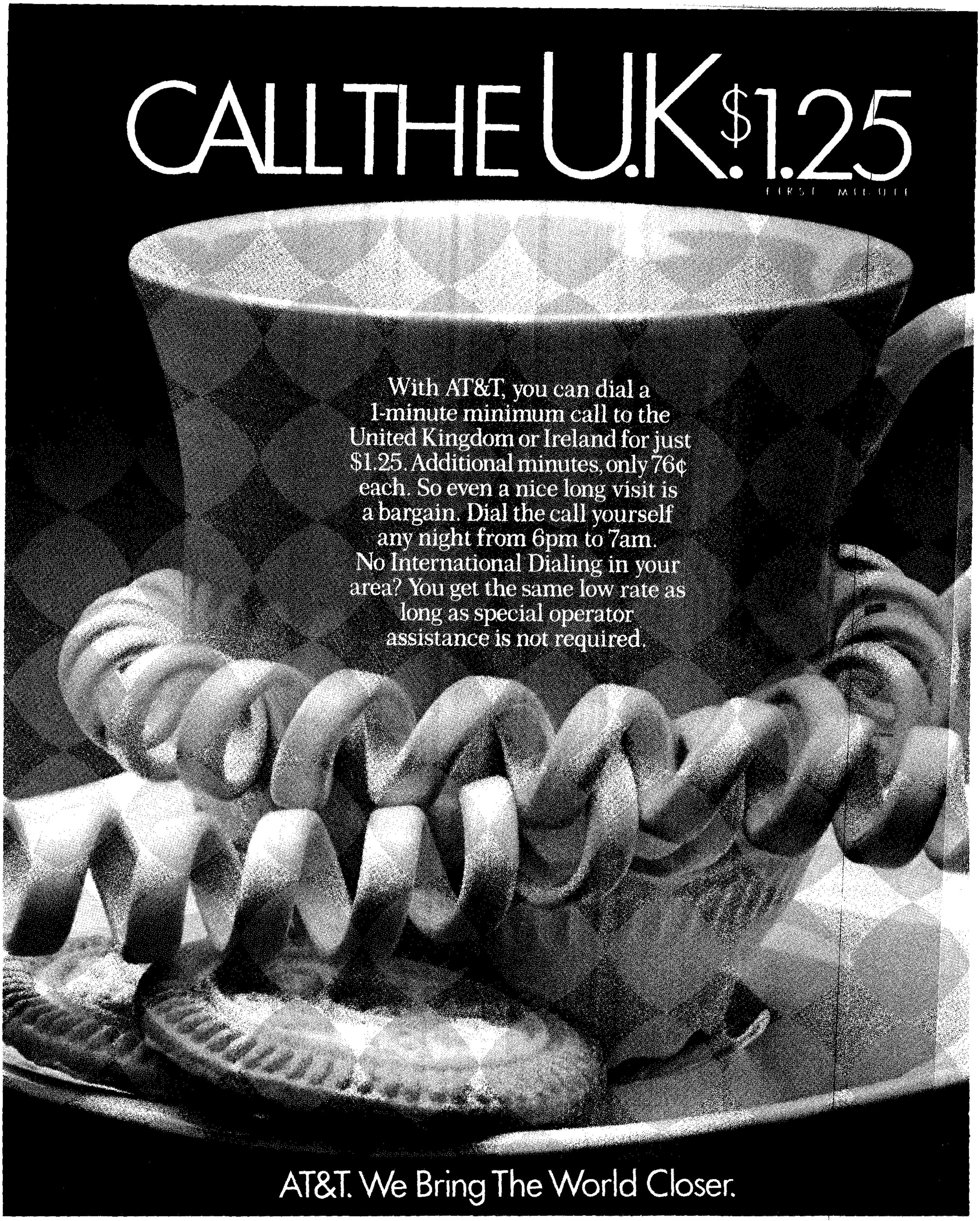

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hugh Hudson of the Apes

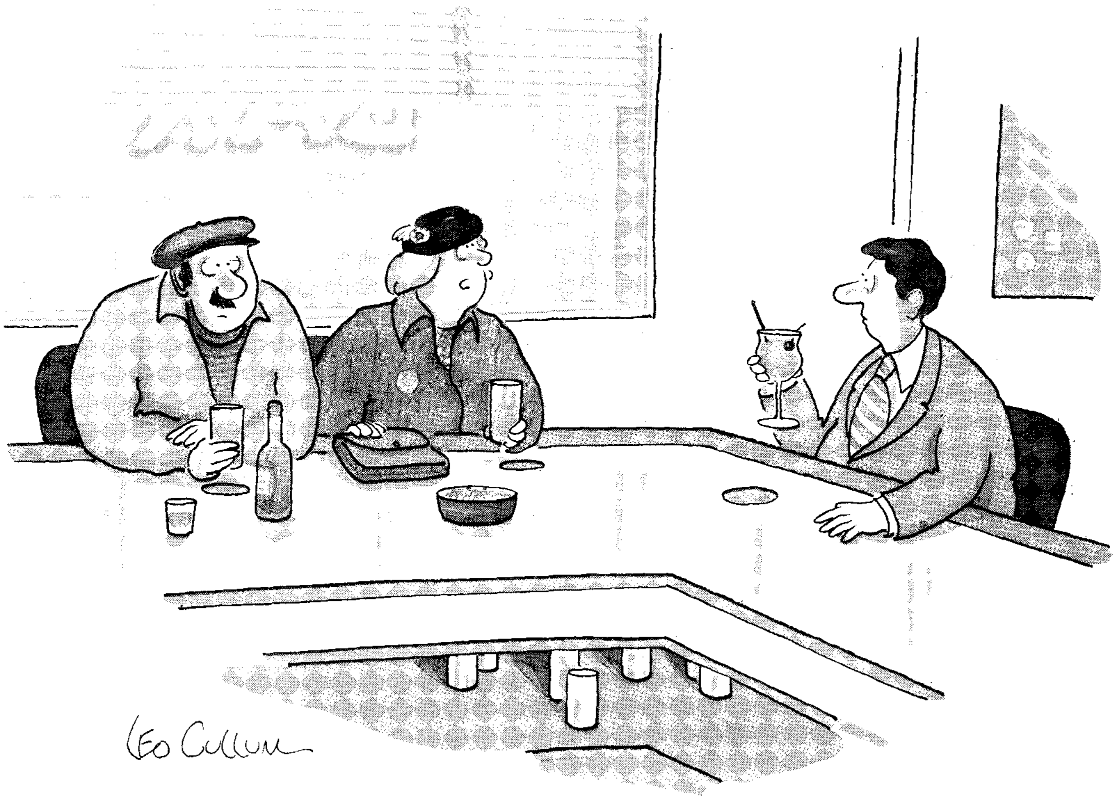
WHAT kind of a title for a movie is "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes"? A pompous, foolish one. There can't be many people who will remember this triple title, or many theatres that are equipped with colons for their marquees, either. When Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote his first Tarzan novel, back in 1912, he managed with just "Tarzan of the Apes." As people all over the world know, Burroughs' piece of kitsch has everything—adventure, mother love, romance. And as a subject for popular art it's close to perfection; forty-odd pulp movies haven't killed it. But Hugh Hudson, the director of "Chariots of Fire," which won the 1981 Academy Award for Best Picture, was handed the plum of mounting a new, big version of Tarzan from a script by Robert Towne, and Hudson brought the project his unique mixture of pomp and ineptitude. In interviews, Hudson says such things as that the movie is about "how society lives, halfway between the apes and the angels, aspiring to go up yet coming from down there" and that it's about "self-discovery, lost innocence, evolution, coming to terms with evil, the use and abuse of the earth, and the delicate balance between our moral and physical beings." This man has too much on his mind to put together an exciting adventure movie.

Robert Towne's idea was to tell the story of the lost infant, John Clayton (who would inherit the title Lord Greystoke), in terms of what is known now about ape life, so that the movie could center on the infant's dependency on his ape foster mother, the boy's gradual discovery of the ways in which he was different from the apes, and the adult Tarzan's learning what it means to be human. The film was to be called "Greystoke," because the ancestral home of the Claytons represented Tarzan's human heritage. Towne's script, which I've read, was marvellously detailed; it had sweep and a sense of wonder, and everything fitted together—you could visualize an epic with a beautiful, classical shape. Hudson hired Michael Austin to trim the script and rewrite it. Towne's conception exists now only in vestigial form; it's in some of the bits and pieces of Hudson's scraggly mess, and Towne uses a pseudonym in the credits—P. H. Vazak, the kennel name of the dog he loved, who's now dead.

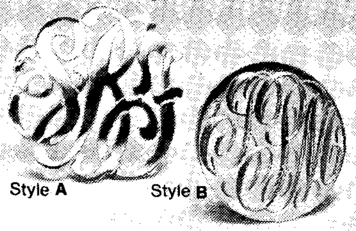
It's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hugh Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When Hudson sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. Men who look like villains appear and are never seen again; the hero is given portentous advice that never has any application. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. Periodically, Hudson fills the wide screen with idyllic long shots of wiggling rivers and distant mountains, and sometimes a volcano, other times an orange ball in the sky; you wonder where this place is and why you never get any closer to it. (Did the cinematographer, John Alcott, take slides on his vacation?)

The maddening thing about this "Greystoke" is that everyone seems to be doing his job except the director. The actors playing the apes are very well made up (so that each has distinguishing features), and they comport themselves convincingly, but the director doesn't give them the extra few seconds of screen time that would fix their personalities in our minds and enable us to remember them. And although the apes themselves might be perhaps the chief attraction of the film—especially to children—he has made their scenes inordinately brutish. Burroughs said that the name Tarzan (which isn't actually used here) meant "White-Skin" in ape language. (Burroughs never set foot in Africa.) You're certainly aware of how exposed the infant's white flesh is. Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation—the apes are constantly batting him around—that young kids are likely to be horrified.

From infancy to adulthood, this Tarzan is more sufferer than hero. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique—he's muscular yet graceful—and he has a resemblance to Charlton Heston, with a fleeting suggestion



"My Raymond, here, thought up the Banana Daiquiri, but he never did anything about it."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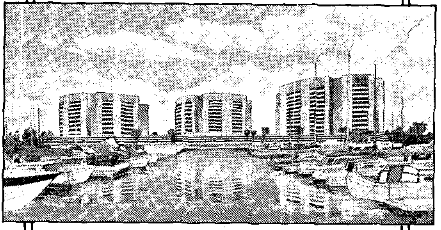
of Brando. Lambert has been in several French films that haven't come over here, and he seems to be a competent, trained actor; he doesn't disgrace himself—he's never ludicrous (though he comes close in a seduction scene that he has been directed to play on all fours). But he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; you don't develop any special feeling for him. Hudson seems to have directed him to suggest Truffaut's "Wild Child," but the beast in him is never very vivid—despite a full complement of scars on his face and body. Lambert has dark, deep-set eyes (which make him seem attentive yet remote), and his low eyebrows are almost straight lines; his normal expression here is a scowling wariness. You'd think a man who grew up among apes would have a sense of humor, but not this fellow. He's never allowed to be playful—not even in the second half, in what is probably meant to be Scotland, when he's wooing Jane at the banquet table at Greystoke, and his mimicking the warbling of a bird and the roaring of jungle cats could easily be part of a teasing game. The audience is dying to laugh, because, of course, there's an element of make-believe right at the heart of the story: Burroughs tapped our fantasy lives. But Hudson's approach is to make the film *prestigious*. He doesn't seem to understand that if viewers don't identify with Tarzan and laugh with him the story has no power.

The only performer who is clearly enjoying himself is Ralph Richardson, who plays Lord Greystoke, Tarzan's grandfather. This was Richardson's last screen appearance, and the old prankster comes up with one emotional flourish after another. It's a vigorous, cuckoo performance, and a source of joy. When his role ends (with the grandfather's death), the movie would have done better to close up shop, because its energy level sinks. One other performer comes through. Andie MacDowell, an unconscionably beautiful American model turned actress, is a softly enticing Jane. Though this is her screen début, she's at ease, and Jane, who comes across as poised and well educated, seems to have been waiting all her life for Tarzan. It's an elegant romantic performance (even if she's dubbed); Hudson does appear to know how to present his heroines. (Alice Krige's flirting over a supper table was probably the high point of "Chariots of Fire.") One actor makes a strong visual impression: Nigel Davenport, in a small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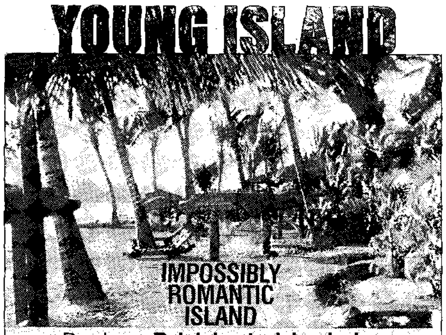

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part as a gun-happy British major, who is struck down by the arrows of pygmies while he's posing for a photograph with an ape he has shot. Davenport is an imposing replacement for C. Aubrey Smith.

The first half of the movie, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing; the material retains some of the momentum of Towne's plan, and there are images and scenes that carry some emotion: the boy Tarzan crying in his grief as his ape-mother dies; D'Arnot (Ian Holm), a Belgian member of an expedition that has been attacked by pygmies, lying wounded and feverish in a tree and seeing Tarzan for the first time, as if in a vision; Tarzan taking care of D'Arnot and feeding him grubworms; D'Arnot, in his recovery, humming, Tarzan copying his sounds, and D'Arnot embracing him as he recognizes that he'll be able to teach Tarzan to speak and one day they'll talk together. But somehow the movie never shows us the culmination of D'Arnot's dream: Tarzan never does use language very expressively, and when the picture was over I had a hard time remembering the timbre of Lambert's speaking voice. It's a disembodied sort of voice; he doesn't sound like anyone in particular—and that, of course, makes us feel even more detached from him. But then you feel detached from the whole movie. For one thing, you don't get a sense of where you are on either continent. And when Hudson gives you something like that humming scene it doesn't seem to occur to him that the song itself should have some meaning in the story—it shouldn't just be a nothing song for Tarzan to mimic.

What's essentially wrong with a director like Hugh Hudson, who comes out of the London world of TV commercials, is that he thinks he can transcend the kind of adventure picture that C. Aubrey Smith used to appear in, and he doesn't understand the mechanisms that made those movies work. Hudson may think it doesn't matter if he uses pieces of the Towne script and leaves out what they connected to. He gives us the big scenes without the steps that prepared us for them, and they're no longer big scenes—they're flat. When the expedition group that D'Arnot is part of finds the remains of the tree house where Tarzan was born, and where his parents' bodies lie rotted away to bones and dust, there's no awe or horror in the scene. And what should be a wrenching moment, with D'Arnot telling Tarzan that the ape who loved him and protected him wasn't his real mother, and Tarzan refusing to believe him—a confrontation in which you couldn't help knowing how Tarzan felt—is played backward, with D'Arnot complaining that Tarzan won't believe that the dead woman in the tree house was his mother, and you don't feel much of anything.

Hudson and, presumably, Michael Austin have concocted scenes where the tone is so obviously off that you may find yourself openmouthed. When James Fox, as a churlish aristocrat who proposes to Jane and is rejected, takes out his anger on a symbolic counterpart of Tarzan, who seems to turn up for the sole purpose of being abused (you can fill in his identity for yourself: a mute? a stableboy?), Tarzan jumps down from the battlements of Greystoke castle and protects the victim, whereupon the aristocrat delivers himself of this injunction to Tarzan: "You have a lot to learn, jungle man!" And the picture seems to have got garbled when Tarzan—now Lord Greystoke, with an estate of many thousands of acres—surreptitiously releases an ape from the British Museum of Natural History and, instead of arranging to take the ape home with him or to take him back to Africa, ushers him out into the streets of London; when this impulsive act leads to the ape's death, we're meant to condemn "civilization." Even that hardly prepares a viewer for the full collapse of the film's tone when D'Arnot, who has been visiting his friend at Greystoke, suddenly makes a speech—this is at the turn of the century—denouncing "this absurd society." From then on, the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion.

Hudson twists the story into knots in order to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people. He appears to believe that by giving us this gimcrackery he's turning pop art into high art. All he actually does in this movie is take the pleasure out of pop.

OPENING at Christmas, 1942, "Racing with the Moon" is the story of two Northern California small-town boys (Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage) who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks. Penn, a slim, introspective kid with what are now called "caring" parents, falls in love with a new girl in town, played by Elizabeth McGovern, who is soon

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sweetly googly-eyed over him. Cage, his pal from childhood, is almost an orphan, and though he isn't big, he's a hulk; a lonely loudmouth and self-centered creep, he gets a girl pregnant and, in desperation, puts pressure on Penn to raise the money for an abortion. And Penn puts pressure on McGovern, whom the boys imagine to be rich. That's the whole movie. Nothing there, but nothing terribly wrong there, either. Richard Benjamin directed, from a script by Steven Kloves (who has just turned twenty-four and wrote it when he was twenty-two), and the picture is all of a piece. It's a little heavy on forties atmosphere, but it has a pleasant, reminiscent texture, and Penn continues to be remarkable. He's a juvenile lead who approaches his roles like a character actor—he creates young lived-in characters. The part here might easily have been played as "sensitive"—i.e., soupy—but he brings it emotional crosscurrents. He shows you a bright, if inarticulate, adolescent who's still partly attached to the rituals of his childhood but balks at being treated like a kid and has begun to enjoy the freedom of adulthood. And though this boy hasn't been provided with enough to say, Penn gives a great reading to the lines that aren't there. He does it with his reactions and his expressive movements; there's no busyness or waste, and you never catch him trying to create a character out of effects—you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Elizabeth McGovern has a slow response pattern that is lazy and sensual and—in a free-form way that's all her own—witty; she keeps you staring at the movements of her cherry-red lips. McGovern and Penn develop a quiet humor—they really seem to have something going. And as the kind of jerk that it's easy to have a sentimental attachment to, Nicolas Cage makes the most of his sheik's dimples, his hound-dog eyes, and his ace comedy timing.

Benjamin directs the three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest, and he blends in good small performances by the lively Shawn Schepps (as a girl that McGovern double-dates with), Carol Kane (as an agreeable floozе), Arnold Johnson (as a tattoo artist), and many others. Except for a sequence that creates a tense false expectation (out of "The Hustler") that Penn, who plays the piano, is going to have his hands injured by the sailors he's shooting pool with, and a dumb scene with McGovern almost committing a theft, there's nothing that doesn't seem to fit in. Why, then, does the movie seem so slight and unsatisfying? (When it was over, I was in a relaxed, receptive mood, still waiting for something to start.) I think it's because we knew all this. There are no revelations about the period or the people. There isn't a thing in "Racing with the Moon" that you can get excited about or quarrel with (except, maybe, such a trivial point as whether Penn's language is too modern when he expresses his disgust with Cage for treating the pregnant girl crudely). The script might be an exercise in conventional fine writing; it's a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. And the movie doesn't feel first-hand. It's too smooth, and it's square. When the two boys discuss how to raise the hundred and fifty dollars for the abortion, it's tedious; and when Penn watches the burial ceremony for a serviceman whose body has been shipped home the pensiveness of the scene is too carefully brought out; and though the love between Penn and his father (John Karlen) is "nice," it's clearly meant to be "nice." The picture is too conscious of its own deft touches, such as McGovern's brushing off Penn's arm after she has helped Cage's girl into the abortionist's office. This stuff becomes self-congratulatory, and we register it too approvingly.

IN Hollywood a few years ago, it was considered axiomatic that over fifty-five miles an hour Burt Reynolds was a star. (Then he made "Stroker Ace.") Sloshed, Dudley Moore is a star. "Arthur"—a huge success—was able to keep him happily stewed throughout. His new film, "Unfaithfully Yours," takes too long getting him falling-down unconscious.

This new version of Preston Sturges' "Unfaithfully Yours" doesn't risk the calamitous box-office fate of the original, in 1948. Sturges' film was a great musical joke. Just after a world-famous and supremely arrogant symphony conductor (Rex Harrison) is given reason to believe that the young wife he adores has been unfaithful to him, he must step onstage to conduct works by Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky, and the three compositions inspire three different fantasies of how he will suavely and masterfully handle the situation, each fantasy being in rhythm with the music. When the concert is over, he fumbles through a slapstick mixture of all three. The new version, directed by Howard Zieff, from an ingenious script by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, has an outward resemblance to the Sturges film, but the main idea—that the mood of the music affects the fantasy—is gone.

Now the conductor, played by Moore, fantasizes only while conducting the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with his supposed betrayer, Armand Assante, as the soloist, and the concerto has no special tie to the action. The tone of this new movie isn't much like that of the original, either; it's a coarser piece of slapstick, partly because Zieff fails to give the characters a quiet minute or two. Richard B. Shull, who plays the part of the private detective played by Edgar Kennedy in the original, doesn't have a chance to be as touching and eccentric as Kennedy's music-loving detective was (even though, if my ear is to be trusted, Shull is the only actor in the cast who gets to speak a few lines from Sturges). It's the quiet scenes where we get to know the characters that make their other scenes work, but Zieff must be afraid that if he quiets down the picture will die. And so he directs with the frantic pacing of TV commercials, and we don't particularly care what happens.

Zieff's "Unfaithfully Yours" isn't a film that people are likely to laugh about for decades (as some of us have been doing with the Sturges version), or even to remember the next week; I didn't enjoy the picture until Moore began to get manic and apoplectic, but it does hold you—it isn't a total dud. Smoldering is Assante's thing, and his role here is to smolder. His bedroom-voice and sleek, well-pleased-with-himself manner are a serviceable contrast to Moore's sudden, violent self-doubt, and the idea of the conductor's thinking he's being betrayed by his own protégé and concertmaster is rather nifty. Albert Brooks, who plays the conductor's manager, is really brilliant; his dialogue—some of which, I gather, he himself came up with—gives the film a crazed, hip subtext. When he's onscreen, "Unfaithfully Yours" doesn't seem like a remake; it seems to be happening right this minute. There's also a chance for Richard Libertini to do a comedy turn as the conductor's Italian chef-barber-valet; Cassie Yates is just right as Albert Brooks' bored, straying wife; and a Hungarian singer, Magda Gyenes, adds giddy tempestuousness to a New

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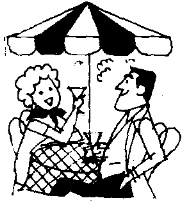

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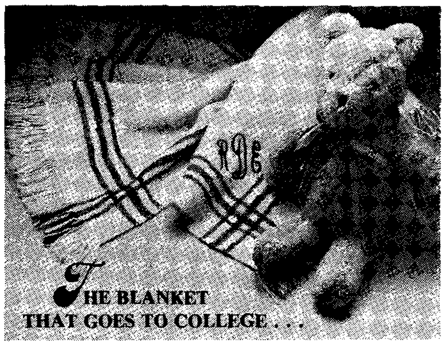

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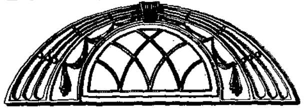

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York restaurant scene where Moore and Assante do an impromptu dueling-violins number.

Dudley Moore is at the center of things, and there's no question about it—when he's finally polluted, he's a slapstick virtuoso. But Moore isn't really an actor; he's a revue artist, and he's outside his roles. He dominates the screen partly because you're always aware of him as Dudley Moore. And because of that you may feel that he hasn't been as well protected by the director here (or by the script) as he might have been. When Rex Harrison's dapper, smugly-sure-of-himself conductor—he was formidable in the manner of Sir Thomas Beecham and Leopold Stokowski—felt betrayed, it was funny (and this remake was originally planned for Peter Sellers, who had a special flair for being cuckolded, as he demonstrated in the "Pink Panther" pictures). When Dudley Moore (who is almost forty-nine and isn't getting any taller) feels betrayed, he's rather too pitiable and elfin, and you get a little uncomfortable. This is emphasized by the writers' having made the conductor's bride, who's half his age, a glamorous Italian movie star, played by Nastassja Kinski. This young actress is becoming more striking and assured—muskier, too—and it certainly would have helped if the movie had given the wife some reason to be as passionately in love with the conductor as she is; at one point, she jumps into the air at the sound of his voice, like an eager puppy. Moore is so dedicated to getting comic effects that in some of his dishevelled scenes he seems perfectly willing to suggest a sack of potatoes with hair on it—which can be funny but appalling, too. And he's needlessly infantilized at the end of the movie. In the last scene, the conductor collapses in front of his Park Avenue apartment house, and his wife picks him up and carries him inside. This may be some sort of first, but I didn't hear anybody laughing. By the time the film is over, you're not eager to see Moore again; he has been exploited here as if there were no tomorrow. —PAULINE KAEL

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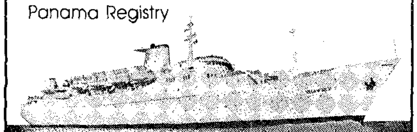

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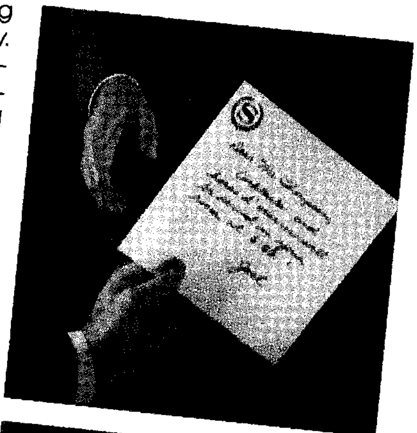

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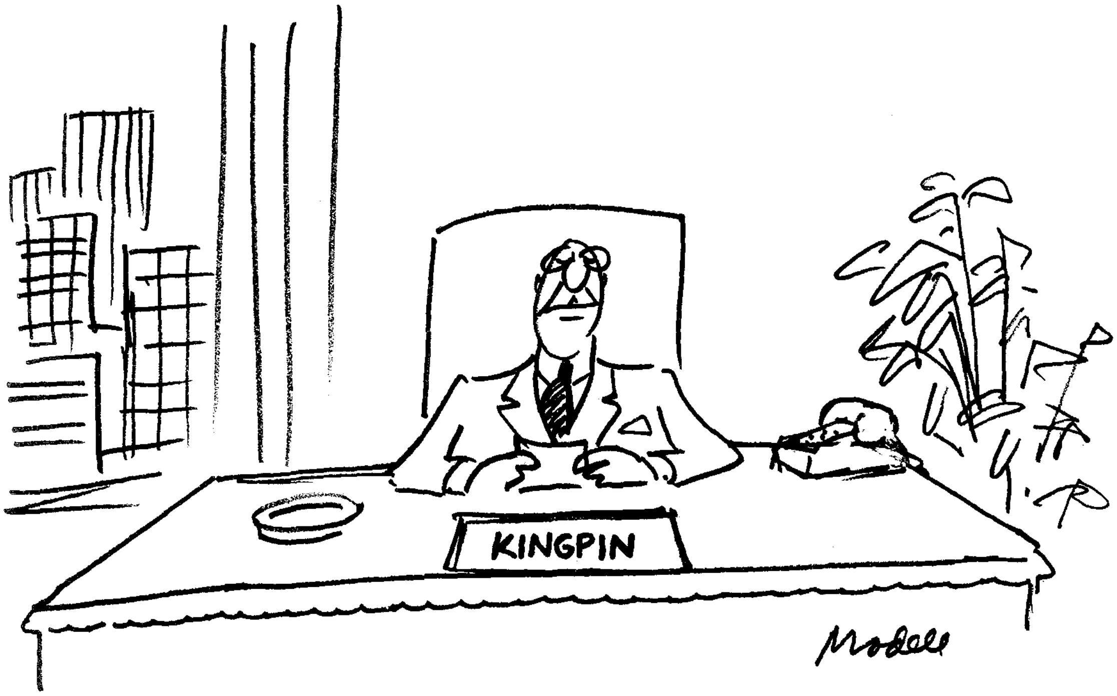
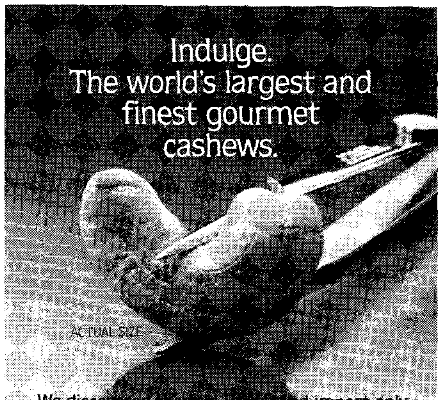
> Good souls, we have shown you here
> How in sad mischance
> A sign was given of God's grace. . . .
> In hope, in peace, ends our mystery.

And "Te lucis ante terminum" returns as the recessional.

"Curlew River" is at once passionate and austere; freer, in point of harmony and of rhythmic patterns, than anything Britten composed before yet precisely controlled and formal; ritualistic yet emotional. The work appeared at a time when vanguard musicians were much concerned with "musical events"—not in the sense of the rubric heading these columns but as "notions" a few measures long, disparately set out, for performers to assemble at will in a composition that would be a different work each time it was played. (Sometimes composers would provide a few rules, such as "If you choose to start with B, then Y must follow.") In "Curlew River," Britten broke music into its expressive elements, or "events": a motif, a cantilena, a drum rhythm, a chord. He gave greater play to individual executants' creative skills and fancies than he ever had before. (He also devised the "curlew" sign, ო, to indicate a gathering point where individual rhapsodies must draw together; and it has passed into modern musical notation.) His wonderful musical mind, Mozart-like, perceived and seized on discoveries that were valuable, enriching, fruitful in the most vagrant experiments and explorations of his contemporaries, and he led them back into music's mainstream. (A study of Britten's use of twelve-note expressiveness needs writing.) "Curlew River," which is unconducted, contains extraordinary passages of unmeasured ensemble—random polyphony. Other passages could be termed minimalist. Yet all its "events" are related to the hymn that opens and closes the opera. The whole is a rounded composition—new and strange, indeed, yet based firmly on plainchant, the foundation of Western music. "There is nothing specifically Japanese left in the Parable," Britten wrote in a short note on the piece. But surely there is: not only in the aspects of the sound world created by the instrumental ensemble (flute, viola, harp, horn, double-bass, percussion, and chamber organ) but also in the pacing of the drama—in the slow, tension-building spans, in the suddenness of revelation and release which is a feature of Noh. The tale follows its predestined course; there are no narrative surprises. Yet the shock of hearing the mother's cry "He was the child" does not diminish with repeated hearings (any more than does Oedipus' cry "All known! no more concealment!" after his dogged questioning of the Shepherd); nor does one's response to the boy's voice rising, radiant, from the tomb. In its formality, "Curlew River," like "Sumida River,"





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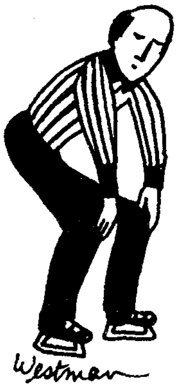
communicates grief with an intensity that veristic drama can hardly achieve, and it brings the shine of the numinous into the presentation of a human plight.

The parable was first performed in 1964 in the church at Orford, beside the Alde, not far from Aldeburgh—a tall, spacious, airy building, large remainder of a once larger but unfinished fourteenth-century church. It is not one of Suffolk's spectacular glories—no Blythburgh, Lavenham, or Long Melford—but is gravely pleasing. When I visited it last, on a quiet, still evening, it seemed richly filled with remembered sounds: the ringing bugles and bright hand bells, the squeaks and shouts and happy singing of children in "Noye's Fludde," precursor of the parables; the flute whirring, fluttering, looping around the song of the Madwoman in "Curlew River;" the trombone's blaring of Babylonian splendor in "The Burning Fiery Furnace," the second parable; the alto flute's telling of peaceful, diligent life in the fields and the trumpet's glittering lure to the heady delights of the city in "The Prodigal Son," the third parable. The sense of place is always strong in Britten's music. Philip Brett's monograph on "Peter Grimes" begins well with E. M. Forster's evocations of Aldeburgh: "Crabbe without Aldeburgh, Peter Grimes without the estuary of the Alde, would lose their savour and tang." Suffolk seas and skies sound in the opera. More tangibly, more analyzably, Orford Church has left its mark on the scores of the parables: in its open, resonant acoustics, the echoes make sung melodies self-harmonizing, and Britten has reinforced the effect with his use of cluster-chord accompaniments built from the sung notes. The special sound of the parables in Orford—the space, the distances, the echoes, the way individual voices stand out in turn as processions pass the listener, the slow move of the action from right to left as the river is crossed—has been captured with astonishing success in three Decca recordings made there.



There are tall churches in New York with columned aisles, shadowy side chapels, and resonant acoustics which would house "Curlew River" well. Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, where the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York is playing six performances of the piece, proves not quite the right place for it. Built in 1899 (but later altered), compact, galleried, unmysterious, it has neither the atmosphere nor the resonances of a medieval church. (St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, proved acoustically admirable for the parables, although visually unsuitable; here the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, on Columbus Avenue, might be a fine setting.) There were two excellent performers. Andrea Velis, who has been associated with the (tenor) role of the Madwoman for nearly twenty years, sang and acted it subtly and clearly, with a sure command of timbre, timing, and poignant formalized gesture. Randolph Messing, the Ferryman, has a bold stage presence and a bold, strong baritone. He did not force but molded his musical lines to the words and phrased cogently; he also listened intently. The others tended to sacrifice line, subtlety, steadiness of tone, and the sense of the words to mere loudness. The chanting was heavy, unflowing, unshaped. The flute, the viola, and the horn (Pat Spencer, Martin Andersen, and Lucinda Lewis) were eloquent players.

As in every Chamber Opera Theatre production I have seen, talent and achievement were mingled with imprecision in the directing. I always hope to write with unclouded enthusiasm about the work of this company. Its aim is admirable, its repertory adventurous. There is nothing pinchpenny about the stagings. ("Ormindo," two years ago, was a swagger show, even if queen and courtiers walked barefoot beneath their glamorous costumes.) And New York does need a first-rate chamber-opera troupe. But something seems to go slightly wrong, whether it's Cavalli-Leppard, Thea Musgrave, Menotti, or Britten that's essayed. The interpretations have been in varying ways off-key, obtuse, untrue to the creators' intentions. Points have been missed or misunderstood. In this "Curlew River," it was a mistake, I think, to reintroduce Japanese references (in the costumes of Madwoman, Traveller, and Ferryman) that Britten and Plomer deliberately avoided; a mistake, I think, to invest the chorus of medieval monks with helmets, half masks, and chasubles of shiny white plastic. But they would not have been "mistakes" had the production as a whole been convincing. The director, Thaddeus Motyka, and the designer, Beni Montresor, had evidently thought out the drama afresh, and they were right to do so: Britten's operas have grown from local, particular sources to be enjoyed the world over, and they can be illumined by many different interpretations. The published score of "Curlew River" (Faber/Schirmer) includes a detailed *disposizione scenica* by its first director, Colin Graham. Following it minutely, a director can hardly go wrong. Deliberately departing from it—as inspired Verdi directors have departed, with high success, from the authorized *disposizioni sceniche* published for Verdi's operas—an inspired director can add new insights. But in the Chamber Opera Theatre interpretation something essential to "Curlew River" was lost. The basic mistake, I think, was to let the performers play as if on a narrow, self-contained stage behind footlights: without full cognizance of the audience/congregation, without regarding the whole church as the setting, and without directing their voices so as to make every corner of the place—now here, now there—vibrant with sound. "Curlew River" is a play, not a sermon, but it is a miracle play, and even to an infidel it becomes more dramatic when it is performed as one. (Similarly, performances of the Matthew and John Passions prove overwhelming if, at least while they last, they contrive to fill renegades and infidels with Christian emotion.) Here the "parable for church performance" was treated as just another opera—theatrically—and as a result it was less operatic, less theatrical than usual. But Mr. Velis, Mr. Messing, and the instrumentalists seemed to be instinctively in tune with Britten's work, and in their contributions "Curlew River" was brought to life.

—ANDREW PORTER

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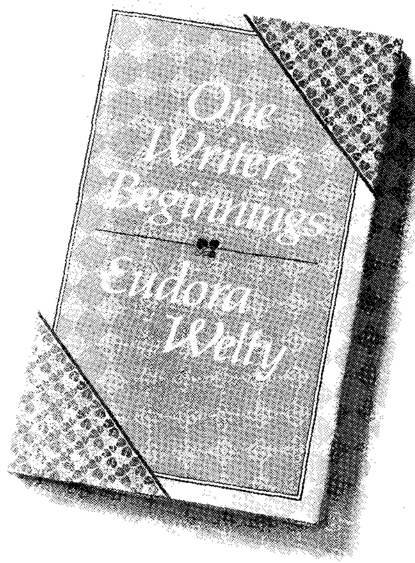

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BOOKS

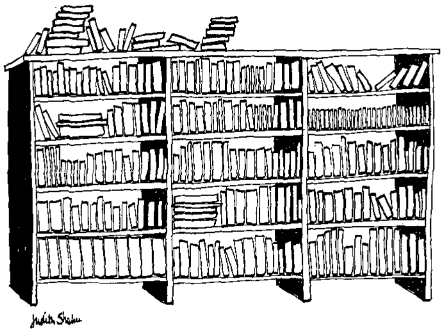
E. M. Forster

AMONG English novelists of the letter-writing kind, E. M. Forster was one who wrote to please the recipient, but, more important, who sought seriously to enlarge a galaxy of lasting friendships of many kinds. Where a Dickens goes on cheerfully novelizing in his letters or a passionate D. H. Lawrence harangues his fellows and friends and puts them right, Forster was out to dangle the bait that would lure them into conversation. He occasionally thought he overdid the amusing, saying that he was too apt to "turn remote and rare matters into suburban jokes;" and when he was depressed by the long block that followed the great success of "Howards End" he said, "Only in letters now do I write what I feel, not in literature anymore." This must not be taken too seriously, but he *was* an indefatigable letter writer. He was in the habit of writing at least five long letters every day, because the supreme importance of personal relationships was central to his beliefs and nature. (What else is "A Passage to India" about? What else lies behind his anti-colonialism and his dislike of the idea of official "greatness"?) As a novelist and as a man, he was an instinctive, sometimes donnish inquirer and discriminator in the Cambridge-Bloomsbury manner, given also to the dry conundrum. To his great friend R. C. Trevelyan, a prolific but sententious poet, he wrote in 1904, "I'm very glad you like the story better than I expected: I think you do." To another—a misogynist and student of music—he wrote from Nuremberg about Rubens:

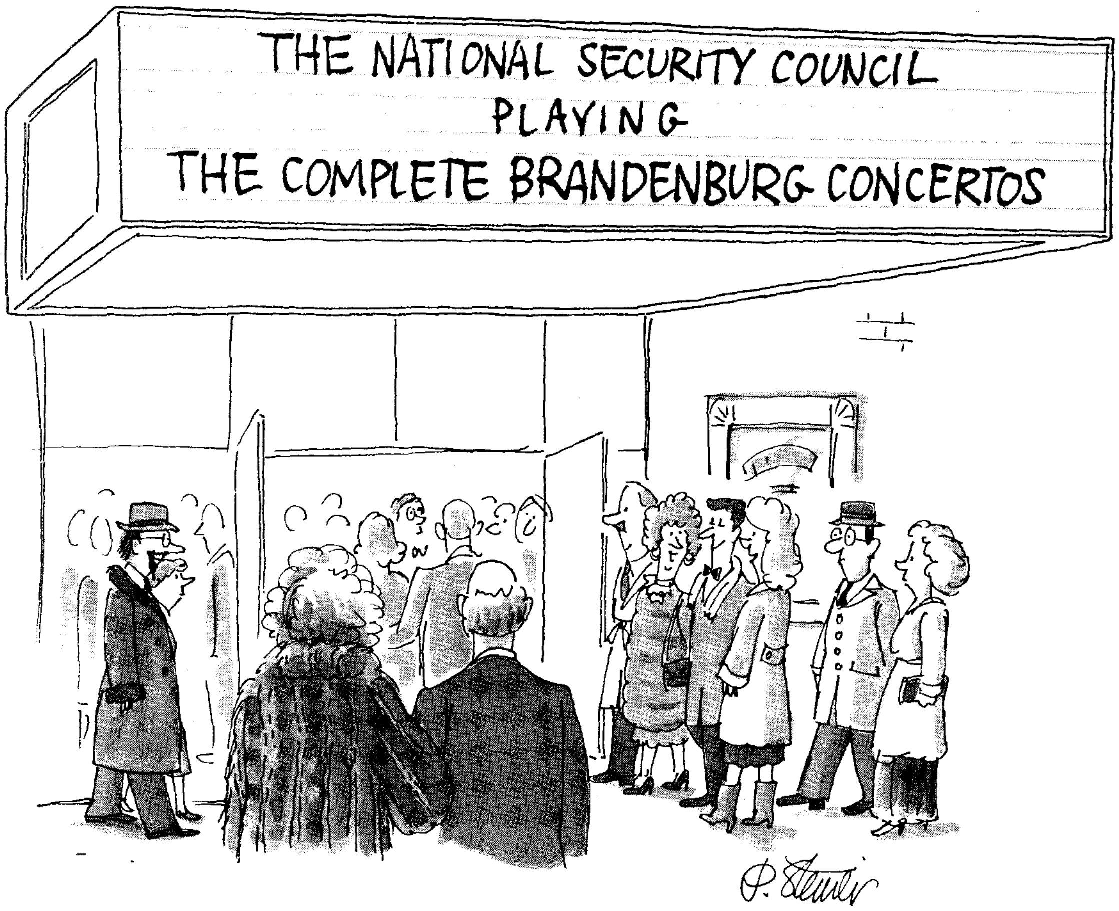
> The rape of the daughters of someone by I forget who is a marvellous picture.... But why I cry out against Rubens is because he painted undressed people instead of naked ones. If their clothes haven't just been torn off them, they are always wondering where they are, or expecting you to wonder. I don't think it's an epigram to say that he's too prudish for me.

In fact, Forster was one of those who are serious but can write about deeply serious matters lightly, pretending to be amateurs. He is also one who tempts his friends with questions and does not stay for an answer.

The first volume of the "Selected Letters of E. M. Forster," edited by Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank (Harvard; $20), is very well annotated. The letters run from 1879 to 1920, and pass through his "girlish" and cosseted boyhood, his hateful school days, his intellectual awakening at Cambridge, where he became an Apostle, to his successes as a novelist and then to his liberating first trip to India and his service with the Red Cross in Alexandria during the 1914 war. The people of these early letters may at first sight make the faded impression of old photographs whose importance is not clear to us; but Forster himself comes to life, because he was the master of an irreverent talking style and a fancy fortified by philosophy. Brought up in relatively well-off suburbia by a widowed mother who treated her only child—as he bitterly said—as "a little girl of five," surrounded by a "haze of ladies" who bickered on cultured Continental tours, he managed to break with the artifices of Edwardian talk and, precociously, found his own voice. His vocabulary, as Mr. Furbank says, in "the middle range" was enormous; he could give new life to knuckle-rapping old words like "vex" and "fend" and was quick to puncture too lofty an idea with the going slang—as, indeed, did Henry James. As a novelist, he was, like Jane Austen, an adroit master of all kinds of trite social chatter and its concealed snobberies, but a master whose own talk threw stiff conversation away. The danger was that he would be arch, but here his critical powers pulled him up. He was strengthened by what he called "Cambridge philosophy," defined by G. E. Moore in the epigraph to "Principia Ethica": "Everything is what it is, and not another thing." He was far from being a "softie;" the qualities that he most valued were perhaps curiosity, affection, and pluck. At Cambridge, he became a humanist. He thought it would be a loss if the whole world became Christian.



The letters do not begin to stir us seriously until 1912, when, as a successful young novelist, he shakes ruling and nursey England off and goes on his first trip to India. He went out to see, among others, his feckless and important young Muslim friend the handsome Masood, whom he had tutored and who, perhaps indirectly, had tutored him. The voyage through the Suez Canal was "in a way disappointing, for the East has been so painted that nothing was new. It was like sailing through the Royal Academy." The empire-builders were "not uncivil" to Forster's party, whom they called "the professors," but their wives were "pretty rotten, and vile on the native question." The best descriptive letters—when he gets to India—are the long ones he wrote to his mother and an aunt. Forster plunged into India, entranced and reckless. He was never a shy traveller, and often alarmed the sedate who scowled at him for staying casually in Indian houses. Was he going native? As a novelist, he was in a dilemma: he had dried up. D. H. Lawrence had stormed at his comedies, his sexlessness, his failure to speak out about the fleshly passions, and Forster had been stirred into a fictional attempt in his disastrous and, at the time, unpublishable "Maurice," which was an apologia for homosexuality. Forster had long known that his nature was homosexual, and at the age of thirty he was innocent of sexual experience. (He idolized the Keats of the "Letters" but couldn't stand the lush sensuality of the poems inspired by Fanny Brawne.) When the young Masood told him once about his encounters with prostitutes and his disillusion and sadness, Forster tartly replied, "If you want to feel sad think about poverty. That is interesting to the point of madness, if it grips you once." He admitted that his advice was priggish. In intimate letters to friends at this time, the inner story of Forster's life is apt to come out vaguely and backwards. To Masood, whom he seems to have loved platonically, we find him once writing on the point of a confession. He re-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minds him of the row they had on a jolly Italian trip when Masood had given up his studies of law in order to learn Italian, merely to be able to "intrigue with mediocre Italian waitresses." Remembering this, Forster suddenly bursts out with "Are you growing respectable? Oh do not. It is the unforgivable sin."

What has happened? We know now from his letters to Florence Barger, the young wife of a great friend. In an early letter to her from Alexandria, he confides news that echoes those curious words about sadness to Masood. We are at the dramatic point of a change in Forster's sheltered life. He writes to his confidante:

> Yesterday, for the first time in my life I parted with respectability. . . . It has left me curiously sad. I realise in the first place that I am tethered to the life of the spirit —tethered by habit, not by free will or aspiration. (Why do people assume that only the flesh binds?)

What he is about to back into is the story of a strange "Maurice," the account of his own sudden and physical love for a poor young Alexandrian tram conductor. Forster has crossed the class and race barrier into the "unpainted" abject life of a poor man in the East:

> There wasn't and couldn't have been any glamour but it wasn't (from my point of view) squalid, and gave a foundation on which something might have been raised. . . . Upshot. In this, as in everything, one is really after intimacy, however little one realises it. Something more than physical hunger drives one.

Florence Barger, the young mother, is his friend. He hopes she will not be repelled. Perhaps she will feel that "it may be better for the next generation, even for men and women in it who are like me." His life had been "too dam lop-sided for words and physically dam lonely."

We know this story already from Mr. Furbank's "Life" of Forster, published six years ago, but we are now getting it as it gropes in a series of letters, tentatively beginning at the end, moving back to the middle of it, and (not till Florence Barger has shown sympathy) to how it began. In a way, hesitant letters offer a truer narrative of confession than an "artistic" linear narrative would. This group of letters has the fascination of an experience presenting itself as a disordered puzzle. One is in a genuine and shapeless spoken, unliterary stream of consciousness. Who is the young tram conductor? No answer yet. Slowly, he will become real. At his wretched house, which he calls, half in irony, the "Home of Misery," where his brother watches the pair of them play chess, the simple man

> suddenly opened the little trunk that contains the whole of his belongings and flung them out saying "not much but all clean—now I have shown you all there is to show." Well now and then he flings out his mind before me in the same way. . . . It seems to me that to be trusted, and to be trusted across the barriers of income race and class, is the greatest reward a man can receive.

The chief difficulty of the affair was social. ("Respectability mustn't be further endangered.") Gradually, the portrait of the tram conductor becomes clearer. He is shocked, for example, by Forster's clothes:

> "You know, Forster, though I am poorer than you I would never be seen in such a coat. I am not blaming you—no, I praise —but I would never *be* seen, and your hat has a hole and your socks have a hole." I said I would try and dress better, to which he replied "Good clothes are an infectious disease—I had much better *not* care and look like *you* and so perhaps I will, but only in Alexandria. . . . " What I so value in him is his realism and solidity. He has heaps of romance but no sentimentality consequently. Whenever I speak honestly he understands; and, despite his maxim "I find a certain amount of lies necessary to life," is perfectly honest to me—Does this read odd? It would read odder, indeed incredibly, to anyone who knew the country. Natives, especially of the lower city class, are dirty in body and mind, incapable of fineness, and only out for what they can get. That is the theory to which, after some reluctance, I had fully subscribed, and like all theories it has broken down.

Forster goes on, clearheadedly:

> Considering these relations from the outside, I imagine it is worthy of being thought about; it is such a triumph over nonsense and artificial difficulties; it is a sample of endless other triumphs that I am sure come off but of which we hear nothing through the brassy rattle of civilisation

so called; triumphs varying greatly in form, but in spirit all the same.

Then, at last, we hear a precise account, almost droll and oddly dignified, of how the *coup de foudre* was casually set off: the story is done by one who was a master of the inner story that is more than the story that encloses it. May one make a joke? It is a moral ghost story. It could have gone into "The Celestial Omnibus," his first book of tales. It is entirely without carnal detail. Without telling the facts, Forster wrote to the poet Siegfried Sassoon soon after these events, "Nothing is more obdurate to artistic treatment than the carnal, but it has to be got in I'm sure." Yet he asks if one ought to write as an ascetic? Science is no help: "She stumbles off into sublimations and repressions, and misses the quality and intensity of the emotion, which (however produced) is the real index of a man's merit. [Ascetics] live by emotion just as much as do their opponents." The fitting thing is that this real tale of his (which has not become "art") is strange and not raw: it is a familial study of domestic worries, love, sadness, and poverty. It is a puzzle to the parties, a picture of circumstance, and the more memorable—even more "respectable," more decent—because of that. The very contretemps are "everyday."

In general, Forster's "Letters" are most alive, to the point of being exhilarated and jocose, about his Indian experiences. The interest of the others depends on questions asked and left in the air. On literary matters: It worries him that he can't get on with the later Henry James. How can a man so "fatuous" be so fine? He plays with the idea that Meredith, Browning, Tolstoy are "uncomfortable" writers whereas Dostoyevski is not. Why? No answer. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," a child's history of England, is wonderfully conceived, but it disgusts Forster because its patriotism is based on psychological untruth and is therefore "unloveable." Hardy is finest as a poet: in his novels "however serious the edifice, the ground plan . . . is farce." Nevertheless, he is the one writer "one trusts." Is there a paradox here? One trusts Hardy perhaps because he lacks "all-round intelligence"—a lack that is "often a sign of creative power." Aren't Shakespeare and Michelangelo great because they lack this dangerous intelligence? Perhaps the greatest yet purely intelligent writer was Goethe? (This is good, provoking Cambridge stuff.) He is struggling with unsuccessful attempts at an Indian novel. (We won't hear about this until the second volume of the "Letters.") Letters enabled him to weather the doldrums. Was he, for instance, worrying about being "fair"? One remembers his D. H. Lawrence-like outburst when "A Passage to India" was attacked by British experts on India:

> Isn't "fair-mindedness" dreary! A rare achievement and a valuable one, you will tell me, but how sterile in one's own soul. . . . Where is truth? It makes me so sad that I could not give the beloved a better show.

Even when the letters are dull, there are lines that startle by his offhand gift of double vision—the poetic gift of seeing two things at once. It is marked in "A Passage to India," to take an example, in a sentence that evokes a night journey on a train. Dr. Aziz glances out the window and sees the country "still invisible except as a dark movement in the darkness." How is it that one had not noticed precisely that—one darkness moving within another?

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TRAVELLERS IN AN ANTIQUE LAND, by David Creed (Secker & Warburg/David & Charles; $14.95). Beirut and environs in the summer of 1980. Two men in Syrian Army uniforms enter the country house of a Lebanese Muslim physician, murder him, and beat and rape his Lebanese Christian wife. The widow, Tagarid Salamé Kurban, returns to their Beirut apartment, dedicates herself to revenge, and takes a job in a business office as secretary to an Englishman. She finds her way to a Lebanese terrorist, and the revenge she lives for beckons. This is a fierce novel, a novel of strong emotions, and a novel that has everything to say about the beautiful but ravaged countryside of Lebanon and the devastated, once beautiful city of Beirut, about the terrible history of Lebanon and the people—Christian, Palestinian, Muslim, Israeli, Syrian—who seem determined to destroy it. It is well worth our attention.

UNCOLLECTED STORIES, by Arthur Conan Doyle, compiled by John Michael Gibson and Richard Lancelyn Green (Doubleday; $14.95). "Deuced rum yarn!" is how one

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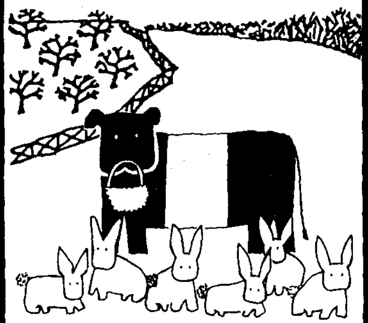

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polite English listener puts it at the end of "The American's Tale," set in Flytrap Gulch, Arizona; it was published in *London Society's* Christmas issue in 1880. Fifty years later, Doyle published his last story, set in an unnamed "burg in Amurrca" where gun-toting racketeers hold sway. Doyle's fingerprints are more evident in some of the other stories—thirty-three in all—collected here. The settings include lonely moors and foggy London, the ocean, the Alps, and a South African diamond-mining camp. Inquisitive medical men are among the narrators. "I have always had a weakness for the study and analysis of human character," one of them confesses, in "Uncle Jeremy's Household" (1887), which features an Indian governess straight out of "Gunga Din" plotting a crime on the Yorkshire fells. In a concise introduction, the editors make some interesting allusions to Mary Shelley and P. G. Wodehouse, and they do some good detective work of their own in finding internal evidence of Doyle's authorship in a number of stories previously attributed to Anon.

Leaving the Land, by Douglas Unger (Harper & Row; $13.95). "Vertical integration" of the turkey industry, from farm to freezer, is a thing of the future as Part One of this two-part novel begins, shortly after the Second World War, with a pretty farm girl stomping through Nowell, South Dakota, and hating every inch of it. When Part Two begins, decades later, with a Christmas visit by her grownup son, vertical integration has come and gone, along with the Nowell-Safebuy turkey-processing plant and her husband (a Safebuy lawyer), leaving Nowell a ghost town and the farm a shambles. The son recalls how his grandfather's funeral turned into an auction, and the auction into a free-for-all; it was then that he realized that "ownership was not to be confused with heritage." This is an unusually mature first novel, as unsentimental as its unlucky heroine, but filled with a sly affection for unwitting victims. Instead of calling those greedy mourners—themselves on the verge of bankruptcy—magpies or vultures, the son compares a few of them, perched on a corral fence, to "a covey of gnarled old doves." And at the end of the story, as he and his mother head for a Safebuy supermarket to buy their Christmas turkey, he notices that their fellow-shoppers are "ranging up and down the aisles like finicky cattle on rich grass."

The Hungry Angel, by Roger Vadim, translated from the French by William Attwood (Atheneum; $14.95). This sappy story of Julien, an intellectual *ingénu*—a budding actor and director—in postwar Paris, features half a dozen female admirers, including a girlfriend who is paralyzed, in Chapter 1, by a bomb, during the Liberation; his illiterate sister, who seems ignorant of the meaning of "risqué," much less of "incest;" and an actress whose mother likes to stage-manage her daughter's performances in bed. Julien and his circle of friends circulate among the city's avant-garde oases, stopping to wet whistles with, say, Edith Piaf at the Lapin Agile or Jacques Prévert at the Café des Deux-Magots. Roger Vadim and Julien provide the reader with much food for thought ("Julien was almost a child, but the war had taught him a great deal about the behavior of *homo sapiens*"), and all of it (" 'There's nothing more imprecise, fleeting, or misleading than the truth,' thought Julien") is tripe.

GENERAL

A Writer's Ireland: Landscape in Literature, by William Trevor (Viking; $25). This book, Mr. Trevor tells us, is "a writer's journey, a tour of places which other writers have felt affection for also, or have known excitement or alarm in." It is certainly that—portraits of places, responses to places and people, in prose and in verse, by a long line of observers from Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, through Goldsmith and Swift and Edmund Spenser, to Yeats and Synge and Joyce, George Moore and Somerville and Ross, O'Kelly, O'Casey, O'Connor, O'Flaherty. But it is something more than that. It is also a history of Ireland from its Celtic origins to its neo-Gaelic present, a depiction of Irishness and of a land not quite despoiled and not quite triumphant. Illustrated with many fine pictures, mostly photographs, many of them in glorious tourist-bureau color.

A Warsaw Diary, 1978-1981, by Kazimierz Brandys, translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie (Random House; $17.95). Written in Poland and first published by an

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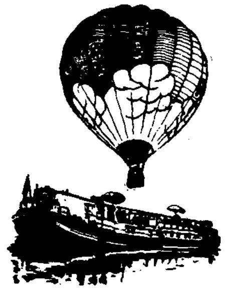

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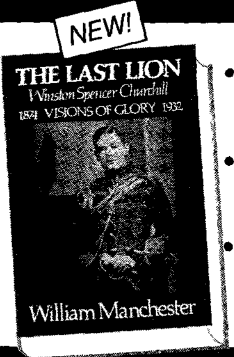

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émigré press in France, the diary is not an account of the great political events of the period—the rise and fall of Solidarity—but a series of reflections of those events in the life and thoughts of a subtle, original, civilized man. The thoughts are far-ranging and unfailingly interesting, but most inspired, perhaps, are the descriptions of the precise moods of collective existence—of meetings, of crowds, of the whole country. When, in January of 1979, a blizzard hits Poland, the public, acclimatized to ambiguity and falsehood by its government, is hard put to it to take in a fact as simple and unequivocal as a big snowstorm: "We ask ourselves, Is this our snow? Are we under any obligation to shovel it? For there is some question as to whether this snow might not be *theirs*, imposed on us by the Russians in the framework of friendship, and so—shouldn't they remove it themselves?" And, on the evening before John Paul II makes his historic first visit to Poland as Pope, Brandys goes out into the streets of Warsaw, where, to his astonishment, instead of finding either fear or defiance, he finds "a crowd of children and grandmothers, with ice-cream cones and dogs, not directed from without, a colorful, summer crowd that had come in from all the city's districts simply because it had wanted to be there." In this "peculiar vividness and seriousness" and "concentrated festivity" the diarist of Warsaw finds the true meaning of the recent Polish revolution: "the city living a real life."

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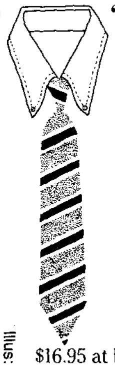
It should be noted that *beru* is how the Babylonians pronounced the symbol for the Sumerian word *danna* (normally written as *kas-gid*, meaning "long way"). —*Scientific American*.

Noted.

•

Still, there was no way Ann-Margret could prepare for the grueling demands of breathing credulous life into the complex filigree of Blanche's emotions.—*Vernon Scott in the Washington (D.C.) Times*.

The trick is to depend on the credibility of strangers.



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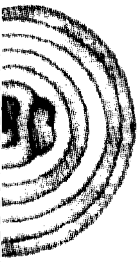

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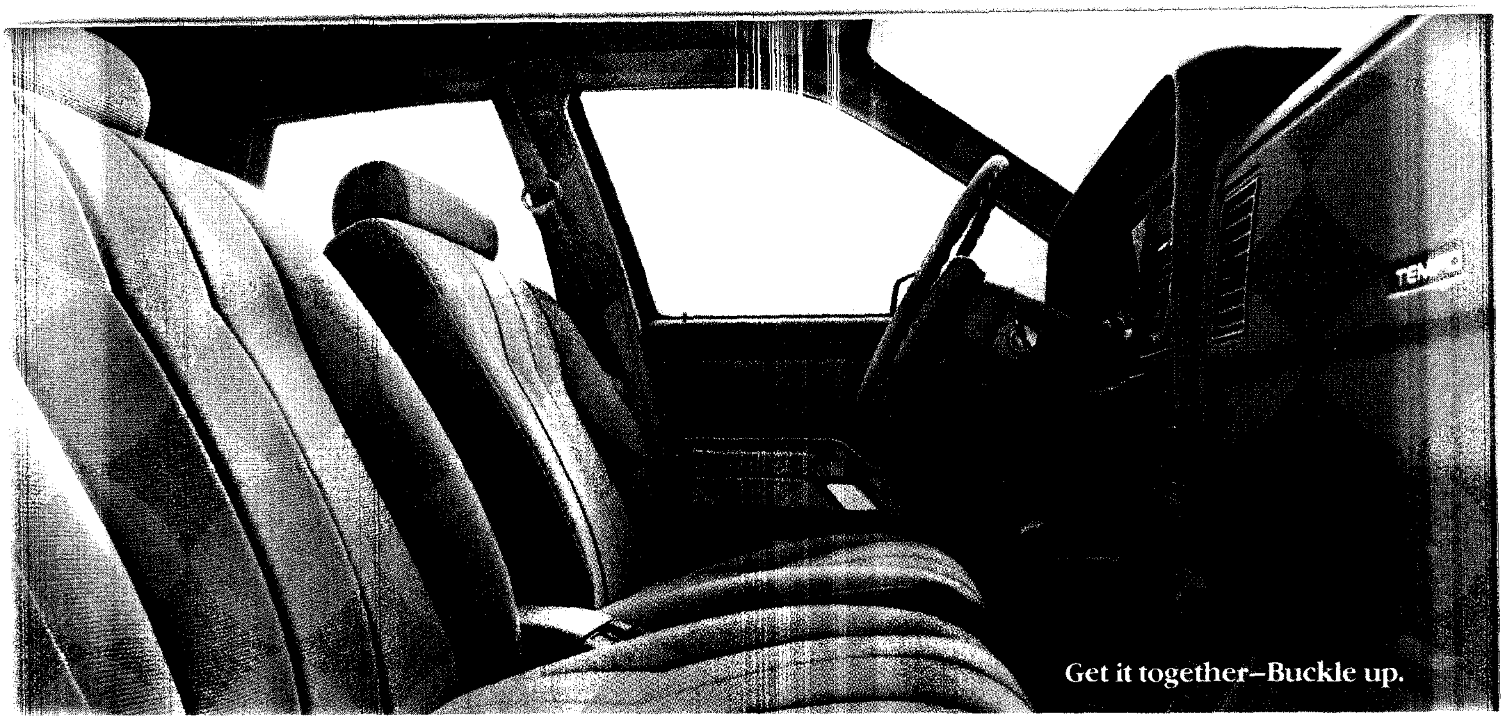

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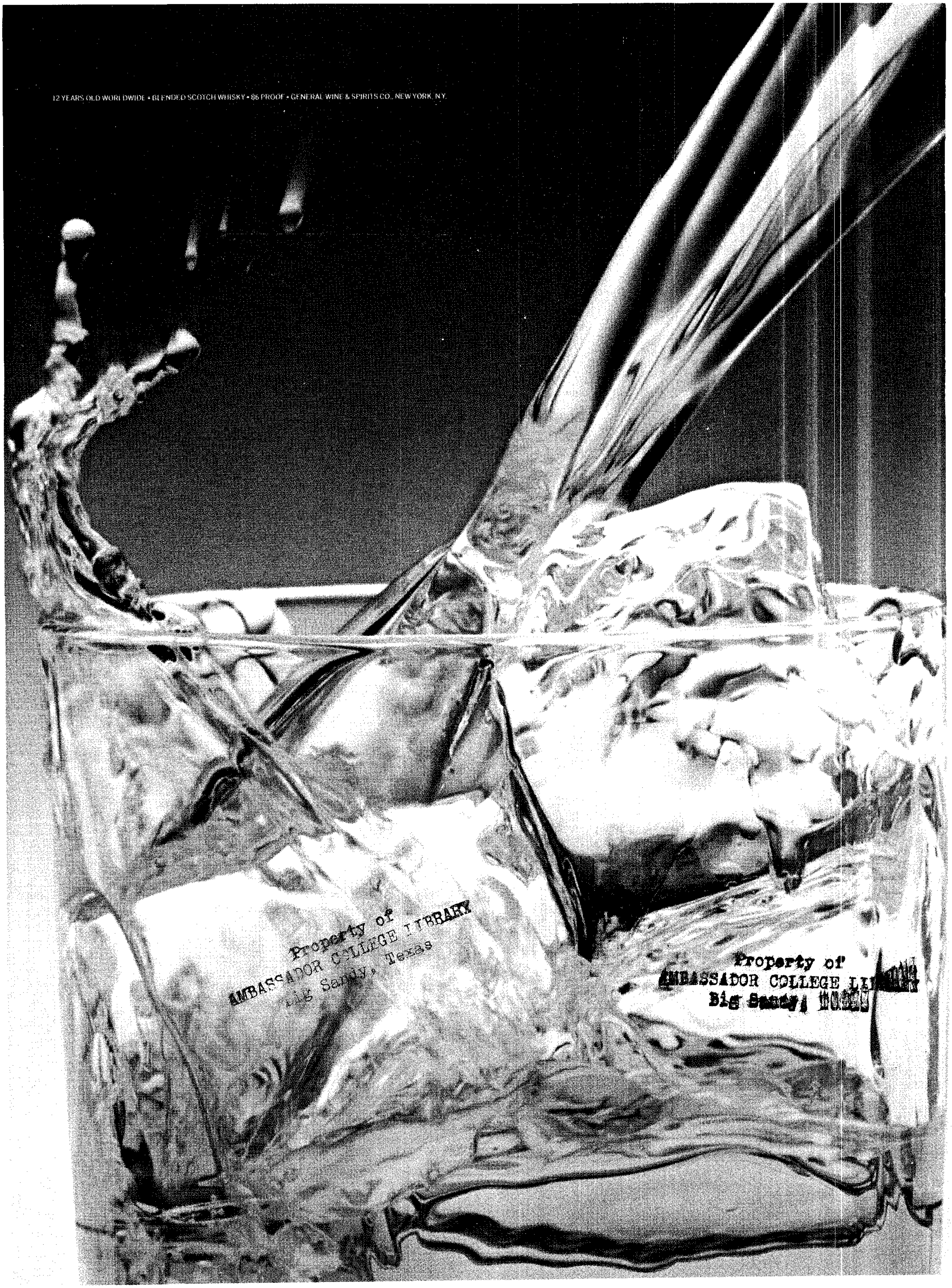
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